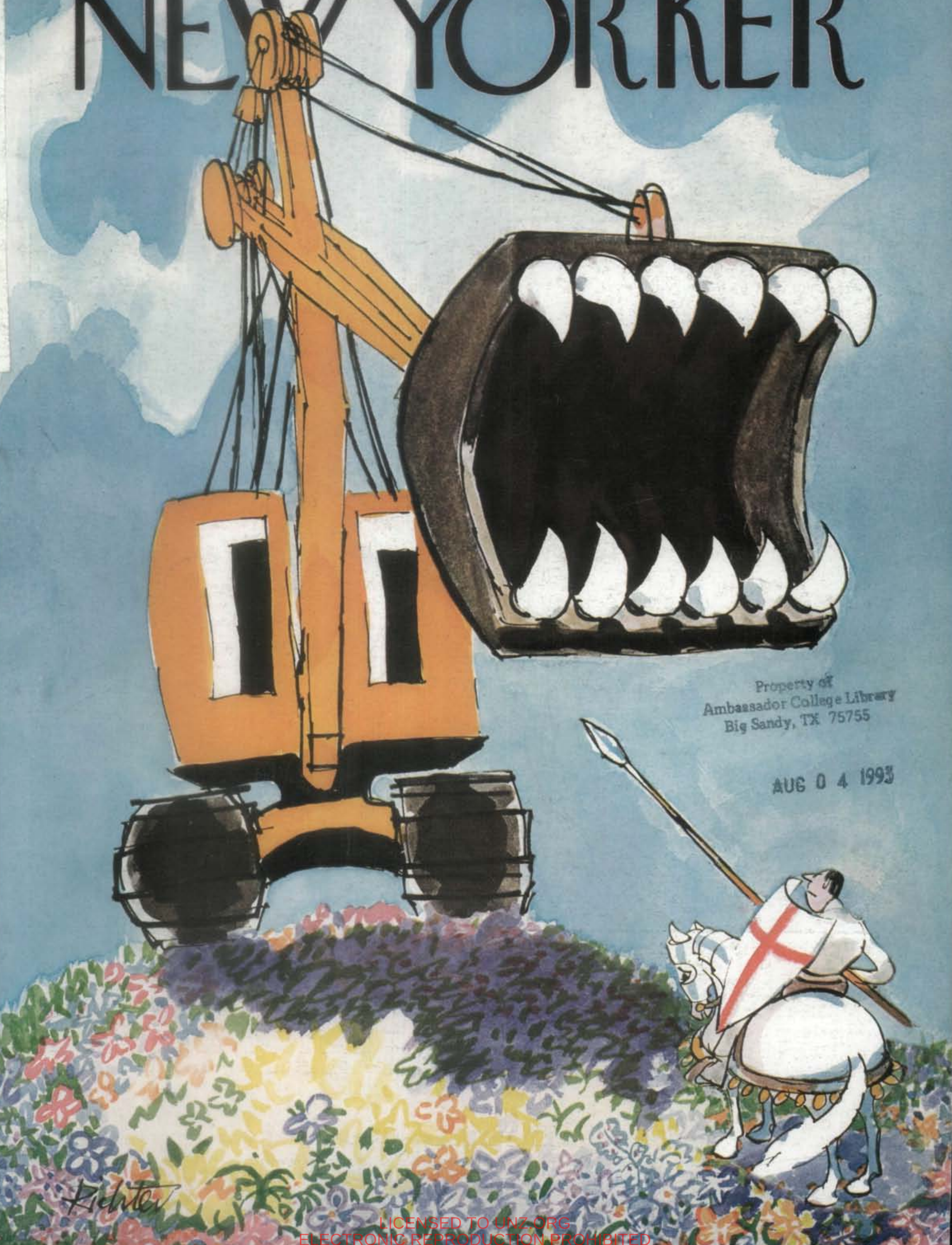
May 1, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

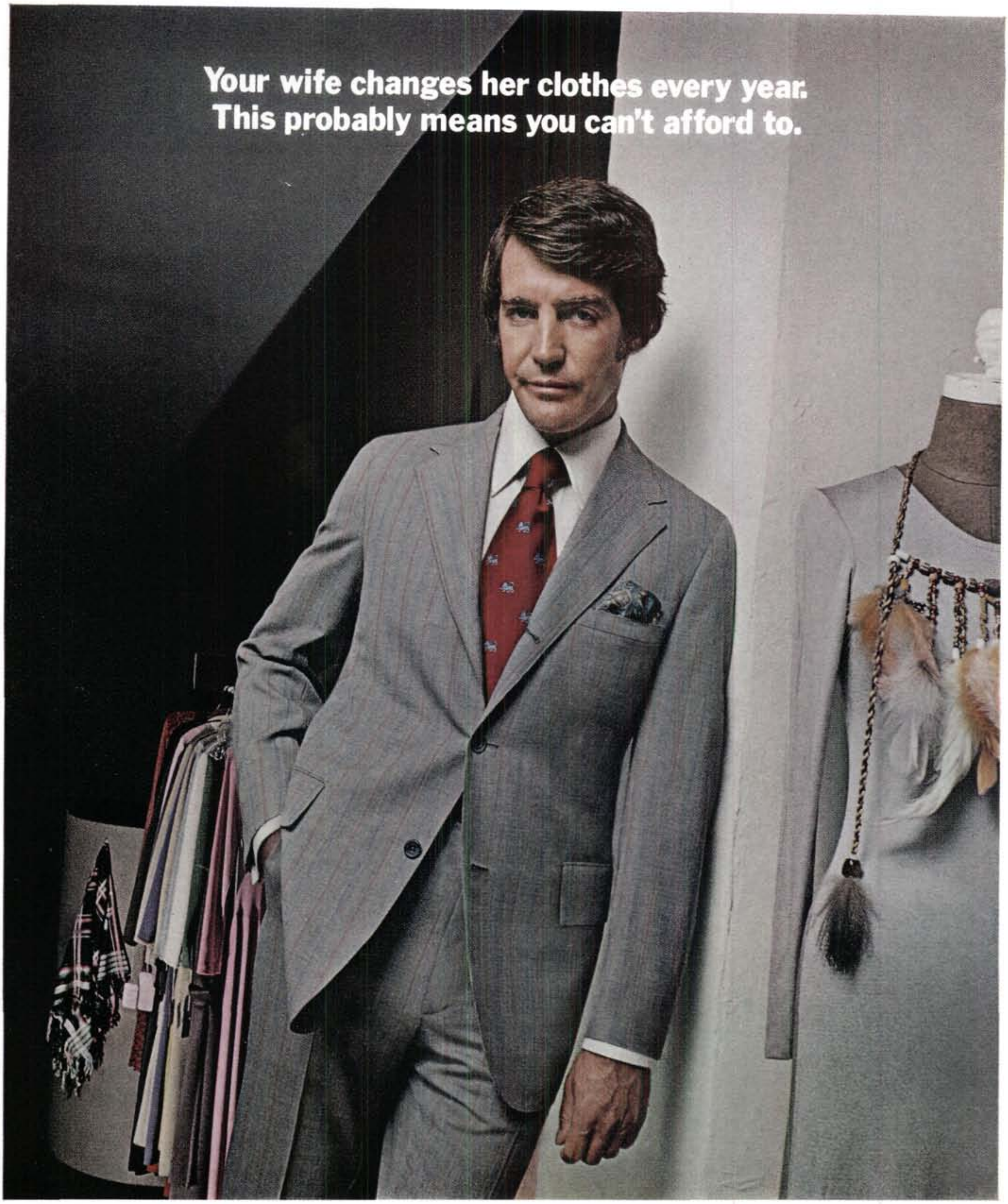
Price 50 cents

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY



Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 0 4 1993


Your wife changes her clothes every year.
This probably means you can't afford to.

For the first time, men's fashions are changing as fast as women's. And if you get on your wife's fashion Merry-go-round yourself, you'll probably go under.

The answer is to buy yourself things you won't have to change as often as your wife's.

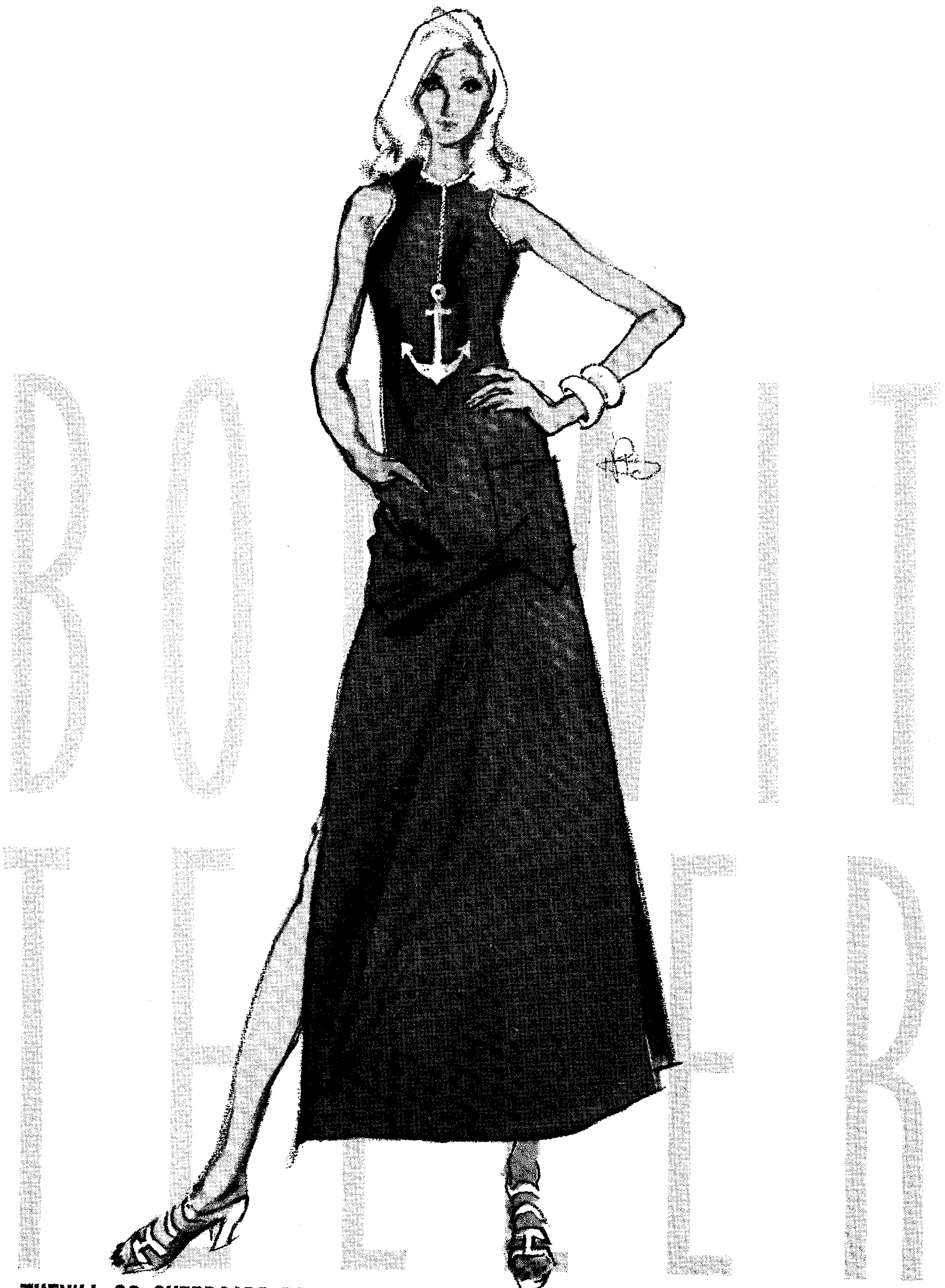
We make those kind of things at Deansgate. When we design clothes, we look at what's here today, but we also look at what's likely to be gone tomorrow. So our styling is not only timely, it's timeless.

This may seem cautious. But your wife will never stop going crazy over new fashions. And we figure all you can afford is one crazy person to a family.

The timeless suit shown, tailored in a crisp, Dacron polyester and wool blend, only about $100.

Deansgate®

FOR A BOOKLET ON THE FINE POINTS OF MEN'S CLOTHING, WRITE: 950 POEYFARRE ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA. 70150



THEY'LL GO OVERBOARD FOR YOU IN BONWIT'S ANCHOR SLINK...the dress that moors you in the very mainstream of fashion. Kasper does it for Joan Leslie in blue polyester jersey with white vinyl anchor, 6 to 12 sizes, 70.00 Collection Dresses, N.Y. and all stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursday through Sunday, at 8. Closes Sunday, May 2.)

All Over—A well-written but hollow-seeming play about death and not dying by Edward Albee. With Jessica Tandy and Colleen Dewhurst, among others, and directed by John Gielgud. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 1.)

And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little—Admirable performances by Estelle Parsons, Julie Harris, et al., in an oddly dated play by Paul Zindel. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Back Bog Beast Bait and **The Cowboy Mouth**—The first play of this double bill is by Sam Shepard, and the second by Mr. Shepard and Patti Smith. Opens Thursday, April 29, and will run through Saturday, June 5. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Candide—Foolish but probably harmless monkeyshines based, in a way, on Voltaire's satire. The amateurish performers are the Organic Theatre Company of Chicago. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dance of Death—Paul Avila Mayer's adaptation of Strindberg's play, starring Rip Torn, Viveca Lindfors, and Michael Strong. Alfred Ryder is the director. Opens Wednesday, April 28. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 541-8940. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Fabulous Miss Marie—The fourth in a proposed cycle of twenty plays about black life in America, by the extraordinary black playwright Ed Bullins. Loose and episodic in style and often very funny, it is set in a living room in Los Angeles and backed by a lively jazz band. Robert Macbeth directed. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7. Closes Sunday, May 2.)

The Gingerbread Lady—Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen are superlative in a play by Neil Simon that is funny and sad and a touch too earnest for its own good. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna is at her delightful best in this solo program of scenes and poems by all your favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. Her performance of Molly's soliloquy from Joyce's "Ulysses," which ends the evening, is superb and indelible. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 9.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

How the Other Half Loves—A smarmy little English comedy, starring Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A triumph. Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Stacy Keach, and James Naughton are the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. Arvin Brown, of New Haven's Long Wharf, is the director. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Macbeth—Awful. (SoHo Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 234-6104. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Philanthropist—Christopher Hampton is a dramatist whose acquaintance you may as well make as soon as possible. Alec McCowen heads an able cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **Pictures in the Hallway**, Paul Shyre's adaptation of the second volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography. With Aline MacMahon and Mr. Shyre. Preview Wednesday, April

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29

"F.R.A.N.K." . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 34

"OLD APPLE TREES" (POEM) . . . . . . *W. D. Snodgrass* 41

"THE STORY THUS FAR:" . . . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 42

REFLECTIONS (ASTOLPHE DE CUSTINE) . . . . *George F. Kennan* 46

"HOME" (POEM) . . . . *Seamus Heaney* 48

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 94
  OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 94

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 97

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (STRAVINSKY) . . . *Francis Steegmuller* 99

U.S. JOURNAL: FLORIDA . . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 104

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 110

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 115

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (ABOUT THE HOUSE) . . . *Janet Malcolm* 118

BOOKS . . . . *L. E. Sissman* 125
  BRIEFLY NOTED 129

COVER: *Mischa Richter*

DRAWINGS: *Frank Modell, Eldon Dedini, Lee Lorenz, Charles Saxon, Warren Miller, J. B. Handelsman, Robert Weber, Dana Fradon, Barney Tobey, Chon Day, James Stevenson, Donald Reilly, Edward Koren, William Steig, George Booth*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVII, No. 11, May 1, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1971 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

People don't buy the MGB just because it's different. But because they are.

They know the MGB's got what it takes to separate the real thing from its imitators.

They know, for instance, that the MGB's 1798 c.c. twin-carb engine is proven time and again in competition. And yet, it turns in the kind of performance that delivers up to 25 miles per gallon.

Other race-proven performance features include the full-synchromesh 4-speed gearbox, the stopping power of 10.75-inch front disc brakes and the roadability of racing-type suspension with radial-ply tires.

Then, too, you'll appreciate the kind of MG beauty that goes with MG performance. With its clean lines, mag-style wheels and recessed grille, the MGB has the kind of look that sets you apart as a winner. Test drive the MGB '71, the unique sports car for people who are a breed apart.

For the name of your nearest Austin-MG dealer and information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 631-1971 except in New Jersey where the number is (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll-free, of course.

MG
AUSTIN

BRITISH LEYLAND

British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

28. Opens officially on Thursday, April 29, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, May 15. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The School for Wives—A creditable, uninspired production of Molière's marvellous comedy. Brian Bedford plays the distracted cornutophobe. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scratch—A play by Archibald MacLeish, suggested by Stephen Vincent Benét's short story "The Devil and Daniel Webster." The cast, directed by Peter H. Hunt, includes Patrick Magee, Will Geer, Roy Poole, and Will Mackenzie. Previews Thursday through Wednesday, April 29-May 5. Opens officially on Thursday, May 6. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sleuth—Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre Presentations—**STORY THEATRE:** Paul Sills' happy animation of some fairly Grimm material. Fridays at 7:30. *Matinées* Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ Ovid's **THE METAMORPHOSES,** translated by Arnold Weinstein: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855.)

Subject to Fits—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Two by Ibsen—**HEDDA GABLER:** Claire Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Through Saturday, May 1. . . . **A DOLL'S HOUSE:** A shallow production of a great play, but Miss Bloom is a charming Nora. Monday through Saturday, May 3-8. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Underground—A pair of one-acters written by a pair of black dramatists and performed by a mostly black company called the Corn Bread Players. The second of them, Walter Jones' "Jazznite," is a fascinating and revelatory play about a professor who comes home on a visit to the slum where he grew up. "The Life and Times of J. Walter Smintheus," by Edgar White, which opens the evening, is somewhat remote and tenuous. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, *filled with surefire jokes and* the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

. . . **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN:** An inflated claim. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30.) . . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

The Ballad of Johnny Pot—Carolyn Richter wrote the book and lyrics, and Clinton Ballard composed the score, of this musical. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Earl of Ruston—A musical with a book and lyrics by C. C. Courtney (who also directed it) and Ragan Courtney, and music by Peter Link. Previews through Tuesday, May 4. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 5. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Follies—A disappointing show, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

No, No, Nanette—Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash hit. Raoul Pène du Bois has provided sets and costumes that literally scintillate, and the splendid cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

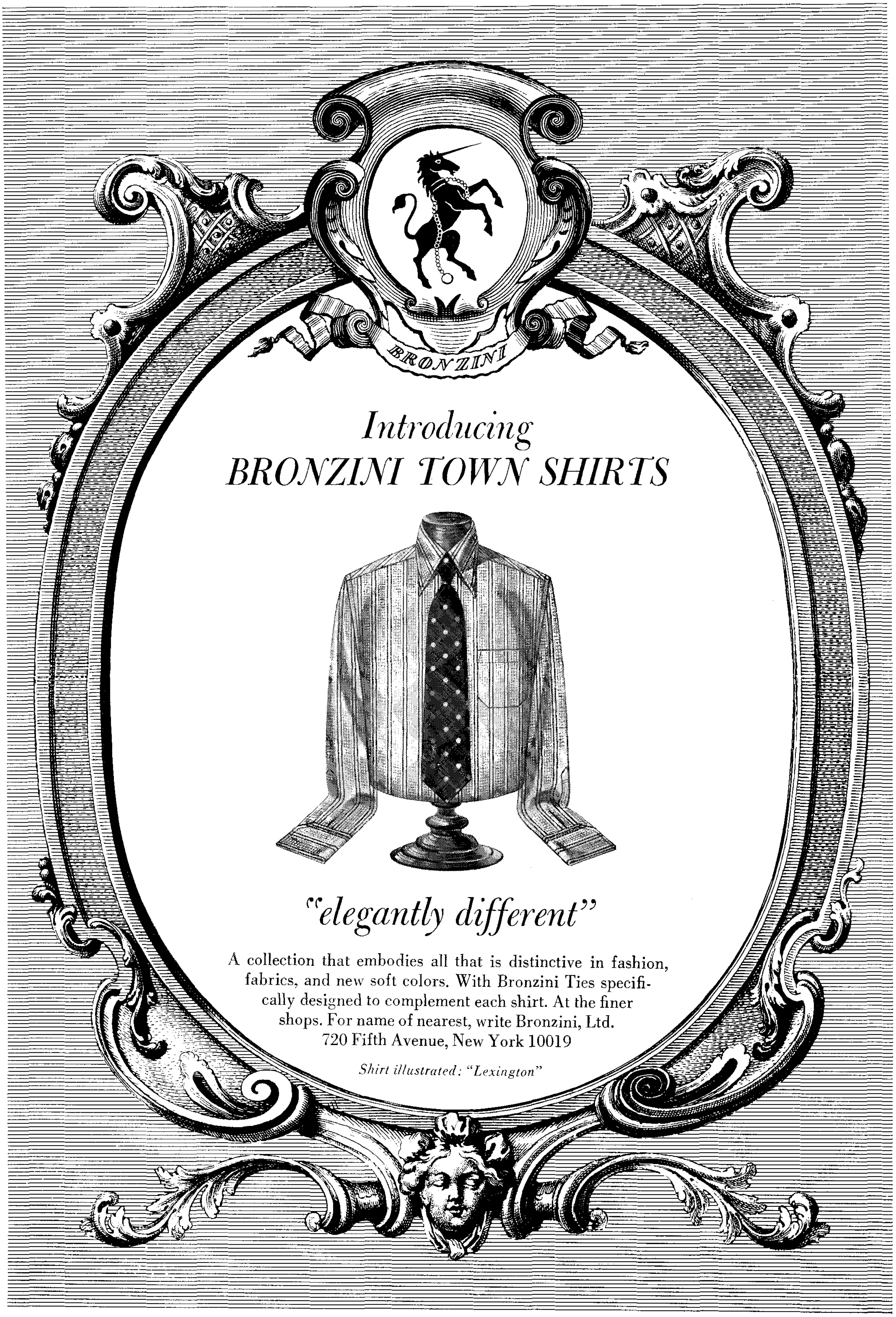
The Rothschilds—Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

70, Girls, 70—Determinedly girlish and boyish senior citizens sing and dance and tell jokes. An unconvincing argument in favor of old age. Mildred Natwick and Lillian Hayman are wonderful. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Danny Kaye in a dreary reënactment of the story of Noah. God promised Noah that the Flood would never happen again, and it would be wise to exact the same promise from Broadway. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. *Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** —It's a wonderful tale, Haines said, bringing them to halt again. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Eyes, pale as the sea the wind had freshened, paler, firm and prudent. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** The seas' ruler, he gazed southward over the bay, empty save for the smokeplume of the mailboat, vague on the bright skyline, and a sail tacking by the Muglins. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 7:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 2.). . . **HAIR:** The Kellynch property was good, but not equal to Sir Walter's apprehension of the state required in its possessor. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** While Lady Elliot lived, there had been method, moderation, and economy, which had just kept him within his income. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 533-1200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** But with her had died all such right-mindedness, and from that period he had been constantly exceeding it. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PURLIE:** An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Patti Jo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at



BRONZINI

Introducing
BRONZINI TOWN SHIRTS

"elegantly different"

A collection that embodies all that is distinctive in fashion, fabrics, and new soft colors. With Bronzini Ties specifically designed to complement each shirt. At the finer shops. For name of nearest, write Bronzini, Ltd.
720 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019

Shirt illustrated: "Lexington"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776**: A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. William Daniels is John Adams and Howard Da Silva is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, April 28, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo and Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Suite No. 3."... ¶ Thursday, April 29, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Bugaku," and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday, April 30, at 8: "Serenade," "Concerto for Two Pianos," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 2: "Scotch Symphony," "Four Last Songs," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 8: "Bugaku," "Prodigal Son," and "Firebird."... ¶ Sunday, May 2, at 1: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "Donizetti Variations."... ¶ Sunday, May 2, at 7: "Serenade," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo and Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Concerto for Two Pianos," and "La Valse."... ¶ Tuesday, May 4, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Wednesday, May 5, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "La Sonnambula," and "Suite No. 3."... ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 9: "Suite No. 3" and the première of "Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra" (performed with the Dance Theatre of Harlem). A benefit performance; for tickets, call JU 6-7902.... ¶ Friday, May 7, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Four Last Songs," "Tarantella," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Concerto for Two Pianos," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Wednesday matinée and evening, April 28, and Thursday evening, April 29: "Carmen."... ¶ Friday evening, April 30: "Brouillards" (American première), "Ebony Concerto" (American première), "Opus One," and "The Seasons" (American première).... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 1: "Carmen."... ¶ Monday evening, May 3: "Brouillards," "Ebony Concerto," "Opus One," and "The Seasons."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 4, and Wednesday matinée and evening, May 5: "The Taming of the Shrew."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 6: "Brouillards," "Ebony Concerto," "Opus One," and "The Seasons."... ¶ Friday evening, May 7: "Carmen."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 8: "The Taming of the Shrew." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, May 29.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—A two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, April 28: "Choral Dances" (première), "Gymnopedies," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 29: "Streams," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday evening, April 30: "Choral Dances," "Dance for Six," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 1: "Blues Suite," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 1: "Choral Dances," "Gymnopedies," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 2: "Blues Suite," "Streams," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 2: "Choral Dances," "Gymnopedies," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 4: "Choral Dances," an unnamed ballet (première), "Dance for Six," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 5: "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," "Icarus," "Child of the Earth" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 6: "Blues Suite," "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday evening, May 7: "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," the new unnamed ballet, "Icarus," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 8: "Choral Dances," "Streams," and "Blues Suite."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 8: "Flowers," "Child of the Earth," "Icarus," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 9.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

American Ballet Company—Wednesday, April 28, at 8: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused" (première), "The Maids," and "Romance."... ¶ Thursday, April 29, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Friday, April 30, at 8: "Theatre," "Early Songs," and "The Consort."... ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 8: "Theatre," "Cortège Parisien," "A Poem Forgotten," and "Romance."... ¶ Sunday, May 2, at 2: "Clockwise," "At Midnight," and "Meadowlark."... ¶ Sunday, May 2, at 7:30: "Harbinger," "The Maids," "The Gods Amused," and "Romance."... ¶ Tuesday, May 4, at 8: "Theatre," "Romance," and "The Consort."... ¶ Wednesday, May 5, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 8: "The Consort," "The Maids," "The Gods Amused," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Friday, May 7, at 8: "The Consort," "Intermezzo," "The Gods Amused," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 8: "Clockwise," "A Poem Forgotten," "Romance," and "Theatre." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Through Sunday, May 9.)

Jerry Ames and Jimmy Slyde—Tap dancers in *la grande tradition.* (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 4, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The *hundred-and-first* Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey wingding. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. The performances on Thursday, April 29, will be cancelled because of a hockey playoff. Closes Monday, May 31. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Comedian Robert Klein will be here through Monday, May 3. On Wednesday, May 5, Jimmy Webb, who has composed a lot of goodies, including "Up, Up and Away," will come in to play the piano and sing. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A recent addition to the jazz-and-soul-food scene. This one offers music and meals in a softly lighted, often crowded setting. Pianist Norman Simmons, with a bassist, performs Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Thursday through Sunday, April 29-May 2, pianist and composer Bobby Timmons will be working with a bass player. Music from nine-thirty to three every night but Monday.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from ten to two. Don Preston will be at the piano, working with Herb Buschler on electric bass, through Saturday, May 1. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy is here, along with a bassist. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—What better setting for the sound of music than this well-lit forum? Tiny Grimes, on guitar, leads a pair of henchmen (Al Hall on bass and Hal Frances on piano) through interesting exercises of the imagination, from eight until one. They're in action every night except Sunday. But Sundays are not wasted: From seven to twelve, pianist Sammy Price revives jazz of prehistory. A fully staffed kitchen, too.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—On dreary old Tenth, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the intrument it is named for, along with an attenuated version of soul food. Gene Bertoncini will be on guitar, and Linc Milliman on bass, until Wednesday, May 5, when guitarist Ted Dunbar and bassist Larry Ridley will arrive. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

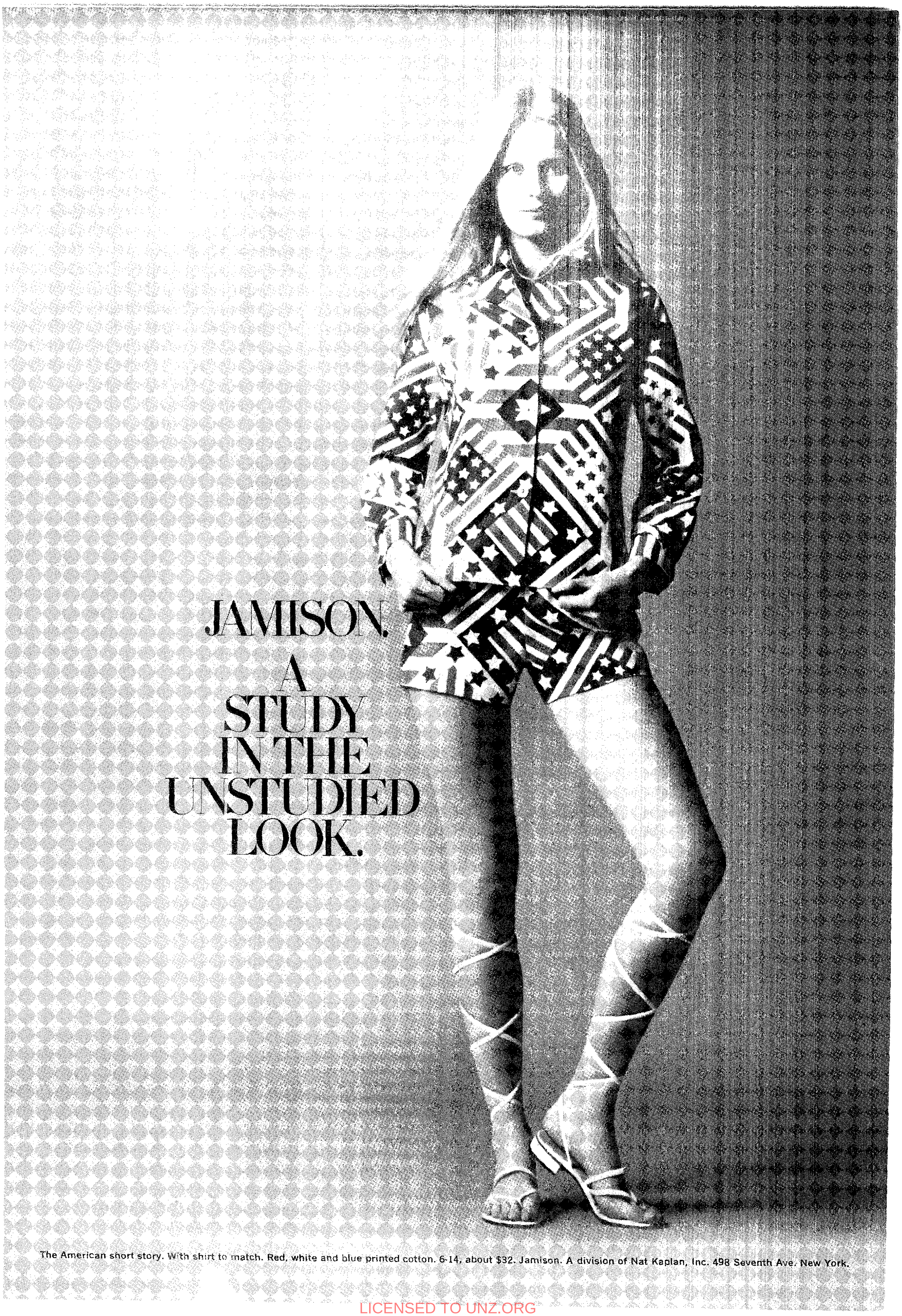
Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Tenor player Zoot Sims leads a smooth, generally inventive quartet that has Ross Tompkins on piano, Victor Sproles on bass, and Mousey Alexander on drums. Fridays through Sundays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Eddie Thompson knows where jazz piano began and how it grew, and this knowledge is implicit in his competent and often very dynamic keyboard work. He plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. On Tuesdays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for honest Dixieland. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Oliver Jackson. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Friday through Monday, April 30-May 3, the Quartet Noire will be on the stand. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, the Monty Waters trio will be on it. Sound from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of


JAMISON.
A
STUDY
IN THE
UNSTUDIED
LOOK.

The American short story. With shirt to match. Red, white and blue printed cotton. 6-14, about $32. Jamison. A division of Nat Kaplan, Inc. 498 Seventh Ave. New York.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

Washington Square. (982-4270)—This gilded re-creation of *temps perdu* offers a banjo band, beer, and occasional old movies. Also plastic boaters and stuffed polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel full of ginger. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Organist Larry Young leads his quartet from nine until closing. On Tuesday, May 4, the Roy Ayers Ubiquity will take over. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Drummer Mel Lewis leads a quartet whose other members are Thad Jones, Richard Davis, and Ronald Hanna every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. On Tuesday, May 4, the Mose Allison trio succeeds to the stage. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Open only on Saturdays and Mondays, when Symphony Sid presents Latin jazz bands. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Bassist Charles Mingus, an influential jazz figure for the past couple of decades, will be here with a sextet through Sunday, May 2. On Tuesday, May 4, the Chick Corea quartet moves in. Mondays are reserved for the block-busting and highly accomplished Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, May 2, trombonist Lou McGarity will sit in with the regulars. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, where jollity is promoted by all sorts of predictable devices.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. People dance to 45s on a little floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by some pop entertainers called the Crystal Staircase. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Motor City motifs on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Records alternate with Free Will. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance, but these days it is open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel,* loud and clear, from seven until one. Dance music for all hands. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A good berth for a young man (Antonio Santaella) who will go far, wherever his facile flamencan feet will take him. His covey of five ballerinas follow him as best they can. . . . ¶ Down the hall is an alcove assigned—between the hours of eight and four every night—to the guitar of Ramon y Barra, wherefore the alcove subtly becomes an Alhambra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—It's Don Rickles vs. the ringsiders for the world's contumely championship as far as Wednesday, April 28. Thereafter, the arena belongs to the Four Tops, who will rock and roll the boat with full electronic vigor. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas still take off at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**La Forêt:** The kings and queens are in their countinghouse eating bread and honey—the bread Parisian, the honey Phil Wayne's great and ingenious little band—Debussy with a beat. Other sets of musicians help it keep going until two; after that, the music is all tape-measured. The one disappointment is that this woodland is closed down Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Dancing every night in the mannerly **café,** as well as (Tuesdays through Saturdays) Viennese *nachtmusik* by Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who have the proper Imperial touch.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **Persian Room,** Jane Morgan does her lifelike impersonation of a morning-glory as she delivers her favorite arias. Burt Farber's exuberant orchestra and Mark Monte's crew, the old family retainers, attend to everything else. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **Edwardian Room** undulates gently to Sandu Marcu's fiddle, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the **Palm Court,** fiddle from four-thirty to six-thirty every afternoon and from nine to one every evening but Sunday. Gunnar Hansen, peer of this realm, does the Wednesday-through-Saturday night shift.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Bobbi Martin stops her dinner and supper chirruping on Saturday, May 1; on Monday, May 3, Oscar Peterson brings his strongly accented jazz threesome aboard. Dance music, by human beings and/or rather loud direct wire from Western Union, begins at eight: the others do dinner and supper sets. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Life here is lively and long: buffet dinner, plus piano, from five-thirty until nine every night in the **Oak Room;** dinner and supper in both **La Boite** (likewise garnished with piano) and the **Maisonette** (a dance band); last of all, a late-evening session in the **St. Regis Room** (Jason & Maryhazel—stalwart young composer and guitarman, plus lass with a delicate air, plus persuasive meeting of voices). The St. Regis Room is closed on Sundays, La Boite and the Maisonette on Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tony Bennett, who visits the **Empire Room** during dinner and supper, has a way of making everything come up roses. Though not necessarily the idol of all voice coaches, he is deservedly the idol of everyone else. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, Orpheus of the Overworld, arrives around ten with his playmates, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, to perform his lays of modern Rome, Paris, London, the Riviera, and New York. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Downstairs at the Upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The loneliness of the long-distance runner is implicit in the thought processes of Shelley Berman, but the speed with which he courses (and discourses) puts him milestones ahead of any other current night-life wit. Around nine-thirty and midnight, and additionally at one on Fridays and Saturdays. He is preceded by the oddly effective soprano Ernestine Jackson and the oddly compatible Judd Woldin trio. No Sundays. . . . **Dangerfield's,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand, but as far as Saturday, May 1, there is also a bonus—Billy Daniels, singing his devil-take-the-hindmost songs to Benny Payne's piano. Mr. D. arrives at ten-twenty; the speechmaking starts at eleven-fifteen. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **Dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **Adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they begin at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sundays. . . . **Mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **El Avram,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzniks, the leader of which is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Oriental bop, especially when George Mgrdichian sits in on oud. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home. Closed Mondays. . . . **Chez Vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? Well, it's "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, and it's anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers

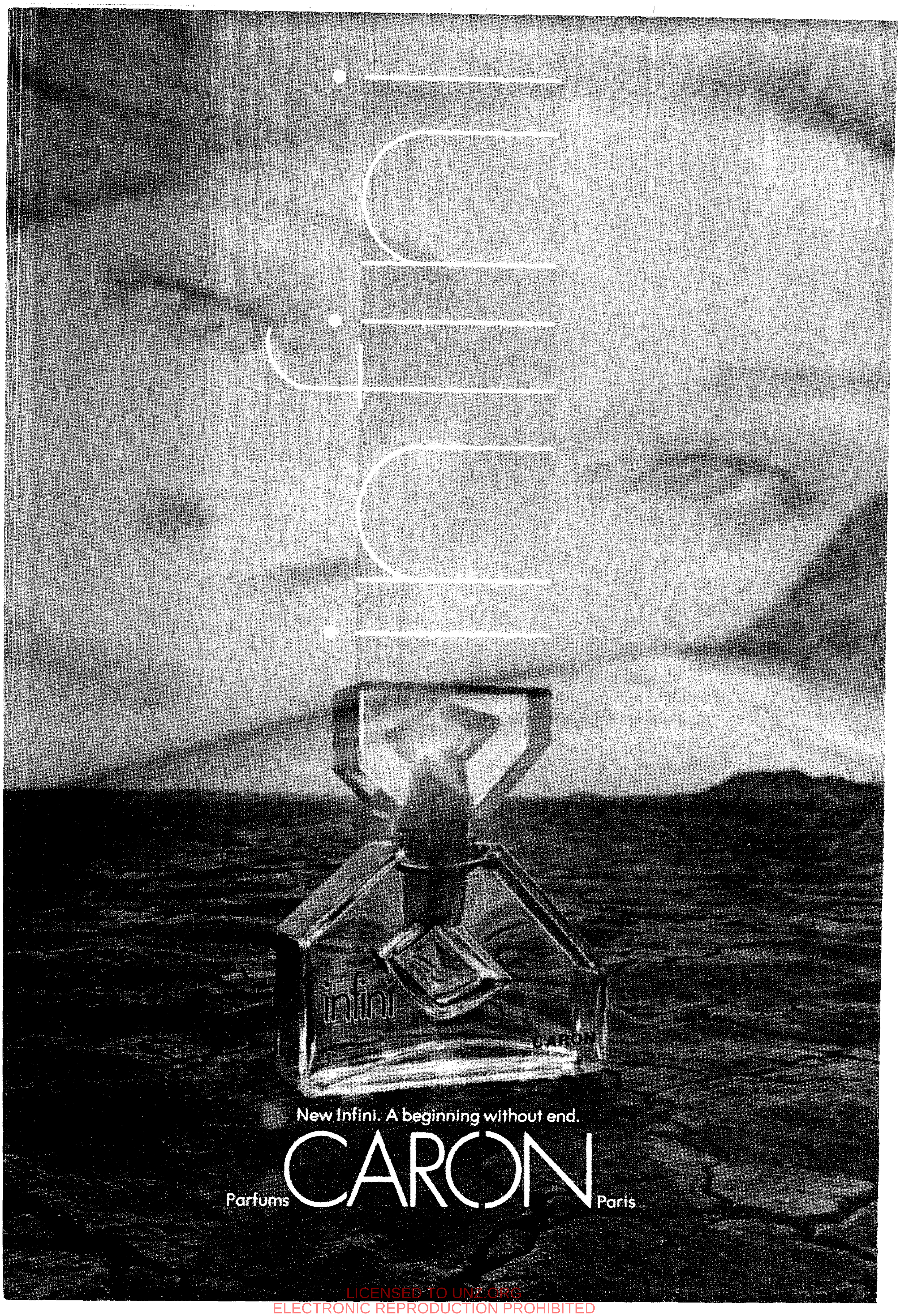
This Mother's Day, give your best our best.

All mothers deserve the best. That means Harveys Bristol Cream® Sherry. Because it's the best there is, giving Harveys Bristol Cream is one of the nicest ways to show that you care.

Harveys
Bristol Cream
shows that you care

Harveys Bristol Cream Sherry.
Imported by © Heublein, Inc., 1971, Hartford, Conn.

Mother's Day is May 9th


infini
infini
CARON
New Infini. A beginning without end.
Parfums CARON Paris

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

three. Dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St., (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after ten, sits Jacques Kayal at his piano, to sing in the native French; over here is the maître d., ready to provide couscous. Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and of the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE,** 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): If pub-crawling is the exercise the doctor ordered, this odd-ball salon might as well be included. Dan Ruskin, the one-time pianist of Chucks' Composite, is on duty from five-thirty to midnight. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old watering place, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No sound on Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays; dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, led by Rudy Barron, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **GERALDINE'S,** 36 W. 48th St. (247-3070): Up one flight in an old family manse, a handful of characters in search of an audience set forth, on a tiny stage, their carefully curtailed synopsis of "The Boys from Syracuse," that well-remembered Rodgers and Hart musical, and set it forth with drive, dint, and delight. At seven-thirty and nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, plus an eleven-thirty extra Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Dan Edwards, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Not beyond the recall of Mary McCarty are the bantering words and music with which such revues as "Small Wonder" were endowed in the golden days of Broadway, the scene of her childhood, and here she is again, letter-perfect, on the top floor of this manse. Ten-thirty is her starting time. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

YAACOV AGAM—Sculptures and paintings by a well-known Israeli Op artist who works in Paris; through May 31. (Galerie Denise René, 6 W. 57th St.)

HELEN BELING—Monumental abstract sculptures, also small bronze figures; through Saturday, May 8. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY BELL—Several glass walls by a West Coast artist known for his transparent cubes; through Wednesday, May 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARIANE R. BERMAN—Figurative paintings; starting Tuesday, May 4. (Lesnick-Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOE BRAINARD AND YVONNE JACQUETTE—Cutouts of fields by the former and paintings of skies by the latter; starting Saturday, May 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERMAN BRAUN—Paintings that speculate about characters depicted by Velázquez, Manet, Cézanne, and Picasso; through May 29. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

STAN BRODSKY—Landscapes of Long Island and figures in interiors; through Thursday, May 6. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

DAVID BUDD—Monochromatic seascapes; through May 13. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

POL BURY—Recent works by a prominent European kinetic sculptor in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim; through May 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Metal-coated Plexiglas cubes bent to resemble dented automobile parts by a sculptor who used to specialize in fenders from wrecked cars; through Saturday, May 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

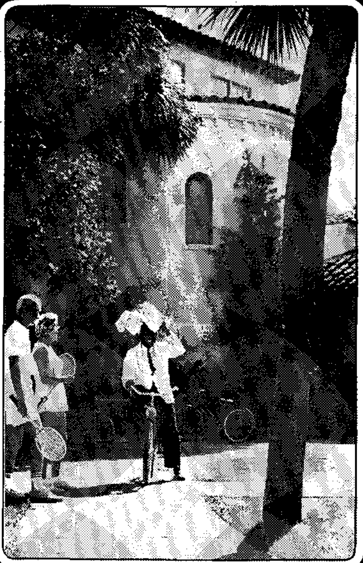
IVAN CHERMAYEFF—Paintings and drawings by a well-known designer; through Saturday, May 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CHARLES COINER—Landscapes of Canada, Bucks County, and Scotland by an academician; through Saturday, May 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—Oils, gouaches, and drawings from the thirties, plus new works; through Thursday, May 6. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Paintings by this post-Cubist winner of international prizes who works in

The gracious resort.

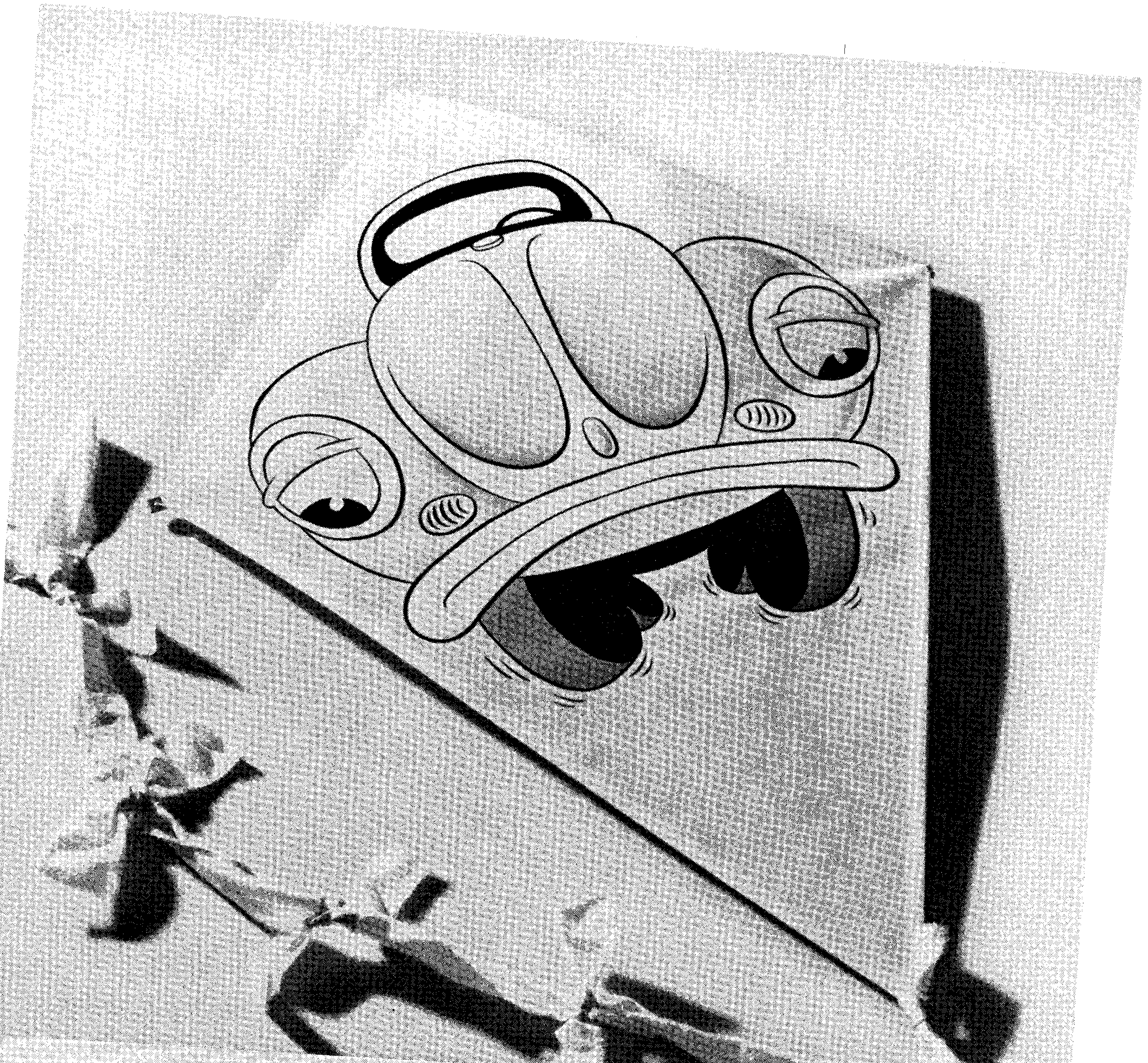


Come once to The Cloister and you'll come again and again. It's a way of life, a world itself, sunny, charming, casual—yet you'll enjoy the dressing occasions too. Food, accommodations, sports (27 holes of golf, 10 tennis courts and much more) come across in the inimitable Sea Island manner.

Write or call the Cloister Hotel, Sea Island, Ga. 31561 (912-638-3611).

Sea Island

Ask about our beautiful island homes available for rental.



There's nothing like a good stiff wind t

Because economy cars are small in size, they're usually light in weight.

And because economy cars are light in weight, they're usually at the mercy of the wind.

To compensate for this, some manufacturers have put their engine in the rear. Still others decided to leave it up front.

And to see how well all this compensation works, you have only to drive a safe distance behind them in a windstorm.

Well, thanks to its engineering, the Austin America has overcome this problem.

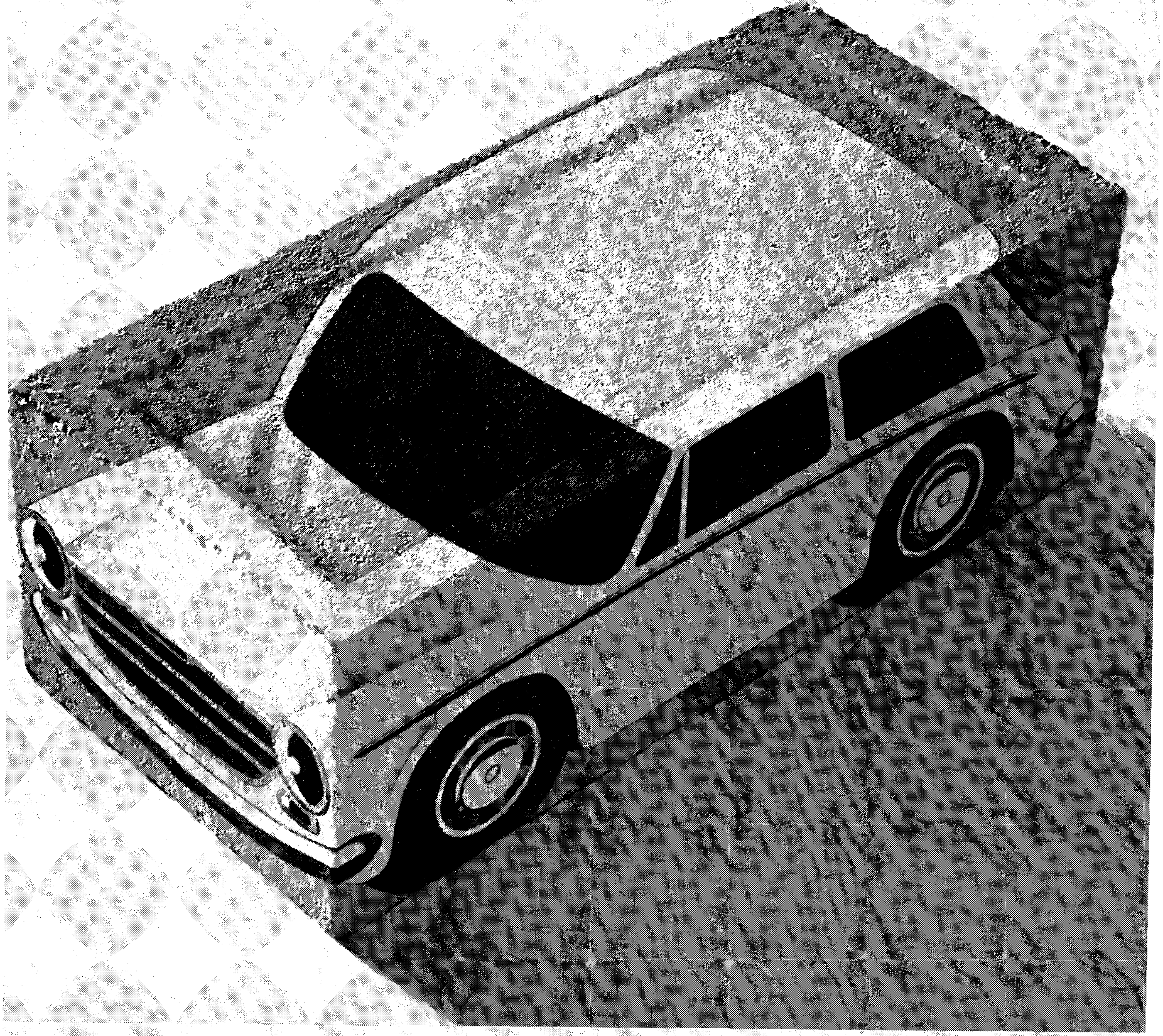
We gave the Austin front wheel drive. Which means the front wheels power the car as well as steer it. So you get better traction.

Then we combined front wheel drive with a transverse engine. Which means the engine is set in crosswise over the front axle (not lengthwise as in most conventional cars). So all its weight is where it will do the most good.

And finally, to make things

*Manufacturer's suggested retail base price N.Y. P.O.E.: manual transmission, $1,985 (automatic transmission, $2,13

For overseas delivery information, writ



show you what a car is really made of.

even more difficult for the wind, we made the Austin heavier than the leading import. Yet a foot shorter and 6 inches lower, so there's less surface for the wind to play games with.

But the Austin does have one thing in common with other economy cars. A low price.

The Austin America is priced at $1,985.*

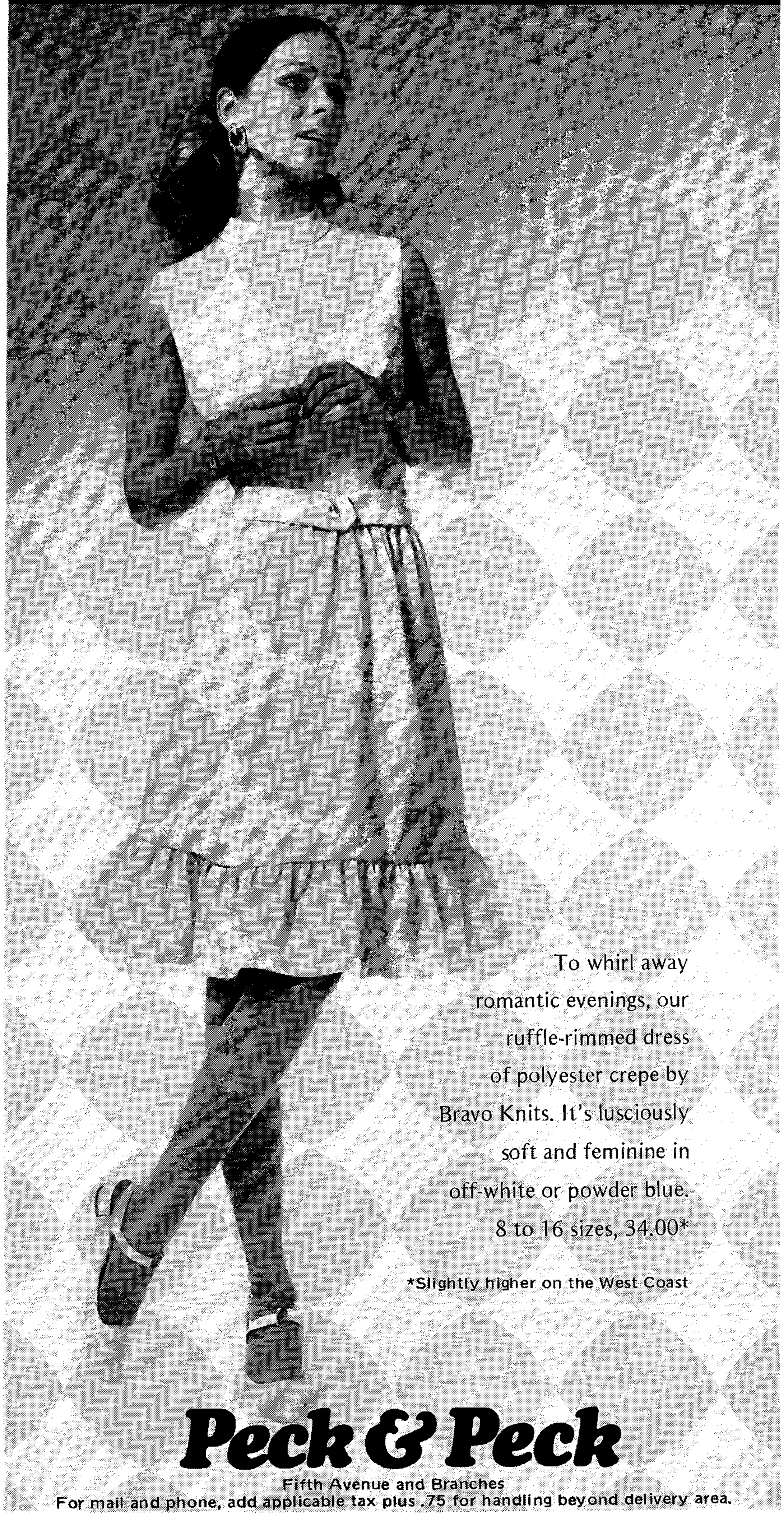
All of which goes to show you that you don't have to blow a bankroll just to keep from blowing in the wind.

Austin America.
The big little car.
At Austin-MG dealers.

*Other P.O.E. prices slightly higher. Does not include transportation charges, dealer preparation, state and local taxes, if any.
British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, N.J. 07605.

You can't wait till the sun goes down?

This is your dress.



To whirl away romantic evenings, our ruffle-rimmed dress of polyester crepe by Bravo Knits. It's lusciously soft and feminine in off-white or powder blue. 8 to 16 sizes, 34.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

Peck & Peck

Fifth Avenue and Branches

For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Paris; starting Tuesday, May 4. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Jim Dine—Paintings, collages, watercolors, and drawings by one of the first Pop artists; through Saturday, May 1. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Tully Filmus—Drawings of traditional Jewish types; through Saturday, May 8. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Alice Forman—Figure paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 8. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Huge abstractions; through Saturday, May 8. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Juan Gomez-Quiroz—Abstract urban landscapes by a Chilean painter; through Saturday, May 8. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Lorrie Goulet—Sculptures of women in different kinds of stone, also drawings; through Saturday, May 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Morris Graves—A retrospective exhibit of drawings by this West Coast veteran; through May 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

John Heliker—Semi-abstract landscapes, seascapes, still-lifes, and figures in interiors; through Saturday, May 8. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert Hudson—Stainless-steel sculptures, some colored, by a California artist; through Wednesday, May 5. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Hunt—Welded-steel and cast-bronze and cast-aluminum abstract sculptures, plus related drawings and graphics in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art; through June 7. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Ingres (1780-1867)—A benefit showing of a hundred and fifty drawings done by Ingres in Rome; through May 22. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Robert Irwin—Columns; through May 29. (101 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Maria Cooper Janis and Harry Marinsky—Impressionist paintings by the former and realistic bronzes and watercolors by the latter; through Saturday, May 1. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Ray Johnson—More collages, many on the theme of dollar bills dedicated to famous women; through Wednesday, May 5. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Olivia Kahn—Oils and serigraphs. (Gallery A, 392 Bleecker St. Thursday and Friday, April 29-30, from 2 to 6.)

Howard Kanovitz—More of this artist's lifelike cutouts of people; through Saturday, May 8. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herbert Katzman—Figures in interiors, nudes, and portraits; through Saturday, May 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Abstractly-conceived figurative paintings; through May 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Six-foot-square paintings divided into rectangles by ruled lines in pencil or paint; through May 25. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Robert and Ella Bergmann Michel—Collage paintings by a German husband-and-wife team of post-First World War experimentalists; through May 22. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso, Braque, and Gris—Works presented in connection with "The Cubist Epoch" exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum and the coinciding Cubist exhibit at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; starting Tuesday, May 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Edward Plunkett—Fanciful watercolors and collages looking back to an earlier part of the twentieth century; through Saturday, May 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mel Ramos—Luscious nudes juxtaposed with animals or birds by a Pop artist; through May 12. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Gordon Russell—Paintings of imaginative situations involving familiar objects; through Saturday, May 8. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAYNARD SANDOL—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; starting Tuesday, May 4. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Plaster-cast figures doing ordinary things in realistic settings; through May 15. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

MAX WEBER (1881-1961)—Pastels, gouaches, and watercolors done between 1909 and 1917 by this American Cubist; through May 15. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JANE WILSON—Ingratiating still-lifes; through May 22. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

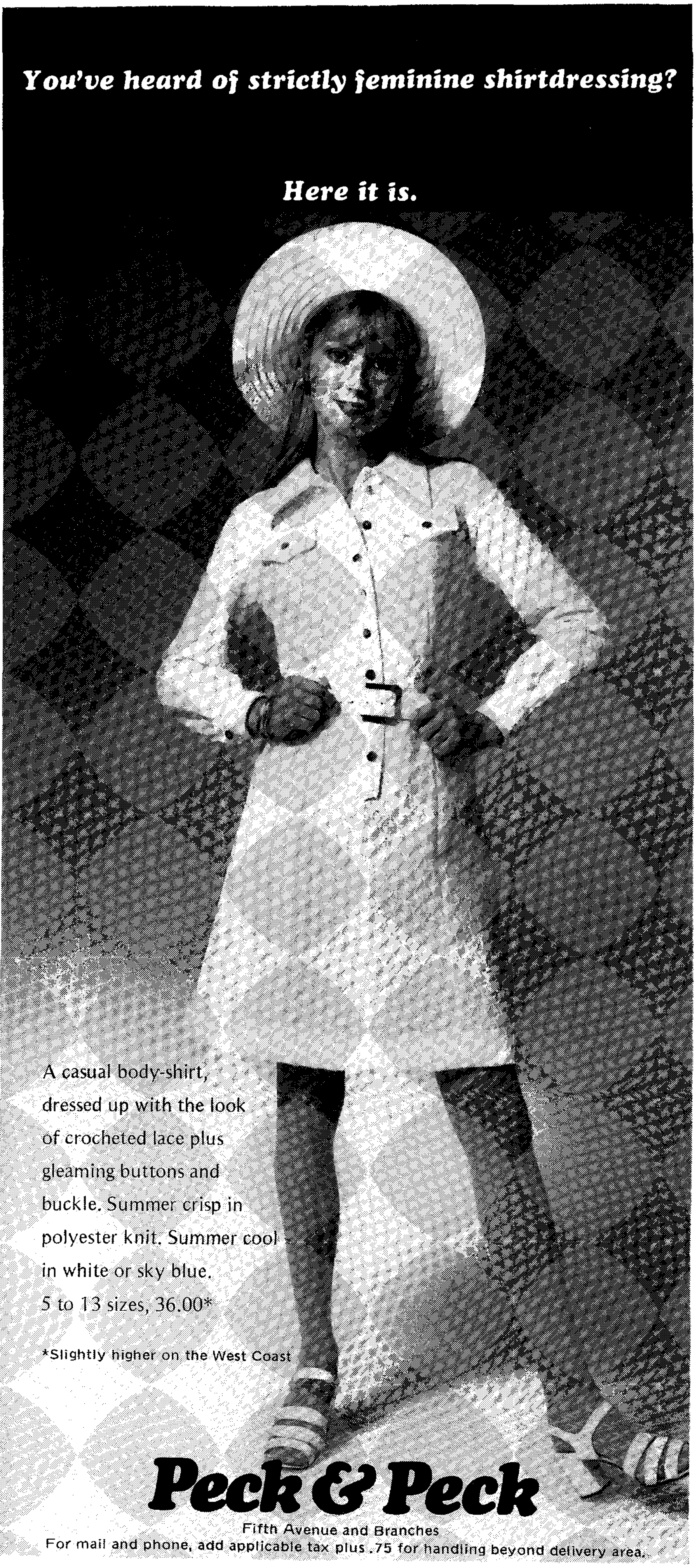
JACK ZAJAC—Sculptures from 1956 to the present of natural subjects in bronze, marble, and wood; through Friday, May 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ACTS OF ART, 15 Charles St.: Works by forty black artists who have rejected invitations to the current Whitney exhibition or have withdrawn from it; through Saturday, May 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.) . . . COOPER, 100 Prince St.: Robert Grosvenor, David Diao, Joel Fisher, and George Kuehn; through Wednesday, May 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . COOPER UNION FOUNDATION BUILDING, Third Ave. at 7th St.: Forty-four paintings and drawings by members of the Cooper Union faculty, among whom are Will Barnet, Leland Bell, Carone, De Niro, Wolf Kahn, Marsicano, Pfriem, and Tworkov; through Saturday, May 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 10.) . . . CORDIER & EKSTROM, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures and paintings by gallery artists; through Saturday, May 1. . . . LEVER HOUSE, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: Over sixty original drawings of current comic-strip characters, as well as original art from major syndicated comics features; through Sunday, May 2. (Closed Saturday morning; open Sunday, 1 to 5.) . . . MARLBOROUGH, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by about sixty-five major artists of the twentieth century, among them Picasso, Lipchitz, Modigliani, Arp, and Kokoschka; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . NEW SCHOOL, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred Italian drawings from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth; through Friday, April 30. (Wednesday through Friday, noon to 8.) . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through May 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . SAIDENBERG, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sculptures from Greece and the Near East, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and pre-Columbian America; through May 22. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than three hundred works covering the Cubist period (1906-21) by fifty-four artists of Europe and the United States; through June 8. Complements to this show are the exhibits of Cubist painters at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and (starting Tuesday) the Picasso/Braque/Gris exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five-hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through June 1. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Work from the past thirty years by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist, whose emphasis in the past decade has been on collage and photomontage; through June 7. . . . ¶ A retrospective of metal sculptures by Richard Hunt, black Chicago artist; through June 7. A complement to this showing is his exhibition at the Dorsky Gallery, 111 Fourth Ave., at



You've heard of strictly feminine shirtdressing?

Here it is.

A casual body-shirt, dressed up with the look of crocheted lace plus gleaming buttons and buckle. Summer crisp in polyester knit. Summer cool in white or sky blue. 5 to 13 sizes, 36.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

Peck & Peck
Fifth Avenue and Branches
For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Short and smock-topped, our exclusive polyester-and-cotton batiste comes in pink or blue with lots of white lace. For petite, small, medium sizes, $20. Lingerie Collections.

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

11th St. . . . ¶ Models, photographs, and drawings for an imaginary ceremonial structure by Will Insley; through Monday, May 3. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About forty works done between 1953 and 1969 by Pol Bury, an inventive kinetic sculptor who features slow motion; through June 6. A complement to this showing is his exhibit at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ Thirty-six works by Cubist painters from the Museum's permanent collection; through June 6. Complements to this show are "The Cubist Epoch" show at the Metropolitan Museum and (starting Tuesday) the Picasso/Braque/Gris exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Works by over fifty black artists from different parts of the United States, among them, if they don't drop out, Jacob Lawrence, Romare Bearden, Tom Lloyd, and Thomas Sills; through May 16. . . . ¶ A large exhibit of Brillo boxes, flower images, and paintings of soup-can labels and film stars by Andy Warhol; starting Saturday, May 1. . . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings and drawings by Romaine Brooks (1874-1970), an expatriate American known for her portraits; through May 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculptures, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Chinese gold, silver, and white porcelain figures, animals, inlaid boxes, jewelry, bowls, and vases done between the fourth century B.C. and 1600 A.D.; through June 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan exhibition of tapestries in silk and metal thread dating back to the seventh century; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Films, slides, tapes, and kinetoscopes presenting approximately a hundred and twenty artists at work in their studios or out of doors; through Sunday, May 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of four hundred photographs by W. Eugene Smith; through May 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Symbolic sculptural interpretations, in different mediums, of dramas and dramatis personae by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A cache of autographs, books, drawings, and manuscripts acquired during the last few years. Highlighted is the second part of the Hours of Catherine of Cleves with thirty-five transparencies. Through Saturday, May 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and twenty works in a variety of modes by forty-four artists, most of them young, representing the "Swiss avant-garde;" through May 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective consisting of a hundred and fifty sculptures, prints, and drawings by Gerhard Marcks, German Expressionist, who taught at the Bauhaus; through May 30. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through June 27. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through June 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recent acquisitions that fatten the Library's Berg Collection—original manuscripts and letters of major English, Irish, and American writers. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—an all-Stravinsky program on Thursday, April 29, at 8:30; Friday, April 30, at 2; Saturday, May 1, at 8:30; and Monday, May 3, at 7:30 (all with Benita Valente, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Raymond Michalski, bass; and the Camerata Singers); and a varied program on Thursday, May 6, at 8:30; Friday, May 7, at 2; and Saturday, May 8, at 8:30 (all with Yvonne Minton, mezzo-soprano, and the Schola Cantorum of New York).

Baltimore Symphony—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Evelyne Crochet, piano, and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Eliahu Inbal conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 2:30, and Tuesday, May 4, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting the final concert of the season, with James Buswell, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 8:30.)

Harvard University and Princeton University Concert Bands—A joint concert, with Frank L. Battisti and David Uber conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Hampden-Sydney Glee Club—T. E. Crawley directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Thursday, April 29, at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

Dessoff Choirs—Thomas A. Sokol directing a program of early Polish music, with a chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 29, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with an orchestra and soloists. The final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 30, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Carole Walters, mezzo-soprano; Ray DeVoll, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, May 2, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Janus Chorale of New York—Robert Hickok directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

London Bach Society—Paul Steinitz directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Jeanette Scovotti, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Julian Patrick, baritone; and the Orchestra of America. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

Hunter College Orchestra and Choir—Ralph Hunter directing a performance of Orazio Benevoli's mass, the Benevoli Festmesse, with soloists and two other choirs. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The last in a series of programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, April 28, at 8:40.)

Amadeus String Quartet—The last in a series of all-Schubert programs, this one with Lamar Crowson, piano, and Julius Levine, double bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 29, at 8:30.)

Leonard Rose and Gary Graffman—Cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 30, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Pierre Boulez, conductor; Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Richard Goode, piano; and others. The final concerts of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 5, and Tuesday, May 4, at 7.)

Hiroko Yajima—Violin. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, May 3, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music of the Northern Renaissance. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8:30.)

Christina Ortiz—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 6, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Balaban & Cats—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Wednesday, April 28, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Grateful Dead and New Riders of the Purple Sage—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday and Thursday, April 28-29, at 8.

Rod McKuen—Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, April 29-30, at 8:30.

Emerson, Lake & Palmer; Edgar Winter's White Trash; and Curved Air—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 8 and 11:30.

Yaffa Yarkoni—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, May 2, at 2:30 and 8.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The last in a series of programs in which lyricists (in this case Stephen Sondheim) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, May 2, at 8.)

Jethro Tull and Cowboy—Fillmore East. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 4-5, at 8 and 11:30.

Dakota Staton—Jazz Center. Friday, May 7, at noon.

Poco, Linda Ronstadt, and Manhattan Transfer—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 8 and 11:30.

Roberta Flack—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.

Chico Hamilton's Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.

Art Blakey and His Jazz Messengers—With Betty Carter and her trio and the Gene Ammons quartet. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, May 8, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Chicago, Wednesday, April 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Friday, April 30, at 8; Saturday, May 1, at 2; and Sunday, May 2, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Chicago, Monday through Wednesday, May 3-5, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 6, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, May 7, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 8, at 2:15.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 8.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, April 29, at 7:30.)

Horse Shows—Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 1-2.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 7-9.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 8.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 22. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 28; the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 1; and the Withers, Saturday, May 8. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, May 31. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 1.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 22. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Carmen," with an English narration. (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, May 8, at 1.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Winnie the Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, May 1, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, May 2, and Saturday, May 8, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "On Behalf of the Laugh." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Steering by the Stars." Starting Tuesday, May 4, there will be a new show, "On the Shoulders of Giants." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include monkeys, deer, rabbits, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a bevy of small animals, among them lambs, ducks, rabbits, and a calf. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

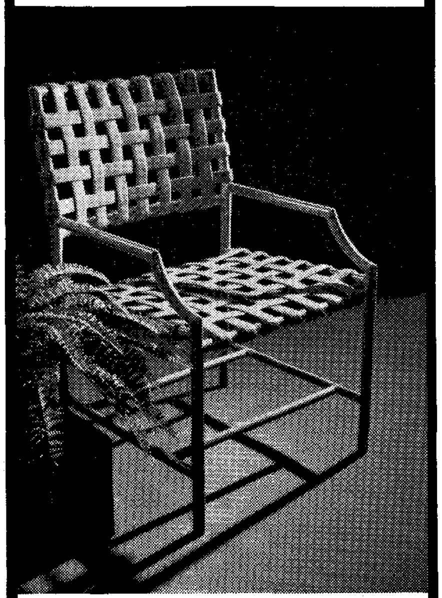
Discussions—"A Dialogue on Women's Liberation," a discussion sponsored by Theatre for

Geometric ear-clips of eighteen karat gold, $325. the pair.

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVE. & 57th ST., N.Y.C. 10022
Atlanta · Chicago · Houston · San Francisco · Beverly Hills
Please add sales tax where applicable

CANTINA
!

Here is the bold, rugged look of the Spanish country-side. The Cantina Series puts an end to fancy frills and filigrees on outdoor furniture that only tries to look Spanish. We've used heavier tubing and wide vinyl straps cross-laced like the leather straps of traditional Spanish design. All seating pieces are generously proportioned and are much heavier than most outdoor furniture. The Cantina Collection features a complete line of tables and seating pieces including chaises, lounge chairs, and dining chairs. Available at Abercrombe & Fitch and great stores everywhere. Send 25¢ for colorful brochure and dealer name. TROPITONE FURNITURE CO., INC. / P. O. Box 3197 / Sarasota, Florida 33578



tropitone

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ideas, with Germaine Greer, Norman Mailer, Jill Johnston, Diana Trilling, and Jacqueline Ceballos. (Town Hall. Friday, April 30, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call CH 3-4301.)

Poetry Readings—Rod McKuen reading from his own works. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, April 30, at midnight.)... ¶ John Haines and David Ignatow reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, May 4, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 4, and Tuesday, May 11, from 2 to 5:30, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display on May 4 belong to Mrs. E. Williams MacGuire, 15 E. 91st St.; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Saurel, 152 E. 81st St.; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reed, 118 E. 78th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Seligman, 126 E. 74th St.; Mr. Stewart R. Mott, 800 Park Ave.; and Mr. Robert L. B. Tobin, 711 Park Ave. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 1.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 28, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints, belonging to Paolino Gerli. ... ¶ Thursday, April 29, at 2: Japanese works of art, including lacquer wares and sword fittings; from many sources.... ¶ Friday, April 30, at 2: Japanese and Chinese paintings and screens, from a Westchester private collector.... ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from several owners.... ¶ Tuesday, May 4, at 10:15 and 2: Autographs and manuscripts, from a number of sources.... ¶ Wednesday, May 5, at 8: Impressionist and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; the property of Norton Simon. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.... NOTE: On Saturday, May 1, at 10, there will be an auction of about seventy antique, classic, and racing automobiles on the grounds of St. Martin's Episcopal Church in Radnor, Pa. Included will be a 1931 Duesenberg LeBaron Barrel Side Phaeton, a 1932 Rolls-Royce roadster, and the Kirk White-Roger Penske Sunoco Ferrari 512M. An admission charge will be made. (Exhibition hours: Friday, April 30, from noon to 6.)

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs in a series of films by Stan Brakhage. April 28 at 2: "The Art of Vision" (1961-65).... April 29 at 1: "Songs I through XXII" (1964-69).... April 29 at 5: "Songs XXIII through XXX" (1964-69), and two other 8-mm. films.... April 30 at 2 and 5:30: "The Horseman, the Woman, and the Moth" (1968), "Love-making" (1968), and four other films.... May 1 at 3: "Scenes from Under Childhood" (1967-70).... May 2 at 2: "The Wier-Falcon Saga" (1970), "The Machine of Eden" (1970), and "The Animals of Eden and After" (1970).... May 2 at 5:30: "Scenes from Under Childhood" (1967-70).... May 3 at 12:30: "The Wier-Falcon Saga" (1970), "The Machine of Eden" (1970), and "The Animals of Eden and After" (1970).... May 5 at 2: "The Art of Vision" (1961-65).... ¶ May 1 at 11:30: "The Toll Gate" (1920), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with William S. Hart. ... ¶ May 3 at 6 and May 4 at 2: "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas and Ralph Meeker.... ¶ May 4 at 5:30: A program of films by David Rimmer.... ¶ May 6 at 2 and 5:30: Eight short films by Shirley Clarke done between 1953 and 1960.... ¶ May 6 at 8: "The Cool World" (1964), directed by Shirley Clarke, with Hampton Clanton. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through May 2: "Josef Killian" (1963), a Czech film, directed by Pavel Juráček and Jan Schmidt; and "The Ceiling" (1962), a Czech film, directed by Věra Chytilová.... ¶ May 5-6: "Passion" (1919), a German film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings. (Showings at 5 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) ... ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.... ¶ At the WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Friday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

Note—On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue is open as a pedestrian mall between 61st and 72nd Streets; most shops and art galleries remain open during this period.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Auto Race—*Indianapolis Speedway race, May 29.*

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: May 9 (day), May 10-11 (night), May 12 (d), May 21 (n), May 22-23 (d), May 25-26 (n), June 8-9 (n), June 10 (d), June 11 (n), June 12-13 (d), and June 14-15 (n).... YANKEE STADIUM: May 14 (night), May 15-16 (day), May 17-18 (n), May 28 (n), May 29-31 (d), June 1 (n), June 2 (d), June 3-4 (n), and June 5-6 (d).

Boxing—Ken Buchanan vs. Ismael Laguna, 15 rounds, for the World Lightweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. June 9.)

Dog Shows—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Hempstead. May 22.)... ¶ Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. June 12.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 28-29 and May 31-June 5.)... ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. May 30.)... ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. June 6.)... ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 10-13.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. May 19 and 22.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. June 6.)

Racing—At PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 15.... BELMONT: May 24-June 26. The Belmont, June 5.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: June 1-Aug. 9.... EPSOM, England: The Derby, June 2.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: May 24-July 22.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. June 5-6.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): A special two-week season, May 31-June 12.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 15, to be followed by a four-week season of "Promenades," running from May 19 through June 12.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 9 and 11.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, May 12.... ¶ Utah Symphony Orchestra, June 2.... HUNTER COLLEGE PLAYHOUSE (535-5350): Claude Frank, piano, May 9.

Other Dates—Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 15.... ¶ May Garden Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., May 19.... ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 21-June 6.... ¶ United Nations Trusteeship Council, May 25-June 18.... ¶ Commencements: Smith and Vassar, May 30; Barnard and Columbia, June 1; N.Y.U., June 7; Princeton, June 8; Annapolis, June 9; Dartmouth, June 12; Yale, June 14; and Harvard, June 17.... ¶ Memorial Day is Monday, May 31.... ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Tuesday, June 15.

TAURUS—APR 21-MAY 21
Bigelow's posh plush for the woman who prefers emeralds to diamonds.

Born under the sign of Taurus, she knows her own mind. And she has her mind set on total luxury.

For her, Bigelow's Richleigh, A sweep of thick, deep plush in Bigelow Approved 100% Wool Face. Bigelow begins with super-white wools to create this distinguished carpet. The result: unsurpassed brilliance and clarity in 32 traditional and contemporary colors. And you'll be surprised at how little it costs to own the finest quality plush available.

PEOPLE WHO KNOW BUY **Bigelow**
RUGS & CARPETS SINCE 1825

A 3" x 5" sample of Bigelow's Richleigh, illustrated color chart of 32 available Richleigh colors and Bigelow's decorating booklet "Great Beginnings" is yours for 50¢ to cover the cost of handling and postage. Just use the coupon. In Canada write: Bigelow-Canada, Ltd., 4 Westmount Square, Montreal 216, Quebec.

BIGELOW L-5-1
BOX 161
WHITESTONE, NEW YORK 11357

Enclosed is 50¢ to cover handling and mailing costs. Please send me a copy of Bigelow's "Great Beginnings", color chart and a 3" x 5" sample of Richleigh.

Name________________________________

Address______________________________

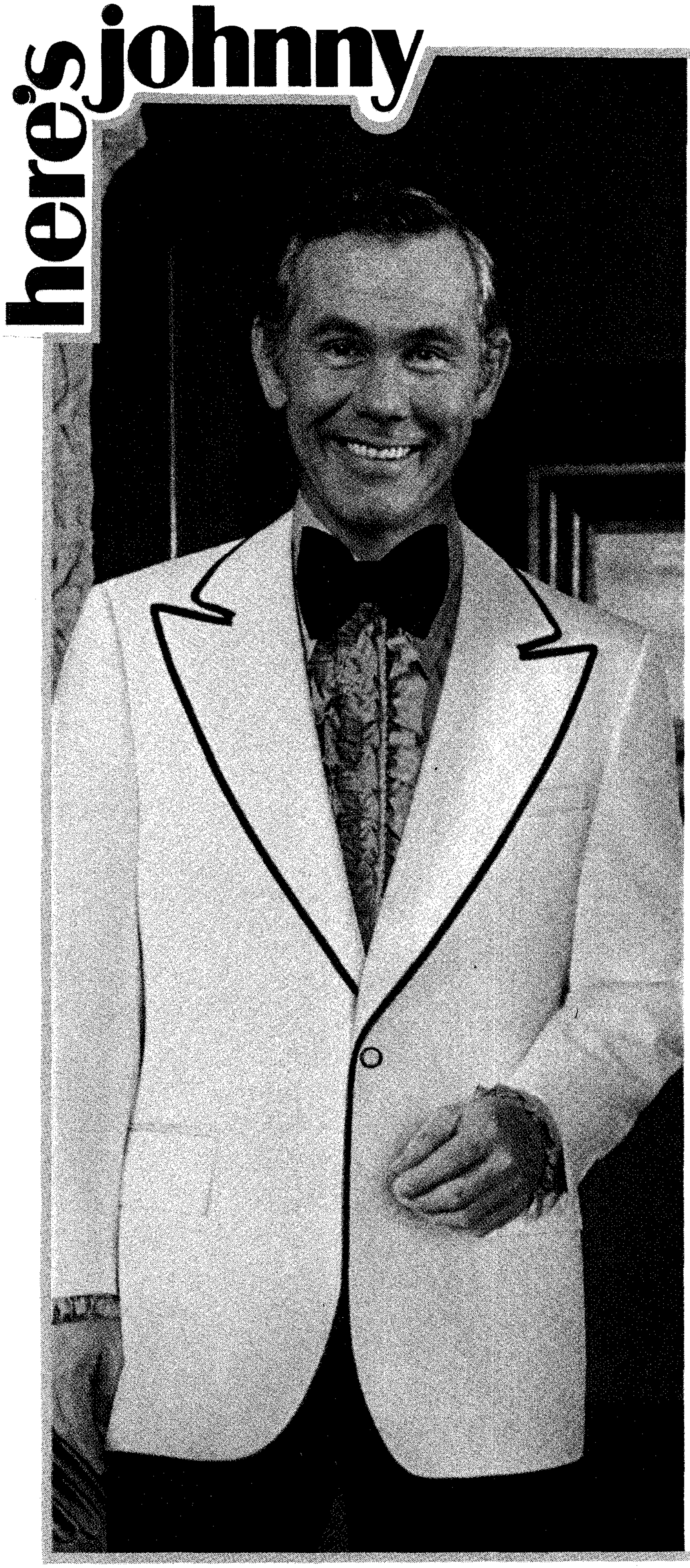
City______________ State__________ Zip__________

(Limit: one sample per coupon)

THE MARK OF THE WORLD'S BEST

PURE WOOL PILE

The wool mark is awarded to quality tested carpets made of pure wool pile.



Here's Johnny... introducing his new, fun-to-wear formal wear.

Johnny Carson has an "informal" approach to formal wear without that old "up tight" feeling. The formal jumpsuit. Black, pure wool worsted that's long on comfort. U-shaped opening and adjustable waist and shoulder. Satin braid trims the legs on the flared bottom trousers.

The jacket is completely washable. Single-breasted with shaped waist, peak lapels and a high center vent. Dacron® polyester/Orlon® acrylic in white with black braid trim. Perfect topper for the ruffled formal shirt.

JOHNNY CARSON
APPAREL INC.

77 GOODELL STREET
BUFFALO, NEW YORK 14240

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Owl and the Pussycat" (tentative).

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 4: "Brewster McCloud" and "Alex in Wonderland."
From May 5: "Trash" and "Putney Swope."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 4: "THX 1138."
From May 5: "Trash" and "Yellow Submarine."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 4: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."
From May 5: "Citizen Kane."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Derby."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love" (tentative).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Mad Dogs and Englishmen."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Summer of '42" (tentative).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Taking Off."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Saturday Morning" (tentative).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bananas" (tentative).

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The House That Dripped Blood."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Owl and the Pussycat" (tentative).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Gimme Shelter."

Beekman, *2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)*
"Little Murders."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Claire's Knee."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"La Collectionneuse."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Derby."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 29: "Woodstock."
From April 30: "Percy."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Lovers and Other Strangers" and "Fools."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"My Secret Life."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Nana."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Pretty Maids All in a Row."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
"Johnny Minotaur."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana" (tentative).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Before the Revolution."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 29: "Ramparts of Clay."
From April 30: "Skezag."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Percy."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 2: Harry Langdon festival.
May 3-5: "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" and "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man."
From May 6: "Million Dollar Legs" and "It's a Gift."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 29: "Raid on Rommel."
April 30-May 4: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "I Love My Wife."
From May 5: "Tender Scoundrel" and "The Lion in Winter."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Waterloo."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
April 28: "The Bride of the Andes."
April 29-May 1: "Samurai, the Legend of Musashi."
May 2: A program of Greek films.
May 3-4: *"Samurai, Duel at Ichijoji Temple."*
May 5-6: "Samurai, Musashi and Kojiro."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Lawrence of Arabia."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Shinbone Alley."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"A New Leaf."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter" (tentative).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Five Easy Pieces" and "I Never Sang for My Father" (tentative).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Derby."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Conformist" (tentative).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through May 4: "Margo."
From May 5: To be announced.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"My Night at Maud's."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Friends."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Confession."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 4: "The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love."
From May 5: "Valdez Is Coming."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 4: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana."
From May 5: "Bed and Board."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 28: "The Seven Samurai" and "Night and Fog."
April 29-May 5: "Vladimir and Rosa" and "China Is Near."
From May 6: A program of three short films—"Nixon's Checkers Speech," "Pull My Daisy," and "Lenny Bruce on TV."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 4: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."
From May 5: "Cold Turkey" and "Let It Be."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 29: "The Bride Wore Black" *and "The Sleeping Car Murder."*
April 30-May 2: "The Miracle Worker" and "The Children's Hour."
May 3-4: "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets."
May 5-6: "Waltz of the Toreadors" and "The Ghost Goes West."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Percy."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alex in Wonderland—This story about a movie director (Donald Sutherland) searching for a subject for his next film is so casual and loose that one's attention wanders. Though it's a misbegotten, pseudo "8½," from time to time it manages to capture the super-relaxed palmy-hip style of the new Hollywood. Directed by Paul Mazursky, who wrote the script with Larry Tucker. (Charles; through May 4.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is not unlike the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but it isn't a very pleasurable kind of suspense; the movie lacks humor. (Cinema I.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie, because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Thalia; May 3-4.)

Bananas—Directed by, written by, and starring Woody Allen. (Coronet, tentative.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud.) Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 5.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Brewster McCloud—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Charles; through May 4.)

The Bride of the Andes (1966)—For a change, a Japanese film with an enticing title of the old American type. It stars not Yma Sumac but Sachiko Hidari, the perennially young wife of the talented director Susumu Hani, who made this film—using *cinéma-vérité* techniques—in Bolivia and Peru. The story is about the heroine's development of the strength to endure; the movie, fortunately, does not test the viewer's endurance. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 28.)

The Bride Wore Black *(1968)—François Truffaut's* film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Thalia; through April 29.)

The Children's Hour (1962)—William Wyler directs the film version of Lillian Hellman's play about two lesbian schoolmistresses. Audrey Hepburn and Shirley MacLaine play them, which sweetens the idea rather. The version is ladylike and funereally done, without much of the high attack the text needs. (Thalia; April 30-May 2.)

China Is Near (1968)—A prissy, sneering seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his pompous Socialist brother's chances for political office. Marco Bellocchio's highly original political comedy, in which the people are so awful they're funny, is structured like a classic comic opera. In Italian. (New Yorker; April 29-May 5.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant satire of the American as imperialist. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Kips Bay; starting May 5.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cold Turkey—There is some satire on the media in this farce about a town that tries to give up smoking for a month. With Dick Van Dyke, Pippa Scott, Tom Poston, Bob and Ray, and Bob Newhart. Directed by Norman Lear. (Symphony; starting May 5.)

La Collectionneuse—Directed by Eric Rohmer. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Paramount.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger-woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, tentative.)

Derby—"Derby" in this case means Roller Derby. A documentary, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Murray Hill, Juliet 2, and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; April 30-May 4.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6		

Five Easy Pieces—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Festival, tentative.)

Fools—It's one thing to lose your heart in San Francisco; it's another to lose your mind there. Jason Robards and Katharine Ross, directed by Tom Gries. Beware. (U. A. East.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-aged couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Paris.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—A rich American (Eugene Pallette) buys a castle in Scotland and brings it home to Florida, complete with ghost (Robert Donat). This crude, painfully frolicsome satire on America was written by Robert E. Sherwood and directed by René Clair; intermittently, it's redeemed by Donat's elegance and his melancholy face and voice. With Elsa Lanchester and Jean Parker. (Thalia; May 5-6.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema II.)

The House That Dripped Blood—Five stories of the supernatural that take place in the dripping house. All directed by Peter Duffel. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

I Love My Wife—A grossly conceived serio-comic study of modern marriage. Visually dead. With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; April 30-May 4.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Festival, tentative.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Waverly, tentative. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through May 4.)

It's a Gift (1934)—In which W. C. Fields is harassed by a blind man and has a scene in a grocery store on the subject of kumquats. (Elgin; starting May 6.)

Johnny Minotaur—Directed by Charles Henri Ford. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the poky side. Robert Hamer directed. (Thalia; May 3-4.)

The Landlord—Fair-to-middling story about Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Kips Bay; through May 4.)

Harry Langdon Festival—April 28: "Three's a Crowd," "Boobs in the Woods," and "Honks and Jabs." April 29: "The Chaser," "There He Goes," and "Feet of Mud." April 30: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Picking Peaches," and "Lucky Stars." May 1: "The Strong Man" and "Saturday Afternoon." May 2: "Long Pants," "The Sea Squawk," and "His Marriage Wow." (Elgin.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Rivoli.)

Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what's said to be the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Once Belonged" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Symphony; starting May 5.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting May 5.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Beekman.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (U. A. East.)

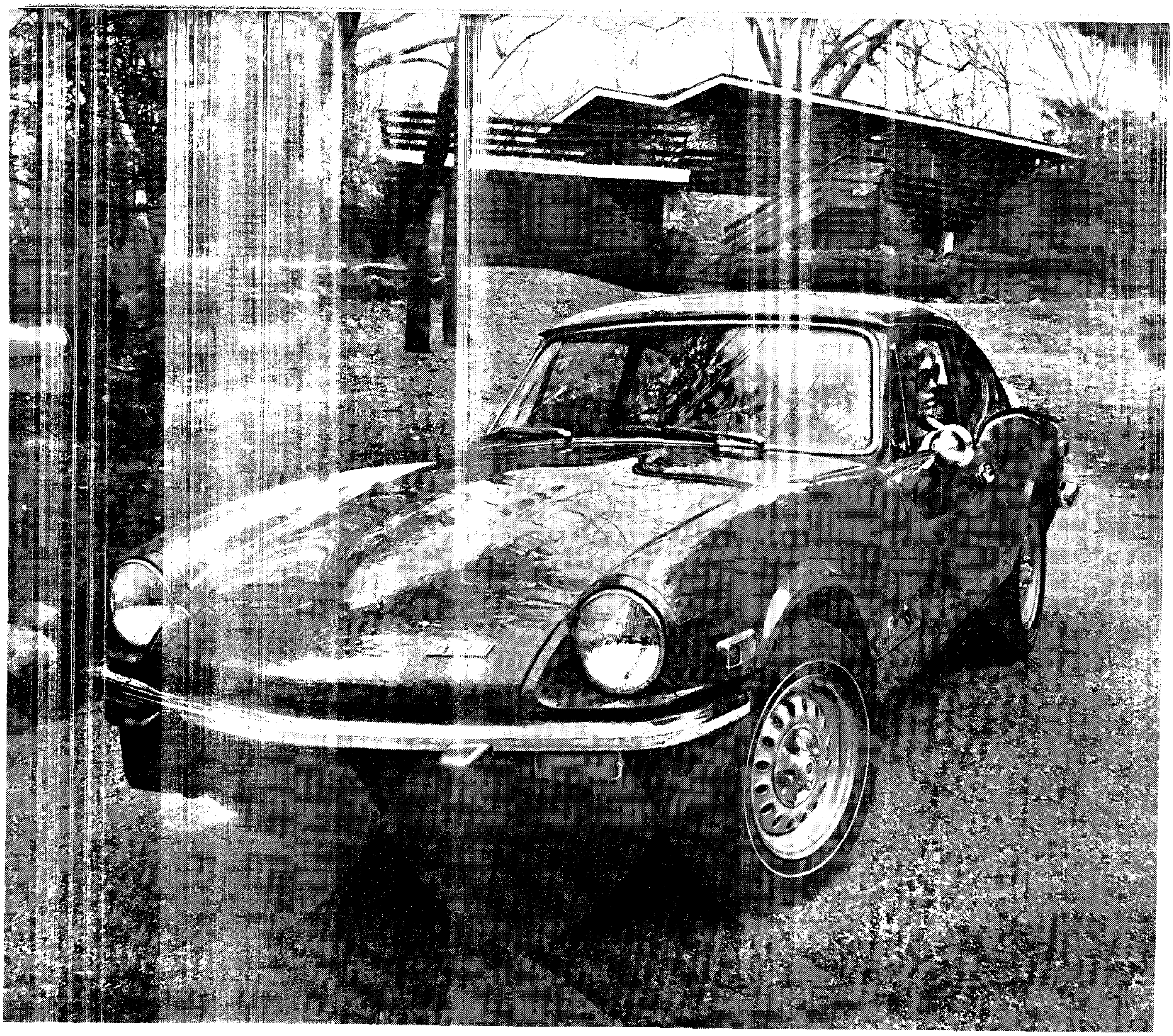
Love Story—The weeper. (Tower East.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating hamburger on a jet. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—From their titles, it's hard to tell the W. C. Fields movies apart; as John Mosher observed, "Fields is Fields, a rose is a rose." For the record, in this one Fields is Ambrose Wolfinger, and he and his daughter (Mary Brian) are the defenseless victims of his new wife (Kathleen Howard) and her sponging relatives (the worst is Grady Sutton). (Elgin; May 3-5.)

Margo—An Israeli film, directed by Menahem Golan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through May 4.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—One of the silliest



It looks good in races too.

If the sleek fastback lines and the well-appointed interior of the GT-6 make it look like more show car than sports car, don't be fooled.

The GT-6 is the national E Class champion racer in SCCA competition. It has been the champion for two years running.

So if you're thinking of buying one, don't be afraid that you're simply paying for style or the sumptuous reclining seats, or for standard equipment detailing like the walnut facia and the self-defrosting rear window.

Figure you're investing in an all independent suspension system, a 2-litre, 6 cylinder engine, disc brakes in front, rack and pinion steering, good acceleration and a good track record.

The good looks come as a bonus.

Triumph GT-6 BRITISH LEYLAND

For the name of your nearest
Triumph dealer,
call 800-631-1971 toll free.
In New Jersey,
call 800-962-2803.

British Leyland Motors, Inc., Leonia, N. J. 07605

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6		

and funniest pictures ever made: a lunatic musical satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti, singing "It's Terrific." The Mankiewicz brothers (Herman J. and Joseph L.) worked together on this one, and Edward Cline directed. (Elgin; starting May 6.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Arthur Penn directs Patty Duke as Helen Keller and Anne Bancroft as her teacher in the film of William Gibson's play. High-toned melodrama, with a famous big fight about table manners that seems to nourish a forbidden longing in modern liberal parents to spank hippie children into behaving like little ladies and gentlemen. (Thalia; April 30-May 2.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (34th St. East, tentative. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through May 4.)

My Night at Maud's—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Lincoln Art.)

My Secret Life—Based on the Victorian erotic autobiography of the same name. With Jack Woods and Leon Jervis, directed by Leland R. Thomas. (Orpheum.)

Nana—A Swedish film, dubbed into English, with Anna Gael, directed by Mac Ahlberg. (Loew's Ciné.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Music Hall.)

Night and Fog (1955)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (New Yorker; April 28.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a bookstore clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit; it's just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu, tentative.)

The Passion of Anna—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Regency. . . . ¶ Symphony; through May 4.)

Percy—With Hywel Bennett and Denholm Elliott, directed by Ralph Thomas. (Greenwich and Midtown. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting April 30.)

Pretty Maids All in a Row—Roger Vadim, working with Rock Hudson as a football coach and Angie Dickinson as a teacher in a school improbably crammed with beauties and sexpots. Bad, silly film. Vadim is flippant about everything, including himself. (86th St. East.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's obstreperous film about a black who gets heaved into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Charles; starting May 5.)

Raid on Rommel—With Richard Burton and John Colicos, directed by Henry Hathaway. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through April 29.)

Ramparts of Clay—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this quietly impressive study of a strike in a Tunisian village on the edge of the Sahara and the way it radicalizes a young illiterate girl. Adapted from Jean Duvignaud's book "Change at Shebika." Shot in Algeria. In Berber. (5th Ave. Cinema; through April 29.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld, tentative.)

The Samurai Trilogy—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. Part I: "The Legend of Musashi" (1954), April 29-May 1. . . . Part II: "Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956), May 3-4. . . . Part III: "Musashi and Kojiro" (1956), May 5-6. (Bijou Cinema.)

Saturday Morning—A bunch of late-high-school kids sit around in the California fresh air and suffocate themselves with analysts' cant in a marathon therapy session. Boys and girls keep bursting into tears about not knowing who the real me is. Maybe they weep for the agonizing boredom they are putting themselves through. *Cinéma vérité* with a vengeance. (Baronet, tentative.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (New Yorker; April 28.)

Shinbone Alley—Cartoon musical of Don Marquis's famous stories about archy, the poet transmigrated into a cockroach who jumps on the keys of a typewriter but can't manage capital letters, and mehitabel, the alley cat he is in love with. Eddie Bracken sings the bug; Carol Channing's voice and high-Broadway style turn the old mehitabel into a wambling, unread glamour puss with her eyes fixed on making it overnight—the sort of brilliant primitive who belongs to the myths of show biz. The drawings are conventional and the music is undistinguished; not much here for children, either. (Guild.)

Skezag—A documentary film, directed by Joel L. Freedman and Philip F. Messina. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting April 30.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees and Yves Montand is the detective. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Thalia; through April 29.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Fine Arts, tentative.)

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song—Directed by Melvin Van Peebles. (Art.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding both sides in the generation war old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza.)

Tender Scoundrel (1967)—With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Robert Morley, directed by Jean Becker. In French. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting May 5.)

THX 1138—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century (which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984"). The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Gramercy; through May 4.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Charles and Gramercy; starting May 5.)

Tristana—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Waverly, tentative. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through May 4.)

Valdez Is Coming—Bullishly sentimental Western, with Burt Lancaster as a Mexican-American part-time constable speaking up by instinct for all the right things. Directed by Edwin Sherin. (Cinema Studio; starting May 5.)

Vladimir and Rosa—Jean-Luc Godard's latest film. (New Yorker; April 29-May 5.)

Waltz of the Toreadors (1962)—John Guillermin's film of Anouilh's tender, ribald play about a portly Army officer (Peter Sellers) who lunges after his kitchen maids and remains at war with an obstinately invalided wife whom he rails at for what she symbolizes about his own aging. Margaret Leighton is very fine. (Thalia; May 5-6.)

Waterloo—Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the Russian "War and Peace," makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (Criterion.)

Where's Poppa?—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Kips Bay; through May 4.)

The Wild Child—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor, played by Truffaut himself, who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Regency. . . . ¶ Symphony; through May 4.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (34th St. East, tentative. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through May 4.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through April 29.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Gramercy; starting May 5.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. The boozing burbler at his best. (Elgin; May 3-5.)

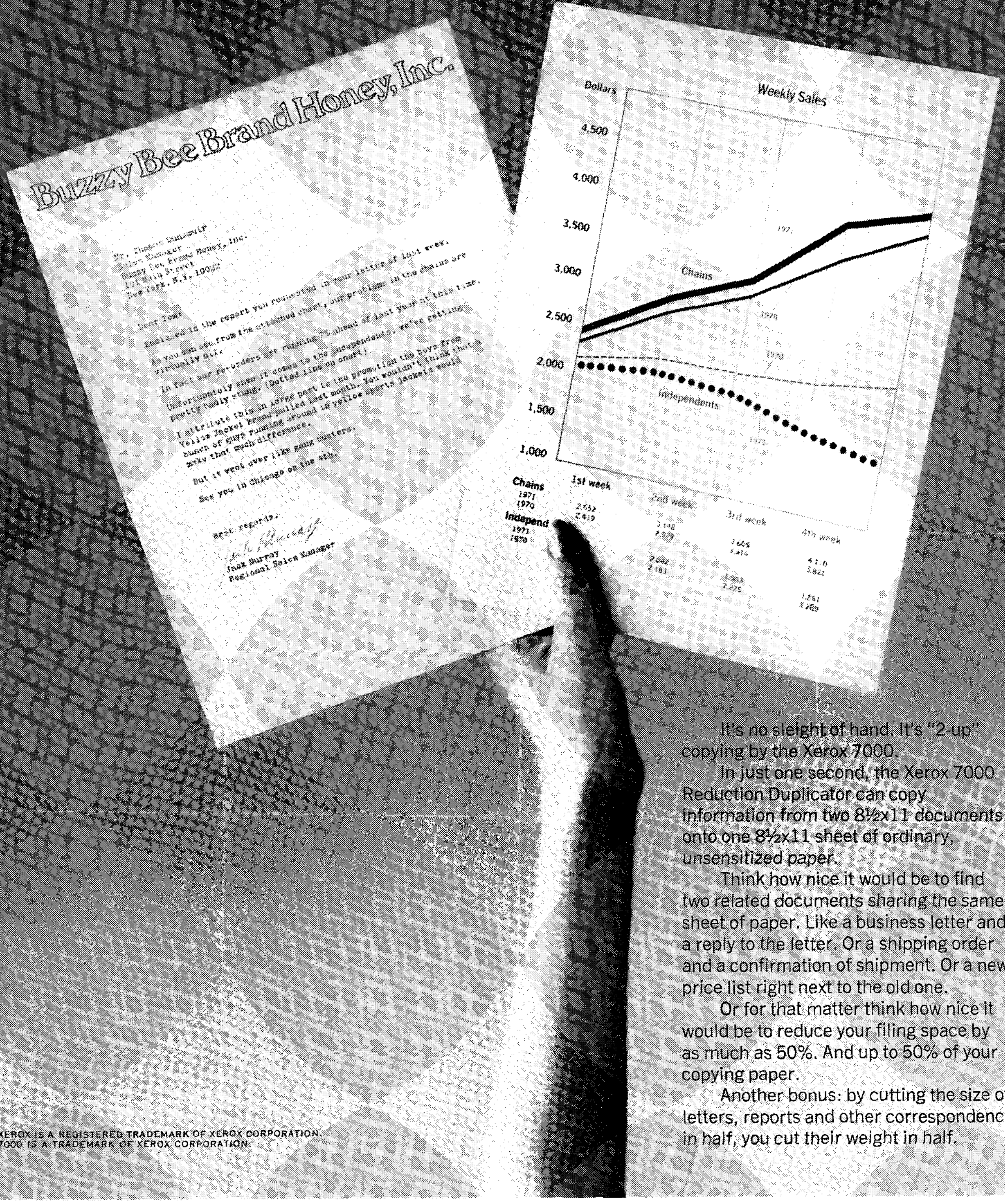
We love it.
But you're still the biggest
thing in our life.

Our 747s are different.
India's mauve, pink, and saffron hour-of-dusk colorings. Murals that tell of the God Krishna, his loves and his pranks. Arched windows reminiscent of a famed Mahal in Jaipur.
We put the beauty of our country into these giant planes and we're enthralled with them.
Still, they're not what makes us *us*.
What is? Our hospitality no doubt. For that's what people are struck with when they fly Air-India.
There's an awareness, a regard for the person that comes out of our culture.
You're made to feel at home with extra small attentions.
You never have to wait for things; we'd consider it rude.
As for our soft-voiced sari'd hostesses, they want to please instinctively. They were brought up to.
Next time why not fly Air-India's 747 or 707 to London, Europe or India and see what it's like to be looked after with courtesies that have been cultivated for 5000 years.

AIR-INDIA

747 Service commences Mid-May.
The airline that treats you like a maharajah. Over 38 years of flying experience. For reservations call your travel agent or Air-India, 666 Fifth Avenue corner 52nd Street, 751-6200.

Xerox reduces files and


Buzzy Bee Brand Honey, Inc.
Weekly Sales
Dollars
4,500
4,000
3,500
3,000
2,500
2,000
1,500
1,000
Chains
Independents
1971
1970
1st week
2nd week
3rd week
4th week
Chains
Independ

It's no sleight of hand. It's "2-up" copying by the Xerox 7000.

In just one second, the Xerox 7000 Reduction Duplicator can copy information from two 8½x11 documents onto one 8½x11 sheet of ordinary, *unsensitized paper*.

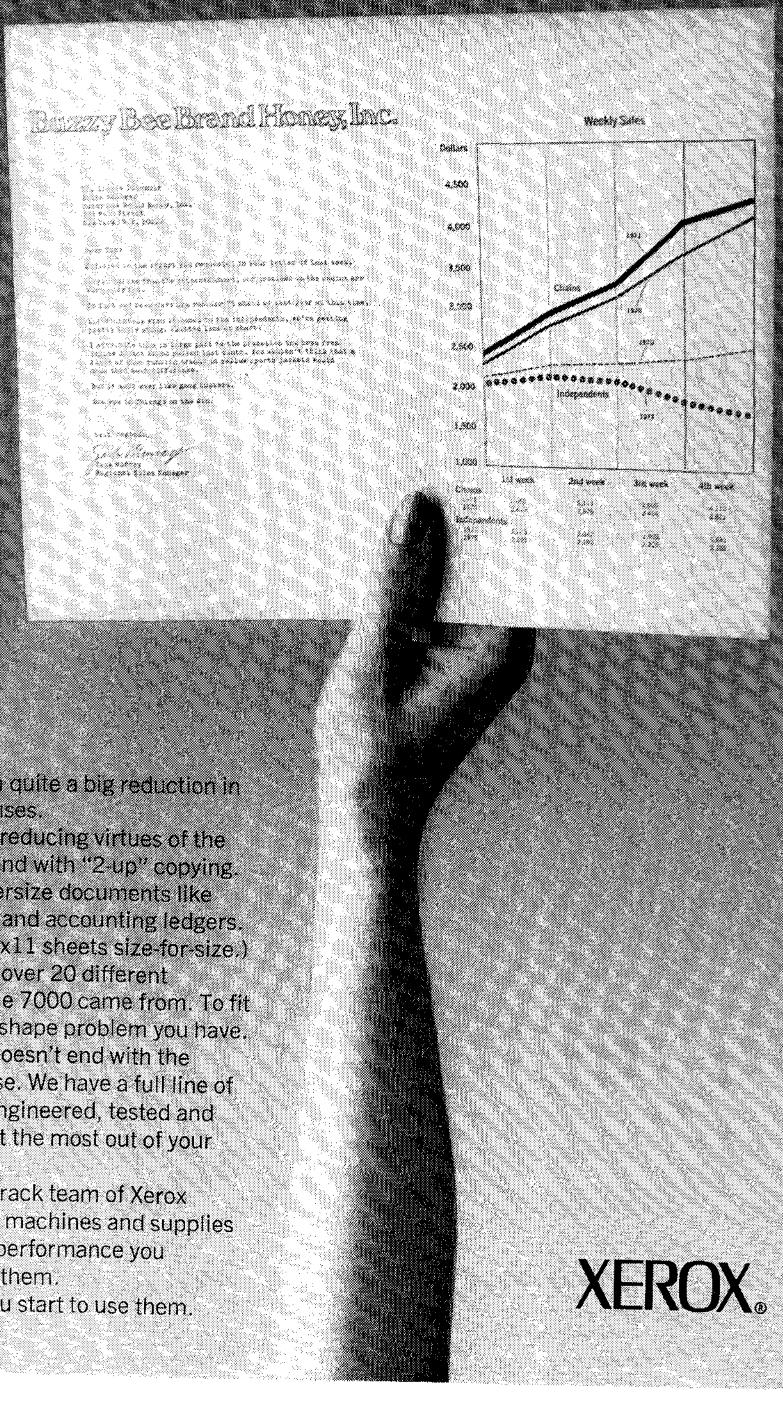
Think how nice it would be to find two related documents sharing the same sheet of paper. Like a business letter and a reply to the letter. Or a shipping order and a confirmation of shipment. Or a new price list right next to the old one.

Or for that matter think how nice it would be to reduce your filing space by as much as 50%. And up to 50% of your copying paper.

Another bonus: by cutting the size of letters, reports and other correspondence in half, you cut their weight in half.

XEROX IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF XEROX CORPORATION.
7000 IS A TRADEMARK OF XEROX CORPORATION.

costs. In one second.


Buzzy Bee Brand Honey, Inc.
Weekly Sales
Dollars
4,500
4,000
3,500
3,000
2,500
2,000
1,500
1,000
1971
Chains
1970
1970
Independents
1971
1st week
2nd week
3rd week
4th week
Chains
Independents

And that can mean quite a big reduction in *your mailing* expenses.

Of course the reducing virtues of the Xerox 7000 don't end with "2-up" copying. It'll also reduce oversize documents like computer printout and accounting ledgers. (And duplicate 8½x11 sheets size-for-size.)

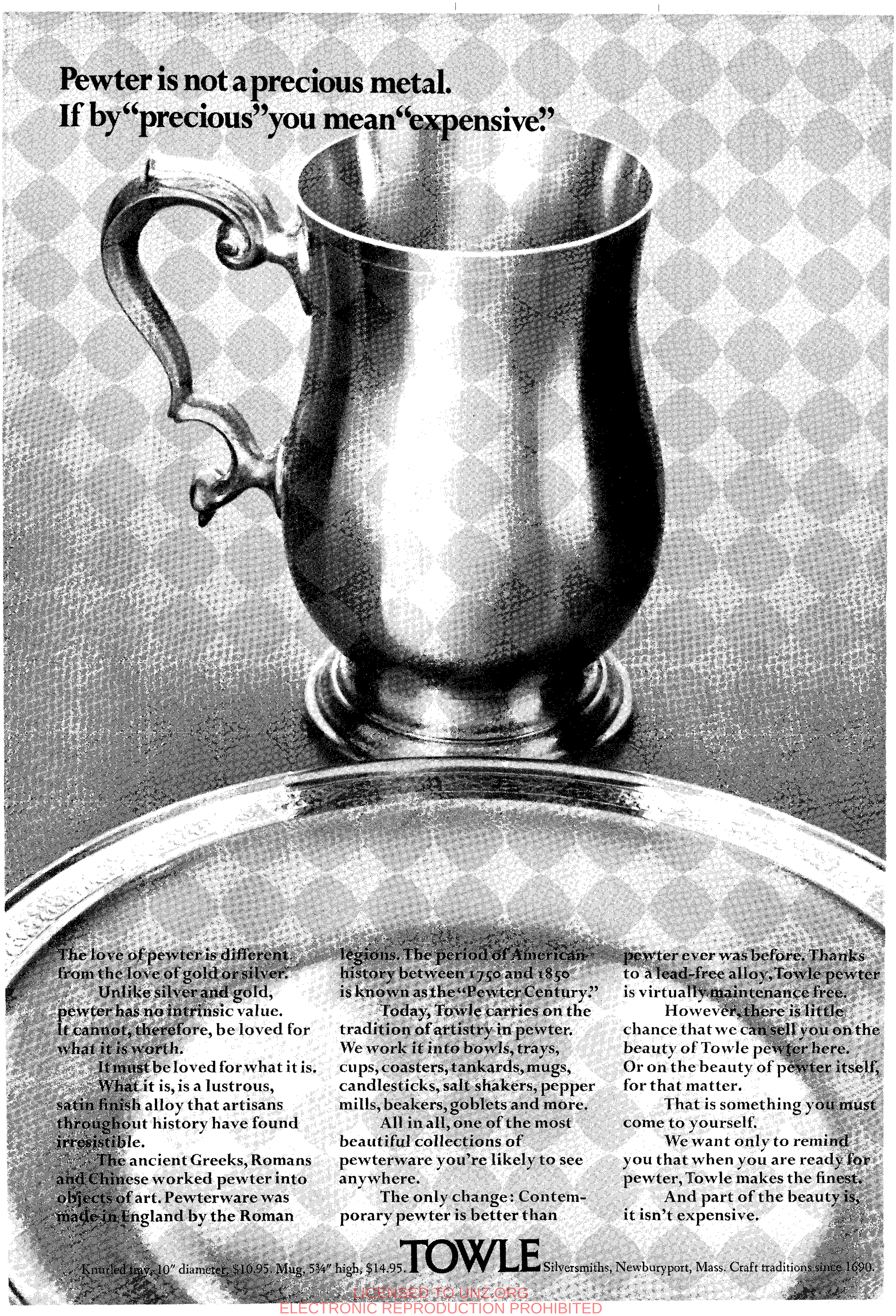
And there are over 20 different machines where the 7000 came from. To fit exactly the size or shape problem you have.

But our help doesn't end with the machine you choose. We have a full line of supplies that are engineered, tested and re-tested so you get the most out of your machine.

And our own crack team of Xerox people to make the machines and supplies deliver the kind of performance you (and we) expect of them.

The second you start to use them.

XEROX®



Pewter is not a precious metal. If by "precious" you mean "expensive."

The love of pewter is different from the love of gold or silver.

Unlike silver and gold, pewter has no intrinsic value. It cannot, therefore, be loved for what it is worth.

It must be loved for what it is.

What it is, is a lustrous, satin finish alloy that artisans throughout history have found irresistible.

The ancient Greeks, Romans and Chinese worked pewter into objects of art. Pewterware was made in England by the Roman legions. The period of American history between 1750 and 1850 is known as the "Pewter Century."

Today, Towle carries on the tradition of artistry in pewter. We work it into bowls, trays, cups, coasters, tankards, mugs, candlesticks, salt shakers, pepper mills, beakers, goblets and more.

All in all, one of the most beautiful collections of pewterware you're likely to see anywhere.

The only change: Contemporary pewter is better than pewter ever was before. Thanks to a lead-free alloy, Towle pewter is virtually maintenance free.

However, there is little chance that we can sell you on the beauty of Towle pewter here. Or on the beauty of pewter itself, for that matter.

That is something you must come to yourself.

We want only to remind you that when you are ready for pewter, Towle makes the finest.

And part of the beauty is, it isn't expensive.

Knurled tray, 10" diameter, $10.95. Mug, 5¾" high, $14.95. **TOWLE** Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass. Craft traditions since 1690.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

VIEWING the veterans' demonstration against the war this past week, we were struck by the thought that a handful of these same veterans might just possibly make a great and early contribution to ending the war. The President has said that there will be American troops in South Vietnam as long as there are American prisoners in North Vietnam. No doubt he means it. The North Vietnamese, however, are not convinced that the American troops would leave if the prisoners left. Why not test both positions by having a group of anti-war veterans try to negotiate the release of the prisoners and offer their services as escorts? Surely men who have fought and will not fight again would appeal to the North Vietnamese, even if they did not persuade them. The proposal ought to appeal to the President, too, but that is not the issue, which is simply to get the men out and end any excuse for our staying there. If Washington wouldn't provide logistic support, some airline might. The undertaking might be led by John Kerry, the articulate former Navy lieutenant and one of the leaders of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, who called the demonstration his "one last mission to reach out and destroy the last vestige" of the war. He looked as if he could handle a few more missions.

Bench

LAST week was Earth Week, and on Thursday we took a cheese sandwich and a juicy pear to one of the benches that were set up in the middle of Madison Avenue for two hours each day at lunchtime. Our bench companions, with whom we celebrated this respite from carbon monoxide and noise, were Mrs. Powell Robinson, Mr. Gus Watson, and Miss Amanda Upham. Mr. Watson and Miss Upham told us they were New Zealanders, the former from Invercargill, in the south, and the latter from Parnassus, in the north. They were eating chicken-salad sandwiches and drinking sugar-free Dr. Peppers. Mrs. Robinson was not eating. She was working on a needlepoint representation of a tiger. She looked elegant, trim, deeply sun-tanned, efficient, and alert, and she had on a neat navy-blue dress. She had gray hair, and she wore plastic-rimmed half-glasses.

"I do needlepoint all the time, instead of going to headshrinkers," Mrs. Robinson said to the rest of us on the bench, for an opener. "Isn't it lovely, sitting here and relaxing and no traffic, except that they should cut out the buses, too? I live in Morristown, New Jersey, and I come to New York quite a lot. I work one day a week in the library of Roosevelt Hospital. I get there at 8 A.M. every Thursday. I'm married for the third time. My husband is retired, and he does a lot of volunteer work in Morristown. You look like one of my grandsons." She said this to Mr. Watson, who had long hair, a scraggly beard, and sideburns, and who was wearing bluejeans and boots. "I have thirty-seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild. What do you do, young man?"

"Oh," Mr. Watson said, swallowing a little laugh along with some chicken salad. "I'm a student, actually. At the University of Otago, in Dunedin." He spoke with a New Zealand accent. "I make sheepskin jackets, too. But I came to New York three days ago, and I'm leaving tonight for Paris. I'm going around the world."

"How lovely!" Mrs. Robinson said. "Then you two . . ." She gave Miss Upham a little nod of understanding.

"No," said Miss Upham. "I've been here for seven months. I'm a nurse at Mt. Sinai Hospital. Staff Nurse in Private Division. I'm off today." She had a rather musical version of the New Zealand accent; she had a thin, friendly-looking face; and she was eating quickly and eagerly.

"Isn't it pleasant?" Mrs. Robinson said. "Coming here on your day off and finding Madison Avenue so different and exciting? Isn't it exciting here? I wanted to drop in at Alice Maynard's, over there." She indicated a shop with a lot of needlepoint samples in the window. "Well, I found that they were *all* out to lunch, and I have to wait for them. I can't think of a nicer place to wait, can you?"

"No," said Mr. Watson.

"No," said Miss Upham.

"No," we said.

"I don't like to miss anything," said Mrs. Robinson. "Are you from a city?" she asked Mr. Watson.

"*I* am," Mr. Watson said. "Invercargill has a population of fifty thousand. But Amanda is from a farm."

"Sheep," said Miss Upham.

"New Zealand has two million eight hundred thousand people and *fifty* million sheep," said Mr. Watson.

"How's the air?" we asked. "Do you like breathing there?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Watson. "It's nice air, and the buildings we have stay nice and clean. Here everything looks—well, you know, *dirty*. The buildings are black. And, if you look around, there's not a thing that's *green*."

Mrs. Robinson looked around a bit defensively, and, apparently not seeing anything that was green, concentrated on her needlepoint.

Mr. Watson made a ball of the waxed paper and the sack his chicken-salad sandwich had been in, and held on to it. "I was looking around for a rubbish tin to put this in," he said. "But I don't see any."

Three buses went by us, one right behind another.

"Buses put out more pollution than cars," Mr. Watson said.

"We were on top of the Empire

State Building, and saw all the smoke pouring out of the stacks," Miss Upham said.

We could hear some police cars driving up the avenue, and amplified voices coming out of speakers attached to their tops: "Please get off the street! Move onto the sidewalk!"

"I do hope you have a wonderful trip around the world," Mrs. Robinson said to Mr. Watson as she started to pack up her needlepoint. "I hope *you* have a lovely day off," she said to Miss Upham. "And I've had a simply wonderful time sitting here, even if it does have to end."

Reluctantly, we left our companions, and headed down Madison. As we walked, we finished munching on our pear, and we found a rubbish tin a couple of blocks off, where we threw the core away. We passed shops offering an assortment of the Earth's products: leather-backed ashtrays, leather-trimmed clocks, leather desk sets, leather picture frames, silk neckties, cameras, sweaters, gold jewelry, nylon tablecloths, buttons, false eyelashes ("Feathered and Applied"), metal filing cabinets, adding machines, portable refrigerators, flashbulbs, Pierre Cardin suits, paperback copies of a book entitled "Miami Golden Boy" (by Herbert Kastle), Flame-Glow Lip Gloss, and Superior Nail Hardener ("Proteinized for Healthier and More Beautiful Nails"). We wandered into the nearest lobby. It happened to be at 477 Madison, and we read the alphabetical list of the Earth's tenants in this building, which looked glassy and new, and which had twenty-four floors. The list included Airport Theatres, Inc.; American Chemosol Corp.; Box Merchandisers, Inc.; Brazilian National Steel Co.; Continental Mineral Development, Inc.; Disneyland Records; Eaststates Gas Producing Co.; Hammond Bag & Paper Co., Inc.; Hudson Pulp & Paper Co., Inc.; Mineral Management Corp.; Petroleum Evaluation & Management Co., Inc.; Phillips, Nizer, Benjamin, Krim & Ballon; St. James' Publicity & Public Relations, Inc.; Trahey-Wolf Advertising, Inc.; Vista Advertising; and Zenith Tours, Inc. Then we went into an older building, at 501 Madison, and there we found, among other tenants, Alaska Airlines; American-Philippine Apparel & Infants Wear; Business Advertising; Career Builders Agency; Data Surveys; Dunbarton Public Relations, Inc.; Entertainment Horizons, Inc.; Inventors Technology Exchange, Ltd.; Jet Set Adventures; Lane, J. J., Inc., Advertising, Marketing Communications; National Marketing Studies; Promotional Services, Inc.; Radiodizing, Inc.; Search Associates; Technology Transfer, Inc.; Video Girl, Inc.; and Videodizing, Inc.

Hammond Bag & Paper Co., Career Builders Agency, National Marketing Studies, makers of leather desk sets and metal filing cabinets, Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Watson, Miss Upham—Earth People all.

Ping-Pong Parlor

LATE one night last week, we visited a Ping-Pong Parlor. A Ping-Pong Parlor (and we must admit that the "parlor" part is somewhat our own invention) is not altogether different from a bowling alley or a pool hall, and there are, to our knowledge, two Ping-Pong Parlors in Manhattan, both on the West Side—one at Seventy-third Street and Broadway, in the Hotel Riverside Plaza, and the other at Ninety-sixth Street and Broadway. We paid our visit to the latter—an establishment that has been in business since 1934, and has been run since 1958 by a gentleman named Marty Reisman, who has been on the United States table-tennis team six times since 1949.

Mr. Reisman's establishment is an informal one, situated in an ample basement. There are seven tables. When we arrived, there were playing: two girls (one in a red jumper and pink pants, the other in a flowered tunic and blue pants); two black guys; two Oriental guys (Koreans); and two young white guys, one in a disarranged white shirt, the other in a Columbia University sweatshirt. We found the décor to be Basic Colorful Funky. There was an orange door and a blue door and a green wall and a purple wall, and there was a strange little vinyl bench, orange with gold flecks, that seemed to be set up for spectators. There was a corner set off for pinball machines, which were mostly out of order: United's Super Slugger (out of order); Williams' Deluxe Crusader (out of order); and Midway's Carnival (in order but incomprehensible). On the walls were some fine blowups of documents and photographs relating to the table-tennis career of Marty Reisman, including an invitation from the Governor of Bombay and Rani Maharaj Singh, who were At Home on February 6, 1952.

FLOWER The SHOPPE
Baldwin's
FRUIT & PRODUCE
POULTRY MARKET
TUCKER'S CUT RATE FLOWER SHOP
tf

We talked to a young lady who sat, informally, at a table near the entrance, where a logbook is kept, informally, of how long each player is there.

"We stay open until everybody leaves," the young lady said. "We've been known to stay open until seven in the morning. It *is* very informal. The regulars, who come here all the time, will watch the desk and keep track of things."

We asked if that was how she happened to be sitting at the desk.

"No, I don't really play," she said. "I'm a friend of Marty's."

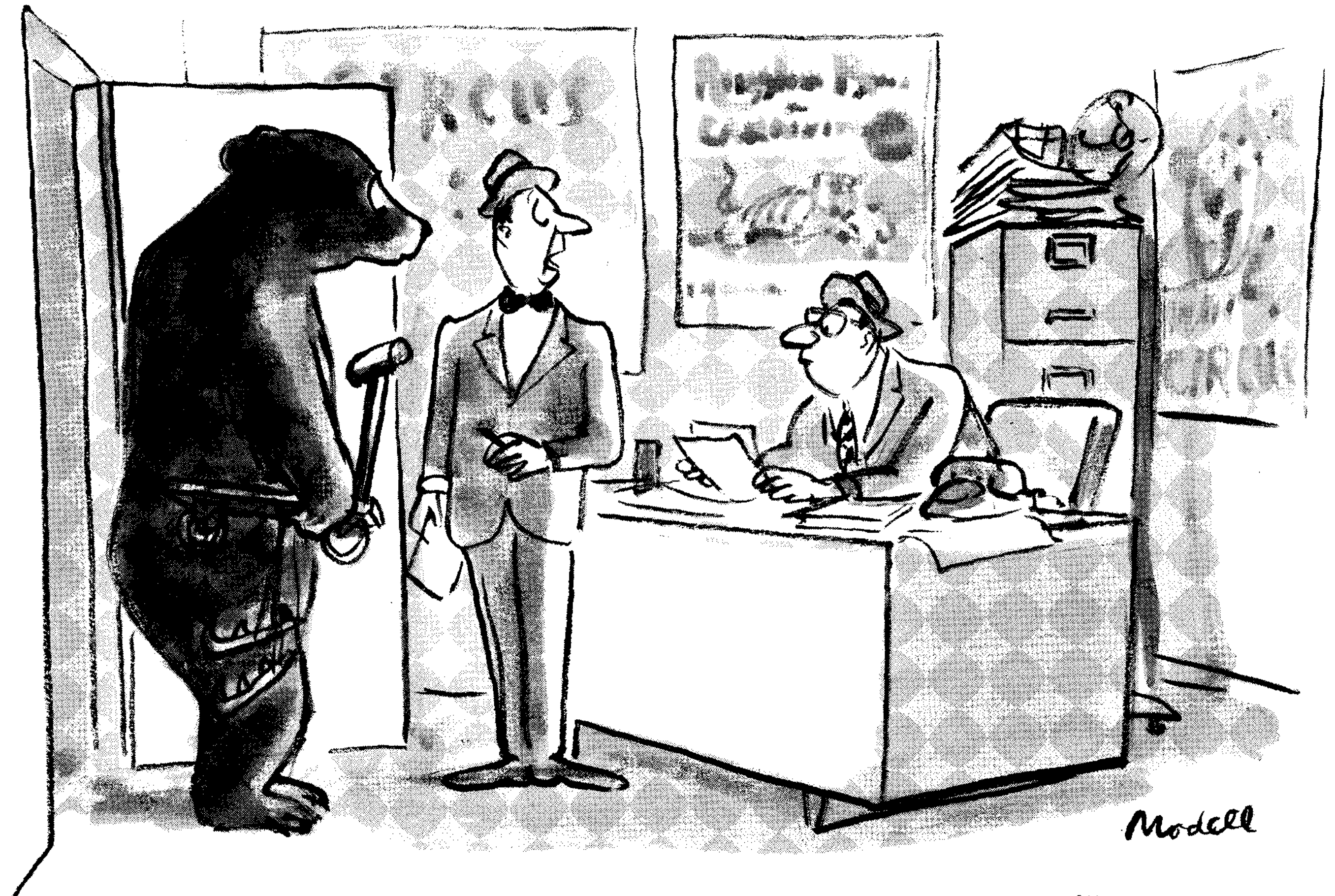
We talked to the young man in the disarranged white shirt, who, we had noticed, was the best player there.

"I'll serve," he said to us. "It's his ad. I'll serve it so it'll go to his backhand." He did serve the ball to his opponent's backhand. He won the next three points and the game.

"I've played on and off for four years," he said. "It can get a little drab. Sometimes you can't get anybody good to play with. The good players mostly go to the place on Seventy-third Street. The conditions are worse there—the ceiling is very low—but they have a clique there. Dick Miles and George Braithwaite, who are on the team that went to China, play there. We all use the shake-hands grip. The Chinese use the pen-hold grip. What the Chinese player will do is stand right here next to the table and attack the ball. The shake-hands player, like Marty, will have a forehand and a backhand, and an offense and a defense, and will do elegant things way back here. We really play the more elegant game."

Slow and Serene

THIS is a story about Paul Wohl, a pleasant seventy-year-old man who lives with twelve turtles in the ground-floor apartment of a house in the Village. Until last fall, Mr. Wohl, who is the *Christian Science Monitor's* Communist-affairs specialist, shared his apartment and its garden with forty-seven turtles, but, confronted with advancing age and the necessity of relinquishing his apartment (the house that it is in has been sold, and the new owner wants the space for himself), Mr. Wohl decided to part with most of his turtles. Some were given to friends, and some are on loan to zoolo-



"What's our policy on acts from other shows that want to defect?"

• •

gy students; a few months ago he shipped off sixteen North American turtles to the Schönbrunn Zoo, in Vienna, which was delighted to receive them.

"There isn't a major species of the turtle world I haven't had at one time or another in my life," Mr. Wohl told us when we called on him recently. He immediately introduced us to an unexpected addition to his collection—a baby box turtle whose shell was about the size of a half dollar. "She shouldn't have hatched until about now, but she hatched in my back yard on one of those unusually hot days that we had last fall," Mr. Wohl said, with fatherly pride. "It was just good luck that I stumbled on her. If I hadn't, she wouldn't have survived the winter, because she wasn't strong enough to dig in. Turtles are the hidingest creatures in the world; grown ones dig as far as three feet down into the ground in winter. You hardly ever see baby turtles. Nature is wasteful. They're often killed by birds. When they are seen, they're usually much bigger than this. It's quite a feat to raise a baby turtle. They're very delicate. For the first few months, I gave her vitamin baths every day. I fed her baby food and little pieces of beef for a while, but now I give her tiny worms. Live food is best for the box turtle. Look, she's eating! I call her a turtle, but some box turtles never go near the water and should properly be called tortoises. Zoologists tell us that a chelonian that eats and mates on land is a tortoise. An amphibious or aquatic chelonian is a turtle. Language doesn't care about such fine distinctions. 'Chelone' itself is the Greek word for tortoise."

Mr. Wohl still has eleven other turtles and tortoises, most of them full grown, with shells measuring from about four to about ten inches: a North African tortoise; a Greek female tortoise; a South American yellow-foot tortoise; a vigorous Indian male star tortoise, which has ardently courted the Greek female tortoise in the summer, when both have been out in the garden; two Central Asian tortoises; an Iberian tortoise; a Chilean tabulata tortoise; a pancake tortoise; a full-grown box turtle; and Zenobia, a red-ear turtle. Mr. Wohl doesn't ordinarily name his turtles or tortoises; Zenobia was named by Henrietta Buckmaster, the writer, who then dedicated a book to Mr. Wohl, to Mr. Wohl's dog, Nina (who coexists peacefully with the turtles), and to Zenobia. In winter, the turtles and tortoises have been living in an assortment of boxes and tanks in Mr. Wohl's study. Zenobia and the Greek tortoise have had the run of the apartment, which is cluttered with books, newspapers, and numerous inanimate objects in the shape of turtles—a Thai lacquer box, an Italian bottle, a Japanese incense burner, a Tanzanian letter opener, and a French thermometer, among many other things bought by Mr. Wohl on his travels or given to him by friends who know of his predilection for turtles.

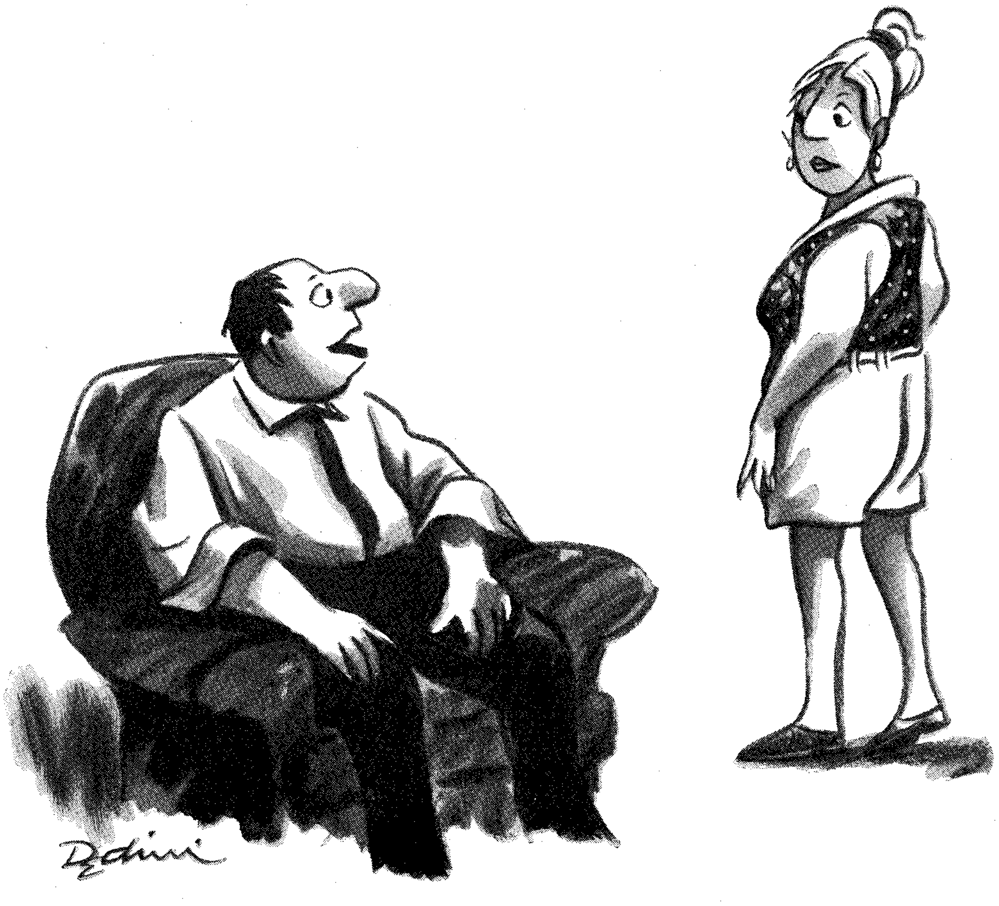
"Isn't she wonderful?" Mr. Wohl asked rhetorically as he watched the Greek tortoise ambling about a corner of the study. "Tortoises are so slow and serene. Their sense of time isn't like ours; it's closer to eternity. They're the oldest vertebrates on earth. They were here before the dinosaur; they're from another age. They never get excited. Tortoises probably live longer than any other animal. When Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena, in 1815, the Frenchmen who accompanied him had some seeds sent from France and planted a little garden for him. Napoleon's jailer, Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor of St. Helena, had a rascally idea. He had two giant tortoises brought in from the Aldabra Islands and put them in Napoleon's garden. The tortoise is nature's bulldozer, and soon there wasn't much left of that lovely French garden. One of those tortoises met an accidental death some years ago—a truck pushed it into an abyss. The other tortoise, whose name is Jonathan, is still vibrantly alive. Last year was the bicentenary of Napoleon's birth, and a group of French writers went to St. Helena. I tried to talk them into paying my way there, claiming I could talk to Jonathan in chelonian—tortoise language. Just think—Jonathan is the only living creature to have seen Napoleon. I didn't get to go to St. Helena, but the late French poet Jean Follain, who was a friend of mine, sent me some fine photos of Jonathan last fall. I once wrote, in fun, to the Ford Foundation asking them to give me a grant to go to Afghanistan to interview the descendants of the tortoises in the Hindu Kush Mountains that observed the crossing of Alexander the Great. The Ford Foundation thought I was a crank and never answered."

Mr. Wohl, who is not a crank but a charter member of and an honorary adviser to the New York Herpetological Society, was born in Berlin, and grew up in Germany and France. When he was five, his father presented him with a glass bowl containing moss, rocks, a ladder, a brown frog, and a tortoise. "My father told me that if the sun was shining the next day, the frog would look green and would be sitting at the top of the ladder," Mr. Wohl told us. "He said nothing about the tortoise, which looked like a stone, so I asked him what it was and what its role was. He said it was there to keep the frog from getting lonely. The next day, I jumped out of bed, ran to the window, pulled back the curtains, and looked at my terrarium. The frog sat on the moss, looking as brown as he had the day before, but the tortoise sat at the top of the ladder. What a glorious thing, I thought—it looks like a stone, but it likes the sun so much that it overcomes every obstacle and gets to the top of the ladder. I've been interested in turtles ever since."

Comics

Lever House, the glass-walled palace at Fifty-third Street and Park Avenue, is offering in its lobby an exhibition of comic strips past and present, in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of this art form. Seventy-five years ago, on Sunday, February 16, 1896, readers of the New York *World* opened the paper to see a big, busy drawing of a new and eccentric kind, with the serial title "Down in Hogan's Alley." Copies of that journalistic breakthrough are extremely rare, if not nonexistent, and the earliest example on view at Lever House is dated October 4, 1896. Depicting a slum scene, it bears the subhead "The Amateur Dime Museum in Hogan's Alley." It shows a crowd of ragged children sitting on a fence or standing around on cobbles or jamming tenement windows to watch a dancing couple—a tall girl partnered by a short, big-eared, grinning child in a yellow nightshirt. The child became famous as the Yellow Kid. There are no conversational balloons in the picture, but plenty of talk seems to be going on just the same, printed directly on the figures or on labels attached to them. The Yellow Kid's nightshirt carries the legend "Say! I could jist die walzin with Liz," and on the enormous hatbrim of a girl spectator is printed, "It's a wonder dat Mickey wouldn't take a girl his size."

"We count 'Down in Hogan's Alley' as the first comic strip in America," said Alfred Andriola, the creator of the strip "Kerry Drake," as he contemplated this drawing at the exhibition, which is sponsored by the Newspaper Comics Council, Inc. "Of course, there were political cartoons long before that, but the Yellow Kid wasn't political."



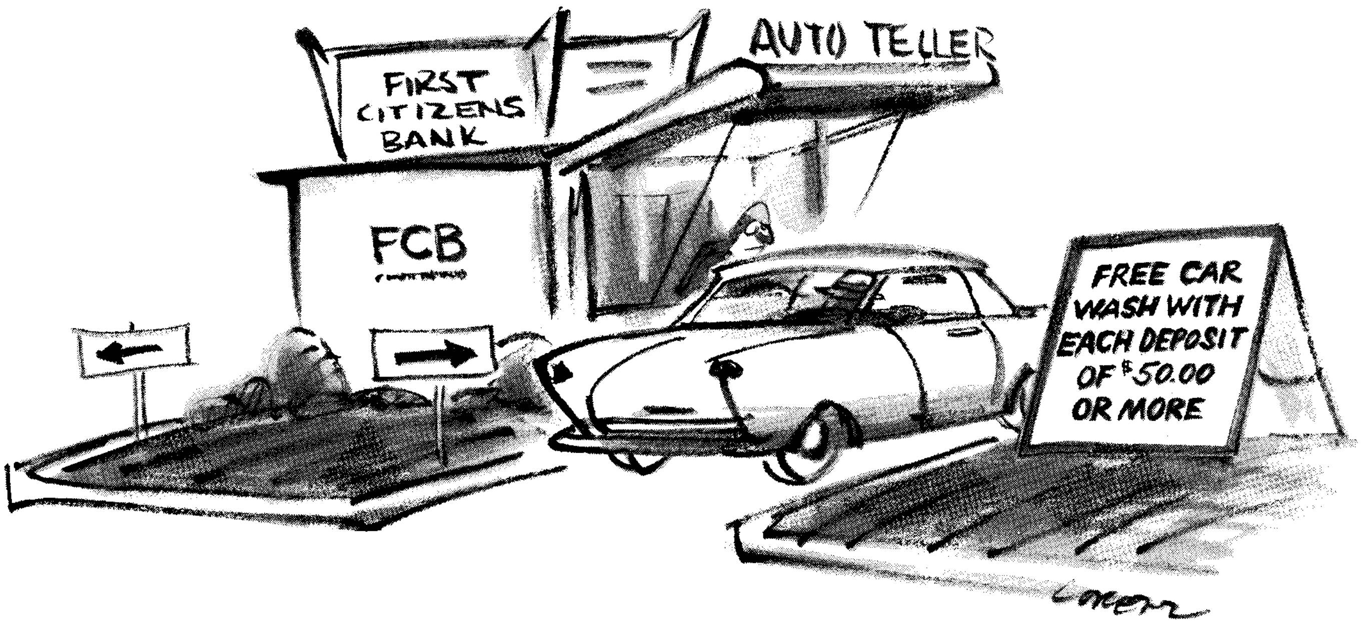
"I've been thinking, Myrtle—your pants aren't so hot."

The meaning of the word "cartoon," he continued, has been radically changed in recent centuries; originally it meant the artist's design, or line drawing, for a fresco or a stained-glass window. Comic strips, too, are misnamed, since, of course, they are not always comic.

Mr. Andriola, a small, dapper man with a large black mustache, had just been given the Reuben Award, presented by the National Cartoonists Society to the outstanding cartoonist of the year. "The trophy is named after the late Rube Goldberg and was designed by him," Mrs. Avonne Keller, the Council's secretary, told us. "It represents four little men piled up in an acrobatic arrangement."

Around the room stood large screens covered with dozens of comic strips. Here and there, a big drawing broke the pattern—Steve Canyon, for instance, square-jawed and noble, or Brenda Starr, with floating hair. There was also a bold, black message from an unlikely source—Conrad Aiken, the poet and novelist, who is an occasional pen-pal of Andriola. "I get fun out of the comics," the poet wrote the cartoonist in 1969. "Indeed, they're so real to me that I actually find myself dreaming about them and becoming part of their tapestry. I have always, since 'The Yellow Kid' in my childhood and 'Krazy Kat' at college, been an addict and a great believer in the comic strips. . . . I take three papers a day to get my bellyful."

The Kid, whose creator was Rich-


FIRST CITIZENS BANK
AUTO TELLER
FCB
FREE CAR WASH WITH EACH DEPOSIT OF $50.00 OR MORE

ard F. Outcault, wore a yellow nightshirt, rather than a white one, because of a technological innovation. In 1896, the publishers wanted to try out the color on newsprint, and his garment offered a nice expanse for the experiment. Thus, the child indirectly sponsored not only comic strips but the phrase "yellow press." In spite of such distinction, he was not long for this world. Outcault kept changing newspapers and developing new characters, finally settling on the middle-class figure of Buster Brown, who, with his dog, Tige, appeared in the New York *Herald* on May 4, 1902, and was far more successful than the Kid.

At the exhibition, one can find all the old favorites, each clearly dated from its first appearance: the Katzenjammer Kids, originated by R. Dirks in 1897; Barney Google, originated by Billy DeBeck in 1919; Popeye, originated by E. C. Segar in the same year. The colored Sunday sheets show best how quickly the new medium became popular. Within a few years, many papers were offering strips in color; at the show, for example, there is a tearsheet of "The Horrible Example of Uncle Henpeck" as it appeared in the St. Paul *Dispatch* for September 14, 1901, and an undated and unidentified tearsheet of "Alphonse and Gaston in Turkey," probably done by Frederick Burr Opper. We particularly noticed the beautifully drawn and colored "Little Nemo in Slumberland" in the Chicago Sunday *Record-Herald* for October 3, 1909; it featured a terrifying pale-green nightmare animal.

It might be supposed that the display, with all its reminders of a past age, would attract mostly older people. However, the majority of the visitors we saw were young—teen-agers or younger. Three boys of eleven or twelve lingered near one of the glass cases.

"Hey, Richard," said one of them, pointing at a figure. "Who's that? Mickey Mouse?"

"That's Krazy Kat," Richard said authoritatively.

Mrs. Keller, surprised, asked, "How did you know that?"

"I know them all," said Richard.

At the Factory

We were asked last week by a world-weary young lady of our acquaintance to view, at the Factory of Andy Warhol, a new film directed by Mr. Warhol and Paul Morrissey. "It used to be called 'PIGS,' standing for 'Politically Involved Girls,' but they got a lot of feedback from that, so now it is called 'Sisters,' but, in any case, it stars Candy Darling and Holly Woodlawn and those people, and it's the very first major motion picture to probe in depth and *color* the timely question of Women's Liberation," our friend said. "That makes it worth seeing, don't you think? Or don't you? What is more, Desmond Fitzgerald, who is the twenty-ninth Knight of Glin, told me that Lord Astor will be at the Factory, and that makes it worth going to, don't you think? Also, we have been offered a little angel dust before going. Angel dust, in case you don't know, is sodium pentothal, which is a truth drug, mixed with a tranquillizer for horses, all sprinkled on mint leaves and smoked. It's very effective, but I don't think we ought to have any, because I want to be all there for Lord Astor."

We went to the Factory. We looked at a stuffed Great Dane and a number of well-maintained, nicely framed color photographs of major stars (Ginger Rogers, for instance, and Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford), which were hanging over an empty aquarium. Then we looked at "Sisters." Candy Darling seemed to be the principal player. She was an exponent of a complex nineteen-thirties style. She delivered lines like "We've been living in sin, and I'm sick of it. I'm sick of you, and of all men. How do you like them apples?"

After watching "Sisters," our friend went to look for Lord Astor, and we talked to Candy Darling. We asked Candy Darling what stars had influenced her acting style.

"So many people," she said. "I don't know. Maybe it was Kim Novak."

We asked her where she had got her handbag—an elaborate one of alligator.

"In Cuba," she said. "I'm involved in four film projects now. I don't know which will come out first. There's one that's all about me that's not titled. Then, there's 'Pandemonium.' In that one, I play a witch in Mexico, the leader of a Devil-worship cult. Then, there's 'Free to Love,' where I'll play Rod Steiger's daughter. Then I'll probably do another film with Andy and Paul."

We talked to Paul Morrissey about the stuffed Great Dane.

"That's a dog that once belonged to Cecil B. De Mille," Mr. Morrissey said. "He was a very valuable dog—always winning prizes. Cecil B. De Mille kept a book showing how much the dog cost and how much the dog won. When the dog died, he figured that he owed the dog money, so he had him stuffed."

F.R.A.N.K.

MATTHEW PAGET, a cyberneticist at work on a Family Robot Adapted to the Needs of Kinship (FRANK), looked down from the eighteen-eighties Russian novel he was reading to speak to the four-year-old daughter sitting under his desk on his right foot. She was called Aston.

"Your mother sends you her love," he said.

"Where is it?" said Aston.

Matthew stomped out of the room, anxious not to weaken. He cultivated grievance in the pantry for a few minutes. My wife gallivanting in Rome. (She was working, in fact.) Leaving me to the devices of an enemy housekeeper. (Mrs. Trumbull, his ally.) He went back into his study, glaring on the way at a prototype FRANK in the corner, which was plugged in and idling like an electric typewriter with nothing to write. He dismembered its initiative for the time being and sat down at his desk again.

"Your mother may well be away for *months*," he said dramatically, although he knew she would be back next week. "She has obviously deserted us. You and I will have to stick it out as best we can." He sighed and joggled Aston with his right foot, where she had resettled. "We can only hope she's having a good holiday."

"She's working," said Aston.

"Humph," Matthew said, lonely.

"Ho," said the child, hearing that. There was a pause.

"Of course, I may become ill," Matthew went on. "Or you may. Who can tell?"

"I'll look after you," Aston said. "Can I show you my somersault? You're not watching."

"I have to go riding now," Matthew said, as if that were grim.

"Can I come?"

"I'm going with the rabbi. No."

The child did a handstand for relief, and Matthew went riding. A young Englishman teaching in a New Hampshire university, he had struck up a friendship with the local rabbi partly because they shared a style of high dudgeon. Matthew's was the fiercer, by a particle. He clung to it. He was eminent for it. Indeed, in this time of the politics of happiness, when people were privately much sobered, his friends and fellows looked to him for it, since the thundering held an energy that was at odds with the doom he alluded to. It was entirely cheering. The man overruled the matter. He did not know this of himself.

Cherishing rancor and pretending to champion the drab, he was actually a dashing man with a buried admiration for exuberance and mayhem. He had hopes, well hidden, that FRANK might suddenly develop boisterous tendencies. At the moment the robot struck him as rather craven. The prototype in his house could reply to typed messages, harmonize tunes, wave in answer to "Hello," and hold a conversation of a sort, drumming up self-assured remarks about the topics it had been rehearsed in. It could also trundle its way from room to room in answer to a properly put shout, negotiating a road through the imported English furniture by bumping cautiously into things and then backing away to try a forty-five-degree variant. The blind pains that it took were a triumph of programming. All the same, Matthew would have liked it better if it had shown some wildness; he was much interested by the machine's intellect but not by its temperament, which reminded him of his mother's. The elder Mrs. Paget also had a trudging nature, insuperably sunny and anxious to fit in. Whenever she stayed with them—with himself, his wife Molly, Aston, and the skeptical Mrs. Trumbull—there would be a closing of the ranks, and scorn for the alien pussyfoot in their midst would run through the house like flu.

Matthew had gone hacking today in fine black hunting boots and a beautiful purple stock. The rabbi got the quieter horse. They took this one by turns. The other was extremely nervous. Matthew looked at the rabbi, who was cantering contentedly, and shouted in envy, "That animal's moping!" His own petrified horse naturally bolted at once. Holding on by the reins, he yelled to the receding rabbi that this was the horse's natural gait. Much farther on, half a mile away and out of earshot, he said aloud that he was scared and called for his wife. ("She sends her love." "Where is it?") He crashed through branches, sawing at the horse's mouth, and then found a hill to aim the animal at in order to slow it down. He rode horses on the hypothesis that they answered the rules governing bicycles. The assumption generally worked, more or less. The horse was successfully braked today. It finished in a state of lathery obedience, with Matthew not fussed. All the same, when he came home, he told the rabbi and Mrs. Trumbull that he had been killed "as near as makes no matter," and there was somehow an implication that the peril to him continued even now. The rabbi ate some English biscuits calmly.

"The die is cast," Matthew said in Latin, stalking about the study.

The rabbi translated for Mrs. Trumbull.

"Not *again*," said Mrs. Trumbull. "And another thing. Mrs. Paget telephoned from Rome. While you were out. She said there wasn't any point in your trying to ring her back because she'd be out by the time you got through."

Overcome by what he had missed, Matthew sent the rabbi away and watched television with Aston. "This is the politics of happiness," he said, looking at the President's wave and teeth.

"Is he any good?" said Aston.

"What do you think?" said Matthew.

"Lousy?" said Aston, after looking.

"You might be right," said Matthew.

Then there was a newsreel film of a boy burning himself to death in protest against the war in Vietnam. Matthew turned off the switch just in time, and directed Aston's attention to the robot in the corner, and thought of the students in his classes who had gone to jail for defying the draft. Aston watched FRANK.

"Come to point D2 from point F by the shortest way, please," Matthew shouted to it in a level tone that was quite unlike the shout he used to the rabbi.

"He knows this room very well by now," Aston said, watching FRANK feeling a way to the fireplace. "He hasn't bust anything for ages."

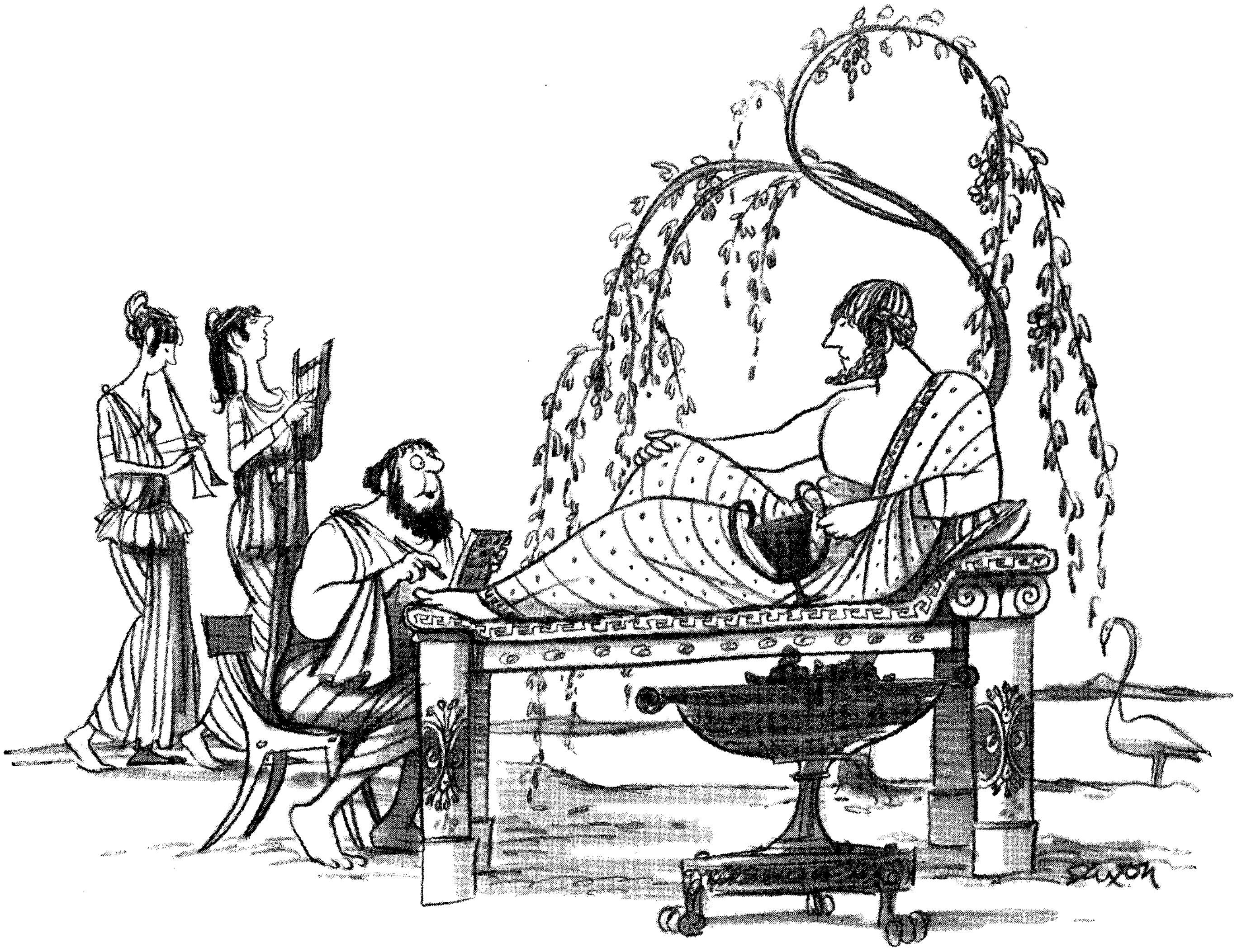
The robot came to a stop by the mantelpiece and sang "Climb Every Mountain," from "The Sound of Music."

"Oh, lord," said Matthew. "Where did he get that from?"

"Professor Gregson taught it to him while you were riding."

"Shut up!" Matthew shouted to FRANK, and the song stopped.

There was a pause, and then the



"Considering your route and the length of time you'll be away, I'm sure you'll want to protect your loved ones with our blanket coverage that includes storms at sea, shipwreck, demons of both the land and the deep, sirens and monsters, in addition to all acts of the gods."

• •

robot typed out a message: "I have completed a sassy peregrination." Matthew held his head.

"What's the matter?" said Aston.

"The death of slang," said Matthew.

"It's not FRANK's fault," Aston said.

FRANK went on typing. "As of that time when I commenced the excursion, it was six-thirty-five. At the present time, it is six-thirty-eight and thirty-three seconds. Hopefully, I shall improve on this track record."

"Come to point B3," Matthew shouted.

FRANK buzzed and stayed still.

"Please," Matthew added, and FRANK trundled to him. Matthew typed a message on a control keyboard: "Strike out 'Hopefully, I shall improve on this track record.' Learn instead 'With any luck, I shall get better.'" He fed the message to the robot grimly.

"He was only trying to chat," Aston said.

FRANK whirred and waved a tin arm and typed out: "Now we have another topic on the griddle. Let's kick it around."

Pause.

"Why are you grumpy with him?" Aston said.

"My house is being turned into a gymnasium for gobbledygook," said Matthew, as if the robot had nothing to do with him. At the same time he tinkered with it tenderly. "Things are quite impossible enough as it is, with your mother gadding about like this and telephoning while I'm riding. Well, we shall have to push on, in the teeth of everyone, I suppose. Give FRANK a word. Anything in this room."

"Sofa," said Aston in a loud clear voice.

FRANK digested and typed. "Our sofa is soft," it wrote. "Is your sofa foreign?"

"That's a bit better," Matthew said fondly.

"Do you enjoy sofas of foreign origin? I have observed sofas from Chippendale and New Jersey," FRANK wrote.

"Isn't that an interesting mistake?" Matthew said. "Aston, do you know what the mistake was in that sentence?"

"Yes," Aston said. "New Jersey isn't foreign, it's here."

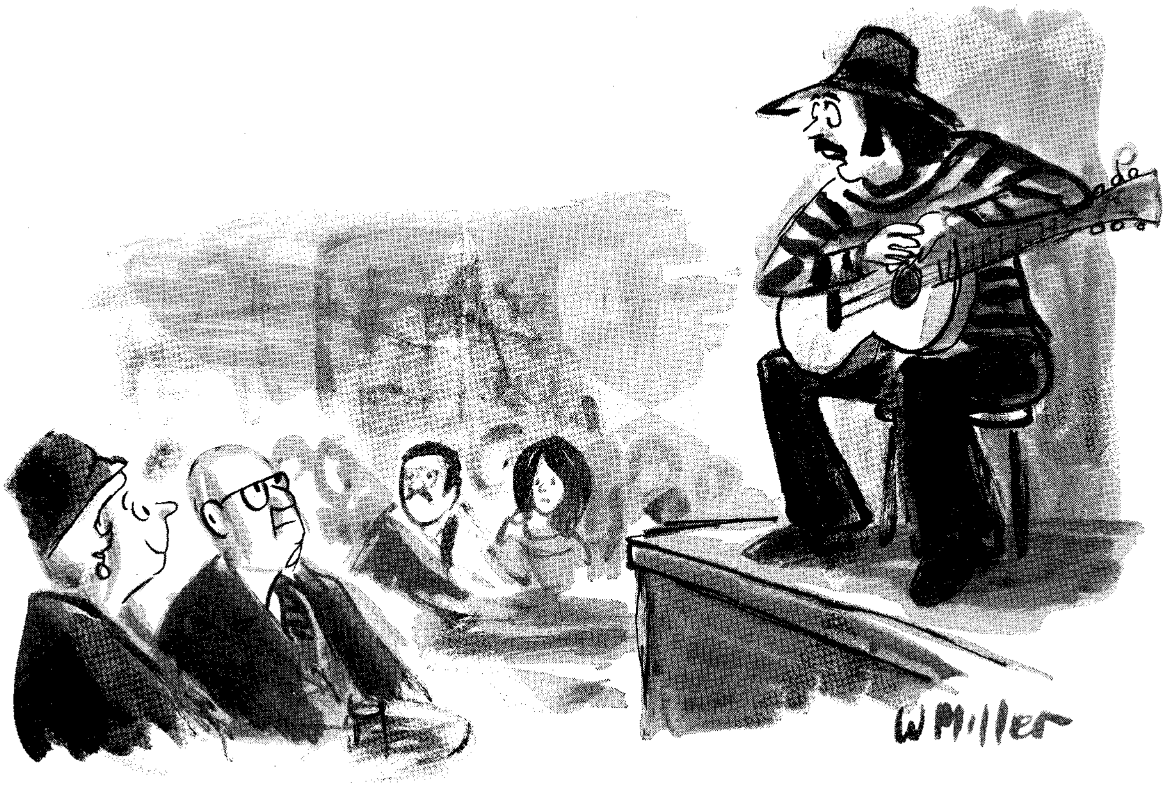
"Well, that's true, but it's foreign to FRANK. As far as FRANK's information goes, England is still home. It's one of the things I never reprogrammed. The mistake was classifying Chippendale as a place, like New Jersey. The Chippendales were a family who made furniture."

"Oh yes, I forgot. You told me that before," Aston said.

Matthew admired her memory, and then made a mouse for her out of his pocket handkerchief, folding it formally and getting it to jump up his coat sleeve by flicking it from behind with his middle finger. The trick came off finely.

"Do it again," Aston said.

"No!" he said, slumping. "I'm *ex-*



"'Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy?' Are you sure that's a song?"

• •

hausted. None of you seem to realize. You wear me out, all of you."

Aston took no notice, as he wanted her not to. "What does the robot learn next?" she said.

"How'm I expected to work when there's this shambles to be put to rights?" he roared, glaring at the room, which was tidy.

"I'll do it," Aston said, looking round for anything to clear up and finding an ashtray with some of his pipe tobacco in it.

"The robots at the lab are better than this one," he said, watching her. "In a year or two they'll be tutors and secretaries and research assistants. You'll see. This one's more for company."

"He's not really much company," she said, though not wishing to wound.

"He will be soon," Matthew said. "Would you like to do an experiment?" He sat Aston under a black hood with a hole in it, and showed her a drawing, part by part, through the hole.

"What's this you can see now?" he said.

"A leg," Aston said, muffled under the hood. "A drawing of an animal's leg."

"What animal is it going to be?"

"Well, it might be a cow, it might be a zebra, it might be an elephant. Who drew it?"

"Me. I was disguising the style. O.K., that counts as one move. Now suppose you're only allowed one more move to tell what the animal is. What do you want to look at?"

"The head. It might be a man with peculiar legs, but I could tell that from the head, anyway."

Matthew took the hood off her excitably.

She said, "Oh good, it was an elephant."

He said, "It's brilliant." He strode quickly up and down the room with his hands in his pockets, skipping round the robot, whom he had set to tacking back and forth on the carpet.

"What's brilliant?" said Aston.

"The way you did that. FRANK still spends three moves counting legs to decide whether the drawing's a man or an animal before he asks himself what sort of animal. You went straight to the head in one, and you're not five years old yet."

Mrs. Trumbull came into the room and tried to sweep the child to bed.

"Don't take her away," Matthew said. "Please," he added, seeing mulishness and remembering the robot. "We were having a nice time. It needn't be bed quite yet, need it?"

Mrs. Trumbull suddenly burst into tears and stood with her head bent down onto the top of the marble mantelpiece. Matthew looked at her, feeling pity and panic, and gestured Aston out of the room. She went as far as the hall and looked back at him. He nodded, and she waited by the doorjamb. Mrs. Trumbull's shoulders shook. She dried her eyes with a Kleenex and threw it into the fire, where it hissed.

"What's the matter?" Matthew said, trembling. "Aren't you happy?" He looked at her strong back. "You're *always* all right!" he shouted at her. "You've never done this before. Are you homesick?"

She went on saying nothing and leaning her head against the mantelpiece.

"There was once a slave leader," Matthew said, "who led a rising in the West Indies, and he was shipped off to prison in France, a very cold prison, damp, where he taught himself to read, alone, and then taught himself French so that he could write to Napoleon to ask for his freedom. . . . He died standing up. He was propped against the wall. He seemed to have decided just to stand there. They found him with his forehead against the stone. I'd forgotten it. His *forehead*. . . . He must have died while he was *thinking*. . . . Against *stone*. . . ."

Pause. Mrs. Trumbull moved. "Thank you," she said.

Matthew took in again that Aston was standing by the door. "Could she have heard that?" he said in a low voice.

"Of course," said Mrs. Trumbull, still facing the fire. "But it wouldn't be the first mention of it. There was that kitten dying. She never did believe our tales. She sorted it out in her mind later."

"'Strewth!" said Matthew, starting to back into anger. "There's never a day without some upset."

"You're not really a hard man, whatever they say," Mrs. Trumbull said.

Alarmed by her rare open fall into the giving of compliments, his mind fled. He remembered playing billiards in Paris one night. He got up, and put on his coat, and rasped that he was going to take her and Aston and the rabbi to shoot pool in the village.

"It's too late for Aston," Mrs. Trumbull said.

"Don't be stuffy," he said. "We can dress up. Aston can pretend to be a hippie. We'll take her on the horse. The *easy* horse," he added bitterly, the bitterness being for form's sake. "Not the one that nearly cost me my life."

He corralled the rabbi, and they went into the village. Mrs. Trumbull looked stoic again. Aston wore ropes of her mother's beads, a hippie scarf round her forehead, her father's riding gloves, and her own gum boots. She sat astride the horse while Matthew led it. The rabbi followed slowly in his Peugeot with Mrs. Trumbull. The car once came too near, and Aston swayed. Matthew caught her before turning round to bawl. "You were deliberately trying to run me down," he said. "Is there no *end* to it?"

"I can't listen to you for the moment. I'm in the middle of changing gears," the rabbi said. "I suppose you think it's easy, driving a non-automatic at this crawl." He put the car dolorously into first. No mean playing partner for Matthew, he could make even a need to change gears seem the blow of a fate hellbent on singling him out.

Mrs. Trumbull said, "I see you double-clutch. It's the mark of a generation." She smoothed her gloves.

Then Aston nearly fell off again, and whimpered, and Matthew vaulted up behind her. He moved her onto the horse's withers, where she felt magnificent. "Now *Aston's* getting in a state," he moaned to the trailing car, holding on to her, and she to him. "There's no consideration. She *knows* I can't stand her getting in a state." He carefully gave her the snaffle reins, which would do the horse's mouth no harm, and told her they might as well both hang on to the saddle.

Mrs. Trumbull looked at him for a while. "I wouldn't mind putting my slippers under his bed," she said to the rabbi.

"No good will come of this jaunt," said the rabbi.

NEAR the village they passed some Sorbonne students on an exchange year at Matthew's university. They were chatting and shouting to each other in bunches strung across the street.

"Is that Spanish?" Aston said.

"No, it's French. French is another language, just as Greek and Latin and Russian are other languages."

"What language does FRANK speak?"

"Nearly English, but partly maths. Robots don't quite speak English. There are other robots that speak things called Cobol and Fortran but they're fake languages. There are some kinds of words they haven't got. They can tell you you've drawn an elephant but they can't tell you whether they think it's a funny drawing or a rotten drawing. If we could ever get a robot to do that, we'd have done something new. It would be the first time."

Then it occurred to him that a four-year-old was constantly doing things for the first time, that Aston was riding a horse for the first time, and so there wouldn't be any reason for her to share that excitement, but she caught the note.

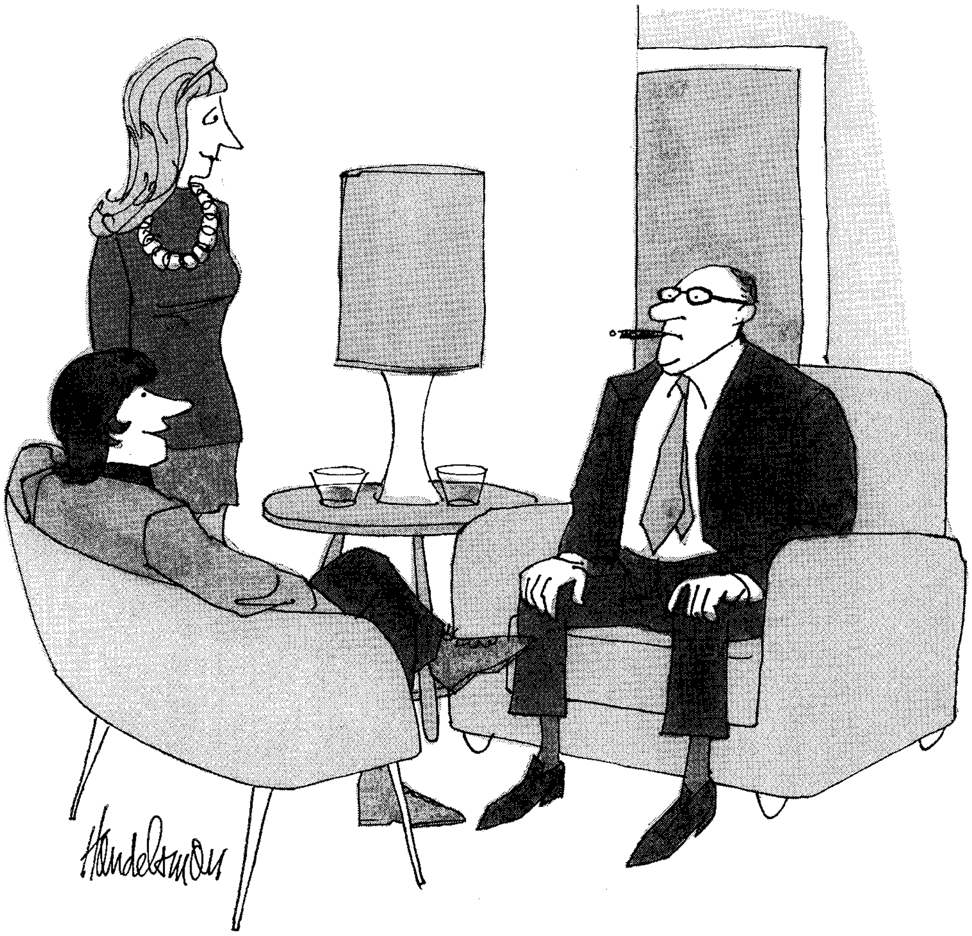
A troupe of twenty-year-olds sailed by on roller skates, blowing soap bubbles and weaving in and out of the people parking cars at the cinema.

Matthew and Aston shot pool. The rabbi and Mrs. Trumbull changed places with them later. Some of Matthew's graduate students were there. One was playing a guitar and singing his own love poetry in a corner. A physics major. Another was reading Allen Ginsberg aloud. It slowly seemed not the worst of times but a wild and hopeful year. Matthew sat for a while and listened. He pushed up his eyebrows with his fingers, one after the other, which was a habit he had, and thought of young men in St. Petersburg reading "The Possessed," and talked to a scientist he liked. It was an evening that made him want to speak every language. "Books for Sale or Rent," a notice said in the main street of this village in the continent that was held not to be reading any longer. In my sere and unruled state, thought Matthew, without my wife, banging against the sides of strangers like a ship hitting a quay in the dark, the thing to do would be to write her a letter. It had best be a good letter. Though it will never get to her, the posts in Italy being what they are.

"When Mrs. Paget rang," he said to Mrs. Trumbull after they had gone home, "was there the usual echo on the line or was it all right?"

"You couldn't hear much," Mrs. Trumbull said. "She kept going off. I thought she was opening the door to a waiter. Several times I imagined her going to open the door to her dinner, but then she said she'd been there at the desk all along. Goodness knows what we lost."

"Idiots say that the problem is com-



"Of course, we don't believe in dowries, Mr. Dalton, but we were sort of hoping you did."

munication," Matthew shouted. "The problem is the *communications*."

"I daresay."

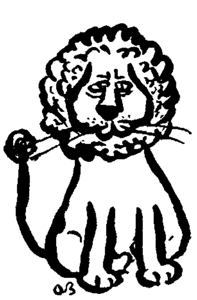
MATTHEW wrote a letter to his wife. It went badly, to his mind. Not my business, he muttered in his head, to have to produce this soup. What one says is usually a poor substitute for thought. And yet it's only when one says things that one feels a man, alive and kicking. He looked at the letter with the disgust that he reserved usually for minor ailments, and was in the act of tearing it up when he gave it to the robot to rewrite in its own way; thus:

GENTLEHEART,

You are my hungry fellow-feeling. My awe curiously cleaves to your footprints. My liking yearns for your spectacle. Aston and I travelled on the silent horse and played a game of skill with Mrs. Trumbull. The rabbi is a terrible motorist. Please come back. You are my wistful sympathy. I feel heavy-shouldered.

Yours,
M.

He kicked the robot, and then sat down and did some experiments. The effect of FRANK's company as they played draughts together unfortunately began to bring back the sprightly grownups who had come to see him when he had had measles as a child. They had played games with him by touch in the darkened room, speaking in bright voices and laboriously explaining the rules as if he had lost his wits. Tonight the robot started by winning, describing with the same intolerable cheer the strategy of its success, and then it annoyingly didn't change its tone when it began to lose. Matthew routed it three times in a row, galvanized, and prowled around the house to look at Aston, and eventually tore up both his own note and the robot's. There was something awry in the place, although he couldn't put his finger on it. It would have to do with the lateness of the hour, he said to himself. I can feel a wound somewhere in the house and I don't know if I delivered it. There's a scar somewhere and I don't even know if it's mine. We are supplanted as soon as we're born, that's the feeling. Deposed heirs, that's the feeling. No armies. He fleetingly saw his species in the grip of this innate sense, an old intimacy with dispossession that human beings seemed never quite to lose, although it had always been better known to literature than to politics or to his own science. He picked a few scraps of the robot's letter out of his wastepaper basket and decided to send the thing, pasting it together and meanwhile going over and over his thought, like FRANK tacking to and fro on the carpet. Well, we may be something after all. Unlike my goddam, happy, lickable horse. It's time we got out of Asia.



The telephone rang and he had a severe conversation with a smug but scared colleague whom he suspected of plagiarizing the research done for a paper published by one of Matthew's assistants. At the same time as the row, he was wondering what it was that had made Mrs. Trumbull cry.

"You don't like me," the colleague ended up by saying. "You never liked me. If you spread this . . . this calumny, you'll be disliked by everyone."

"None of us is liked by everyone," Matthew said. "And some of us by fewer than others. Especially me."

HE went into the kitchen to find Mrs. Trumbull, needing her company. She was drowsing in a rocking chair by the oven with a letter in her lap, which she put quickly into her apron pocket. She was looking troubled again, and he suddenly guessed that she must have had news that her husband in England was ill. A goose walked over his grave as he feared for his wife.

"Letter from England," she said, shaking her head and banging her left ear with the heel of her palm as though she had been swimming.

"Have you had a bad dream? Did I wake you?"

She looked at the letter sticking out of her pocket. "It's all strikes and Prince Charles in England, isn't it? The stamps used to make you think of home, and now they make you think of the cost of living."

"Your husband's not poorly?"

"He got a cold the day after his birthday, but then people often come down after a birthday, don't they."

"Wouldn't you like to go back sooner than the summer this year? It's been a good three months since you saw him." He paused, hating the opinion he was going to put next but making himself carry on. "You should pack it in with us. You could afford to stop by now. You've been working since you were twelve. With you abroad like this, he must feel as if he's married to a merchant seaman."

She avoided the point and started to steam the English stamps off the envelope because Aston collected them. "Well, I'm due for my pension, but it's nicer to keep working, isn't it? Anyway, I can't get the pension while Mr. Trumbull's still at his office, and he'll never leave. He's been there forty years. They must like him. Of course, he knows the files."

Matthew sat on the kitchen table and let her go on. Middle-of-the-night monologues. The present tense, used of someone away. He understood that.

"The Queen came round to his office the other week. He's doing something hush-hush. I'm sorry for the Queen, poor thing. Four or five changes of clothes a day, and always smiling, and always all the people she sees being so *old*. Those ambassadors. No chance of a bit of platonic friendship or a bit of fun, is there? All those old codgers. No chance of slipping away for a fling or a flatter."

"Shall we have some toast and marmalade?" Matthew said.

She made some under the broiler, which was more like the grill she was used to than the toaster was, and Matthew looked at the envelope, which was sticking out of her pocket again.

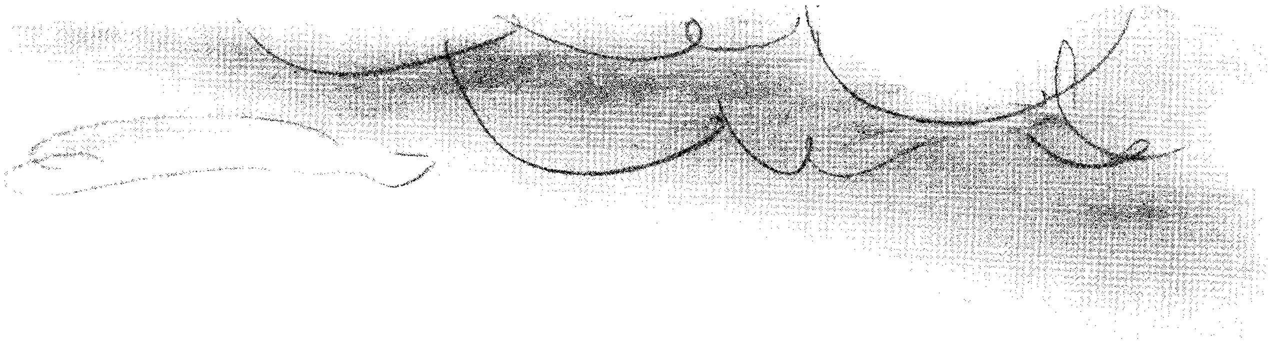
"Mr. Trumbull's a genius with the files. He remembers every paper that comes in and out. Ministry of Defence. I don't know much about it."

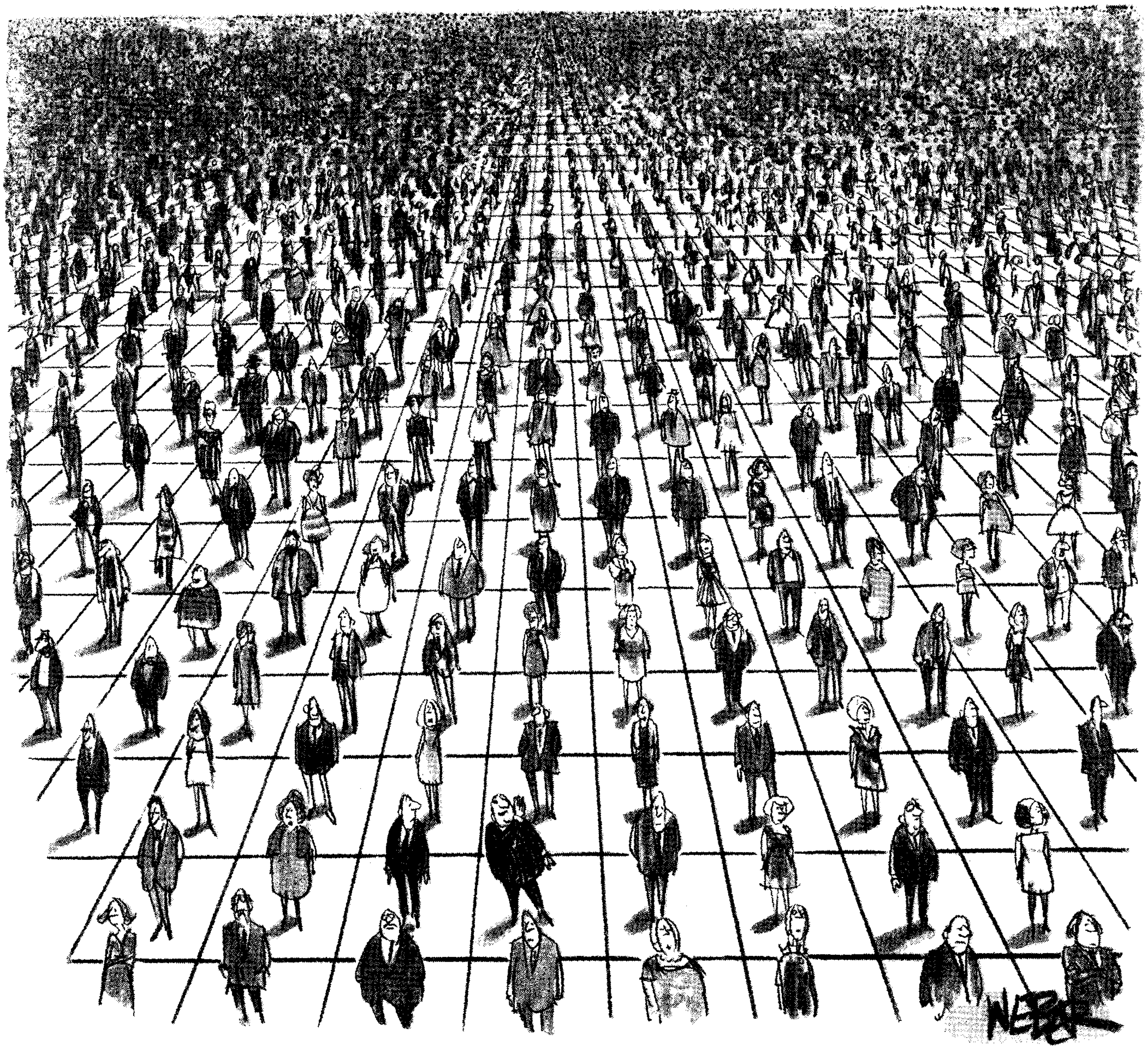
"Would you like to go back straightaway?" Matthew said.

No reply.

"I sometimes ask him, how can you stand it? I couldn't. All that fiddling about. He has to check the papers in and out, and then there's a security man who comes for him to hand over the keys. He knows every sacred thing in those files. There's a lot of young chaps coming up but I don't think my husband likes them because he doesn't tell them much. They're in the dark. About two years ago with the spy scare the Ministry started checking up on us, in Wales even, with my family. Questions. What was my politics, all that. Who were our friends. Well, my husband's a terribly shy man and we don't have friends really, but they couldn't believe it. They even went to the dairy. The *dairy*. And asked things there. The woman that kept the shop took me aside one day and said a gentleman had been in, nosing about, and I said what was *he* doing, pray, and she said he asked if I had any debts. Going somewhere I'd been dealing for twelve years. Damned sauce. I felt like writing to them. I've never owed a penny in my life. . . . Well, as I say, my husband's a miracle for memory. He can figure income tax just like that."

She gave Matthew the jar of marmalade, avoiding his look, and sat down





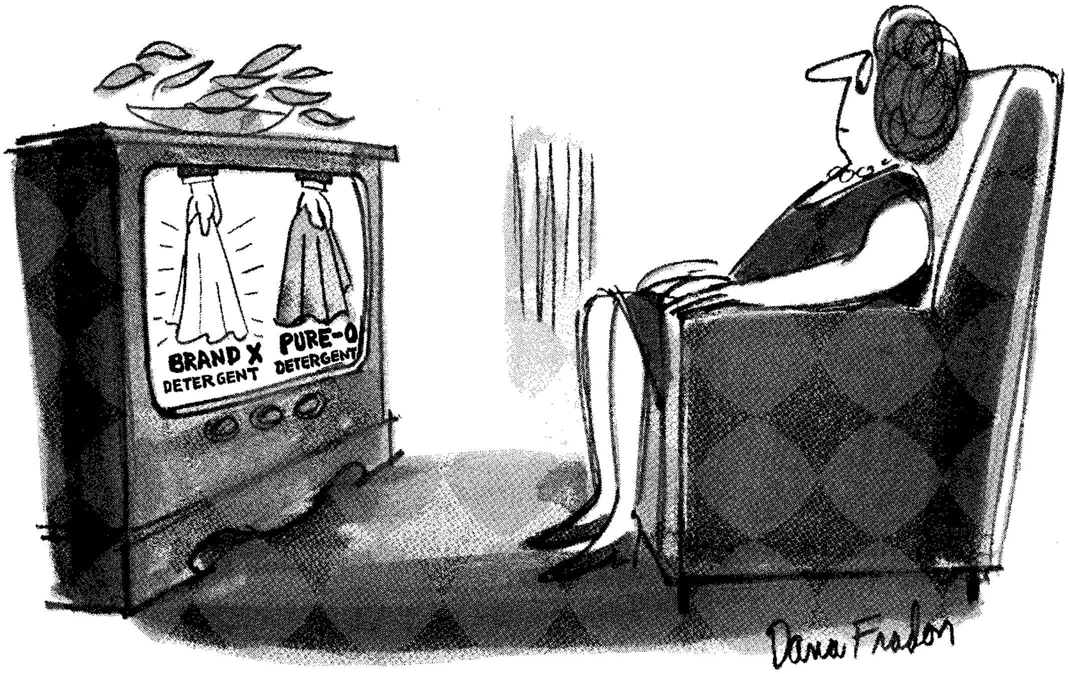
"Excuse me, sir. I am prepared to make you a rather attractive offer for your square."

• •

again by the range with her eyes closed. "He used to do the butcher's tax and sometimes the grocer's in the country, near where we kept a pub. He used to spend five or six afternoons and earn ten guineas. You've got to be an expert these days, haven't you? There's all sorts of little bits of money you can save yourself if you know how. Things you can put against the tax. . . . He always loved to absorb himself in things. He must know every piece of paper in the Ministry. Every high-up who hasn't sent some letter back at the end of the day. They have to sign for things they take out and they're not supposed to keep them overnight, you see. There are records written down, but he always knows who's doing it without even looking it up. Often he comes home and goes to bed at a quarter to seven after he's had his tea, and I sit downstairs and hear him swearing at those colonels as he drops off. 'Those bloody colonels,' he says."

"You miss him," Matthew said.

"Time enough," she said, opening



"Notice how bright and white Brand X gets your clothing because of the harmful chemicals and enzymes it contains. Pure-O, on the other hand, containing no harmful ingredients, leaves your clothes lack-lustre gray but protects your environment."

her eyes and looking at him hard.

"Mrs. Paget would understand." He skipped a beat. "Hard to cope." (*Speaking for myself.*) "But you need a sight of him, woman."

"You've no call to be bossy," she said in the softest voice, watching.

"What's happened?"

Pause. Then, "I had a letter from Mrs. Paget," she said.

"You didn't tell me."

"She said she'd be away for a while."

"Not coming back next week?" The floor seemed to hurtle downward.

"I expect that was what she was phoning you about. I only got the letter after you went riding. It came special delivery. 'Express,' she wrote on it."

"Did she say why she had to stay away?" he said.

"She's tired."

"How bad?" he yelled. "Everyone keeps things from me."

"I couldn't say. She's thinking of being away until the summer."

"Where?"

"There was the address of a place somewhere."

"*Where*?"

She showed him his wife's letter, and the sight of her handwriting smote him. "I can't have an ill woman drooping about the house," he roared.

"She's just under the weather for a bit, I daresay," said Mrs. Trumbull.

"She *never* gets tired," Matthew said. "People belong together." He roamed the room and then said, "I'm sorry," for no obvious reason. None of us is liked by everyone, he repeated to himself.

He played with the robot most of the night. He telephoned Rome.

"What's this you wrote to Mrs. Trumbull?" he said to his wife. The connection was terrible.

"What, darling?" she said.

"What?" he said. He pushed on.

"I wrote to you a week ago," she said in the end, "to explain that I'd better have a holiday, but obviously you didn't get the letter."

He cursed blue murder, at one thing and another. "Suppose I get ill?" he said. "How ill are you?"

"What?" she said. "I didn't get anything after 'suppose.'"

"How ill are you?" he said, desperate.

"I've only got a temperature," she said.

"Help, it's not even Easter yet. How long do you need?"

"What? Perhaps if we try waiting a few seconds each time between speaking. I think the electronics get muddled if we talk over each other," she said, and he grinned at the very different intelligence of his wife, which had never conquered the concept even of a fuse but which still interested him more than anybody else's.

"I miss you," he said.

"I miss you," she said, but she was inaudible to him.

"What? I didn't get a word of that."

She started to laugh, and repeated herself loudly as the sound came back.

"Well, there's that," he said sombrely. "I thought you'd gone for good."

"What?" she said. "All I heard was 'there's that.' It's something you say, isn't it? Are you all right?"

"Given some things."

"What? The line went off again. I heard 'given,'" she said.

He snorted, pretending not to laugh, and said, "You won't be away long, will you?"

"What?" she said. "You'll have to yell."

"Take care of yourself," he said, refusing.

"What?"

"We should get out of Asia," he said.

"I'm not going to Asia, I'm going to Africa. Of course, you didn't get my letter."

"No," he said. "Take care of yourself."

"Could you hear about Africa?" she said, over him. "It's only because I need a break. I don't know why. I tried to write it. I love you very much."

"I'm hard on you. That's what you're really saying."

"What?"

"I love you," he yelled, and hung up, and felt an ass.

He spent the night working. He came into the kitchen early in the morning to make himself a thermos of coffee. Mrs. Trumbull was still there, making coffee for him herself. Her husband's letter was out of its envelope and lying beside the kettle. He did something that he had never done before in his life and read it, making a pretext to send her into the pantry for a muffin. Mr. Trumbull indeed badly needed his wife back. *But obviously she doesn't want to desert us. With my wife abroad. Help. . . . My wife. I drive them all away.*

"I'm afraid you must leave, Mrs. Trumbull," he said. "We should have someone local." At the same time he again did something quite against the habit of his nature, and put his arms around her and kissed her neck fiercely. "I don't know how *Mrs.* Paget's going to manage, of course," he said.

"She's depending on me to look after Aston," she said. "I couldn't go."

"Ah, but I spoke to her in the night and told her to come back at once. I can't have her away." This is my affair, he thought. Mr. Trumbull needs his wife. My wife needs leeway. People do what I say.

He bought Mrs. Trumbull an air ticket the next day and packed her off in a hurry, afraid that she might hear again from his wife with instructions about how to look after him. Mrs. Trumbull said she would be back in a trice.

"When is that?" said Aston.

"I'll be glad to taste some decent bacon again," Mrs. Trumbull said in a hard voice as he and Aston drove her to the airport. "Though I'll give you that the bottled mayonnaise in America can't be bettered. I'm sure I don't know how you'll manage. In fact, we could put off my going, couldn't we? Just until Mrs. Paget's home." She looked out of the window and wept at the idea of leaving him.

"Best done now," said Matthew. "You'll be back in the summer." They drew up at the sign for departures. "I can't stand airport farewells," he said. "I'm a busy man." He again put his arms around her, after Aston had climbed from the back seat into the one beside him, and then Mrs. Trumbull shook his hand and said, "We won't say goodbye, we'll say au revoir," except that she got it the wrong way round. "We won't say au revoir, we'll say goodbye."

Back at home, he put Aston to bed and arranged for a student to look after her, and waited for his wife's reply to the robot's letter, which would certainly come very soon. He fed FRANK some recognition problems. The robot did well. Matthew improved its system slightly. The robot did better. Matthew moved some of the furniture around.

"Come to point E from point G, please," Matthew shouted levelly, "and sing 'Green Sleeves,' beginning after collision two." FRANK blundered through the rearranged room. After the second careful bump, a Dresden vase toppled and broke. It was one that Matthew and his wife had always hated. The song began.

FRANK reported on the journey.

They went on working together.

FRANK deduced that not all dogs were spaniels, made a planetary calculation, rewrote a Yeats poem, and detected an undistributed middle in a syllogism.

Then, trying to engross himself in the news on television, Matthew spoke to the robot at a pitch it was not programmed to understand: "Have you anything to add?"

—Penelope Gilliatt

OLD APPLE TREES

Like battered old mill hands, they stand in the orchard—
Like drunk legionnaires, heaving themselves up,
Lurching to attention. Not one of them wobbles
The same way as another. Uniforms won't fit them—
All those cramps, humps, bulges. Here, a limb's gone;
There, rain and corruption have eaten the whole core.
They've all grown too tall, too thick, or too something.
Like men bent too long over desks, engines, benches,
Or bent under mail sacks, under loss.
They've seen too much history and bad weather, grown
Around rocks, into high winds, diseases, grown
Too long to be willful, too long to be changed.

Oh, I could replant, bulldoze the lot,
Get nursery stock, all the latest ornamentals,
Make the whole place look like a suburb,
Each limb sleek as a teenybopper's—pink
To the very crotch—each trunk smoothed, ideal
As the fantasy life of an adman.
We might just own the Arboreal Muscle Beach,
Each tree disguised as its neighbor. Or each disguised
As if not its neighbor—each doing its own thing
Like executives' children.

                                        Oh, at least I could prune.
At least I should trim the dead wood; fill holes
Where the rain collects and decay starts. Well, I should;
I should. There's a red squirrel nests here someplace.
I live in the hope of hearing one saw-whet owl.
Then, too, they're right about spring. These gnarled, rough boughs
Run riot. This whole orchard's an orgy. Bees hum
Through these branches like lascivious intentions. The white
Petals drift down, sift across the ground; this air's so rich
No man should come here except on a working pass;
No man should leave here without going to confession.
All fall, apples nearly crack the boughs;
They hang here red as candles in the
White oncoming snow.

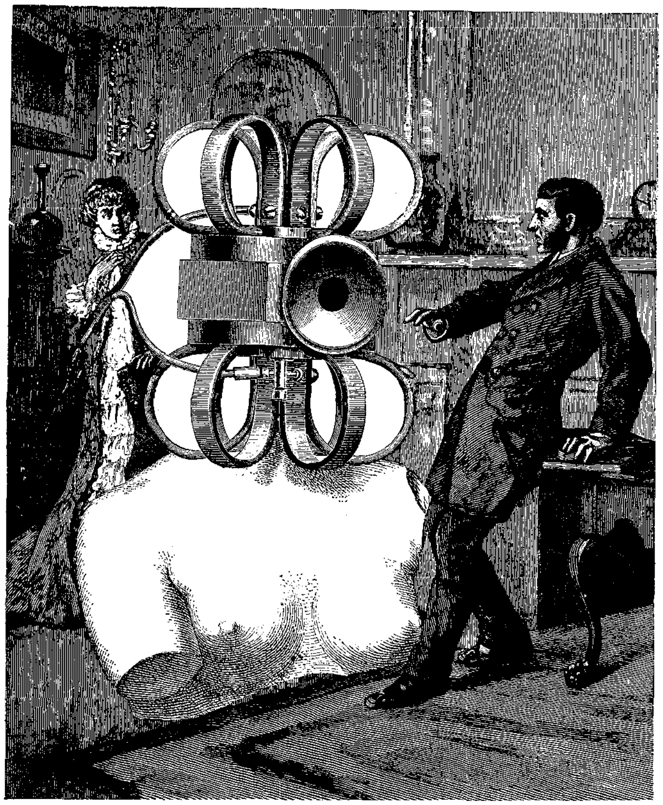
Tonight we'll drive down to the bad part of town
To the New Hungarian Bar or the Klub Polski,
To the Old Hellas where we'll eat the new spring lamb;
Drink good mavrodaphne, say, at the Laikon Bar,
Send drinks to the dancers, those meatcutters and laborers
Who move in their native dances, the archaic forms.
Maybe we'll still find our old crone selling chestnuts,
Whose toothless gums can spit out fifteen languages,
Who turns, there, late at night, in the center of the floor,
Her ancient dry hips wheeling their slow, slow tsamikos;
We'll stomp under the tables, whistle, we'll all hiss
Till even the belly dancer leaves, disgraced.

We'll drive back, lushed and vacant, in the first dawn;
Out of the light gray mists may rise our flowering
Orchard, the rough trunks holding their formations
Like elders of Colonus, the old men of Thebes
Tossing their white hair, almost whispering,

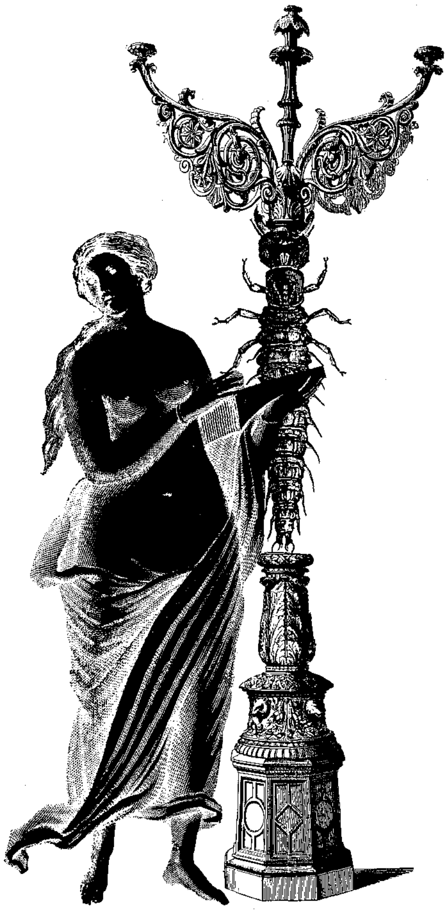
Soon, each one of us will be taken
By dark powers under this ground
That drove us here, that warped us.
Not one of us got it his own way.
Nothing like any one of us
Will be seen again, forever.
Each of us held some noble shape in mind.
It seemed better that we kept alive.

—W. D. Snodgrass

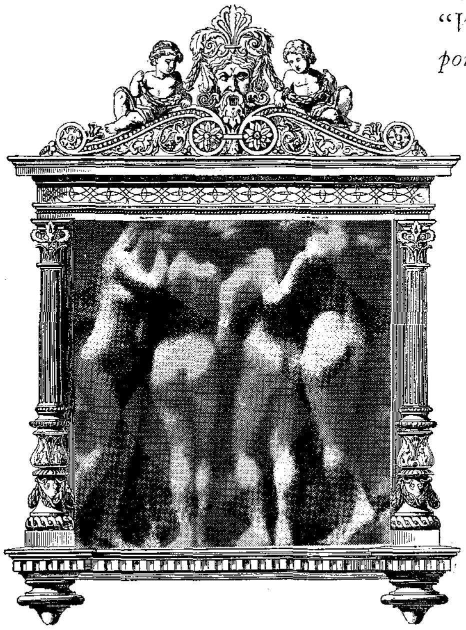
THE STORY THUS FAR:

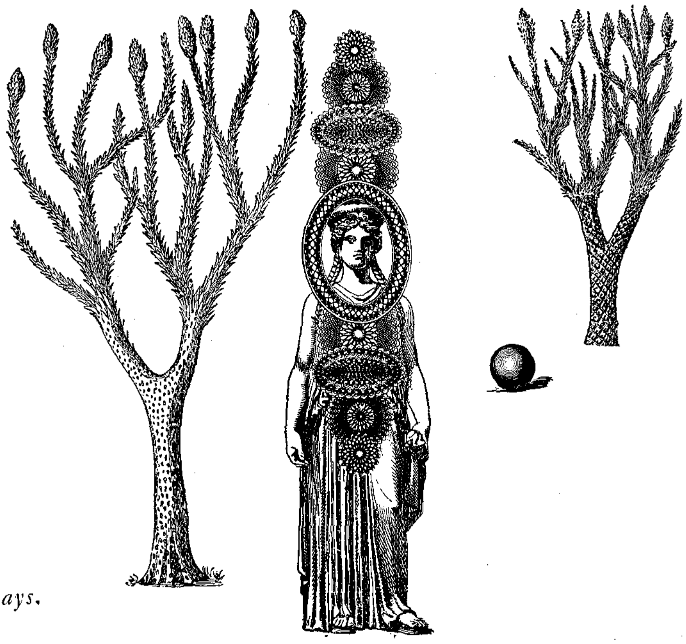


Borys Althusser, wealthy young manufacturer of sensitive electronic instruments for which he has immense government contracts, discovers one evening that something has come between himself and his beautiful wife, Evelyn.

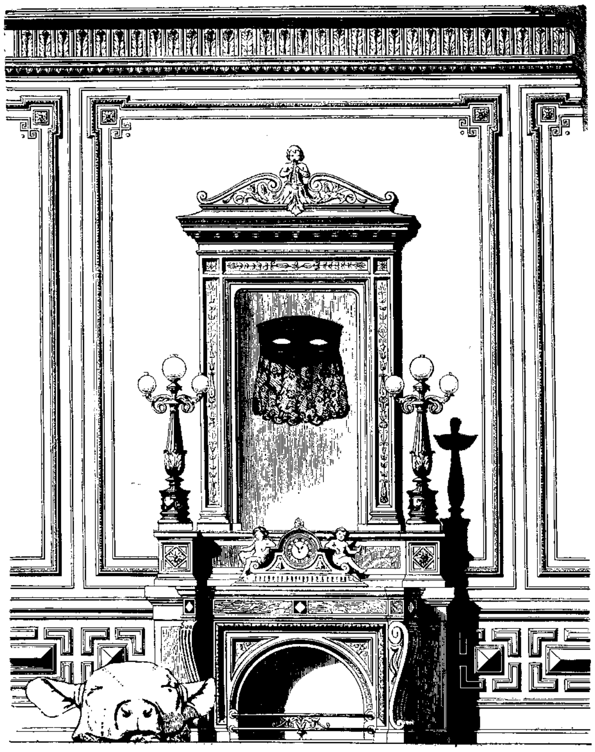


Rushing distractedly from the house, Borys is accosted by a lady of the evening. "Good evening, Borys," the lady says. "Would you be interested in purchasing a pornographic television set?"

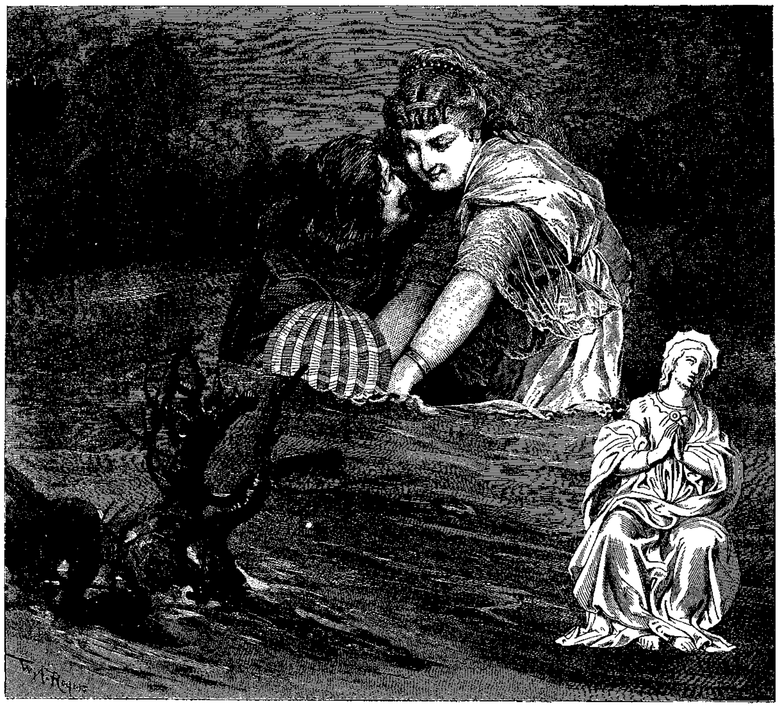




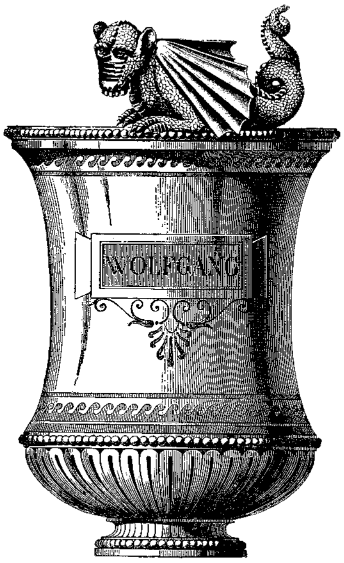
In a grove of pictorial elements, Borys finds a seeress. "Pardon me, Ma'am," he says, "but I have kind of a problem at home." "I don't handle domestic problems," the seeress says. "You must see the Lord East-West."



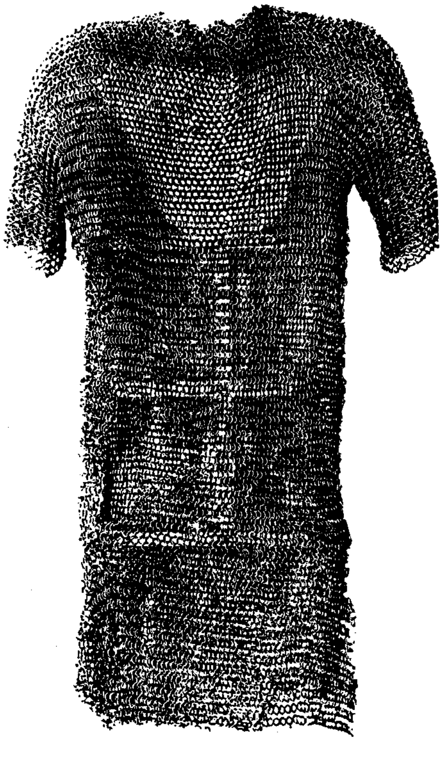
The Lord East-West gives Borys a card to a Masked Marvel, in another city. The Marvel is interested in his problem. "What class of apparition was this?" "It was a Something," Borys says. "Ah," the Marvel says. "Try the Sick Friends. They deal with all classes of Somethings."



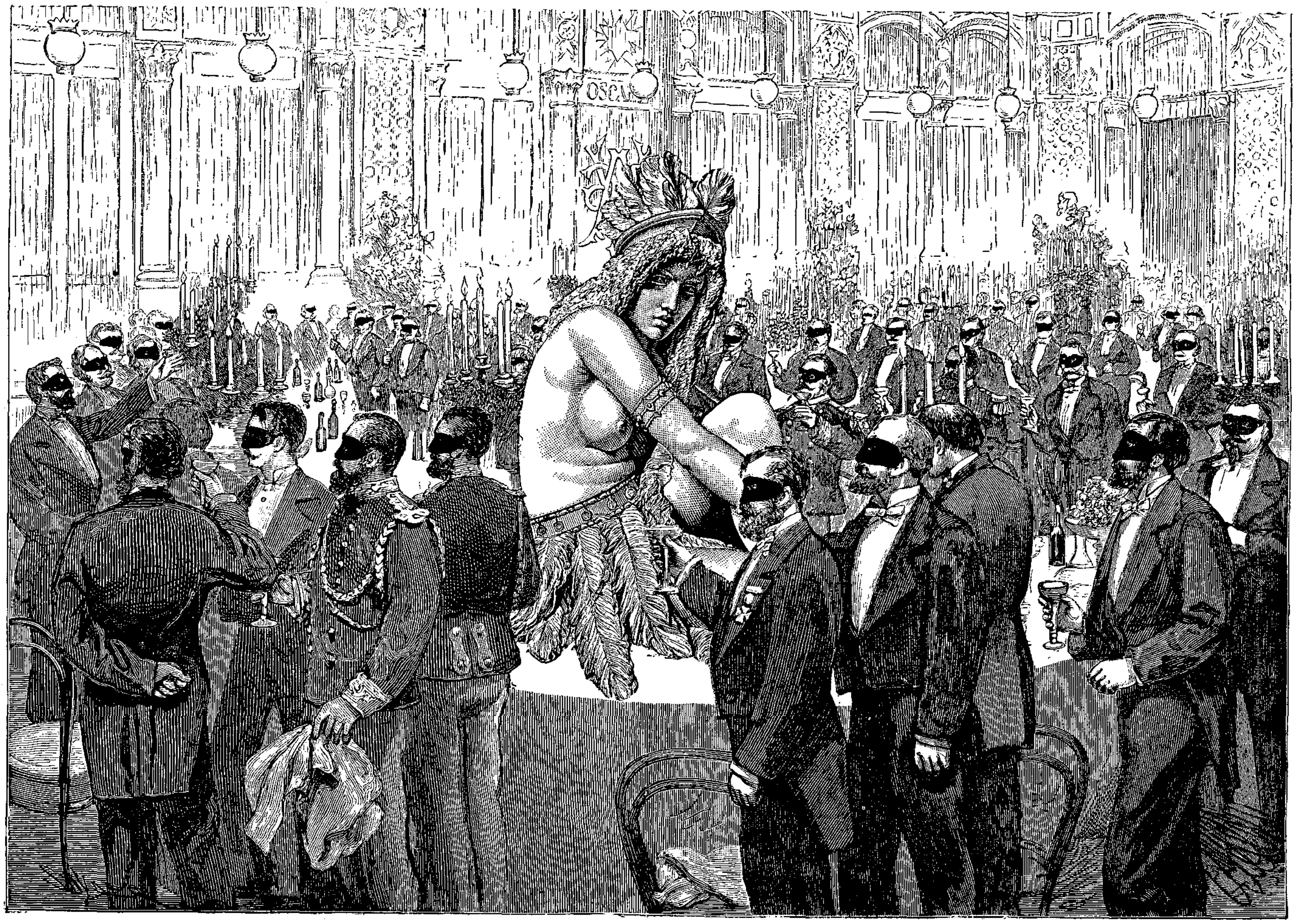
The Sick Friends are tickling each other and giggling, in the middle of a stream. "What are you doing there?" Borys calls, from the bank. "Nothing matters," the Friends shout, giggling, "save that noble, pure, and powerful sentiment known as eroticism!" They recommend Wolfgang.



Borys finds Wolfgang, a dragonlet, resting atop the solid-gold golf trophy that is his home. "See the Emptiness," Wolfgang snorts. "Turn left at the rain of blood, left again at the powdered frogs. Step lively!"

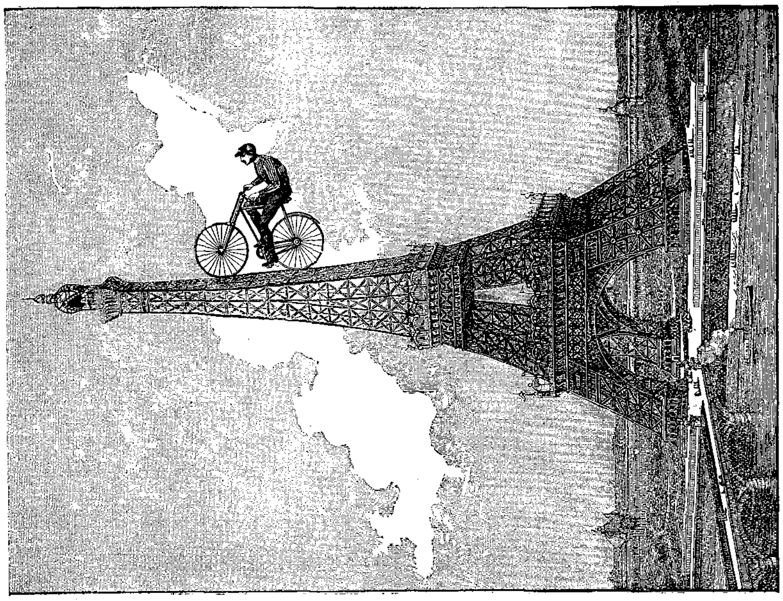


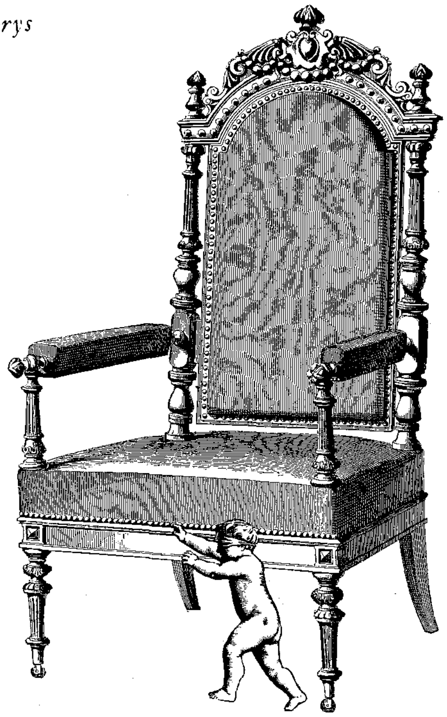
"That way," the Emptiness intones, in a hollow voice.



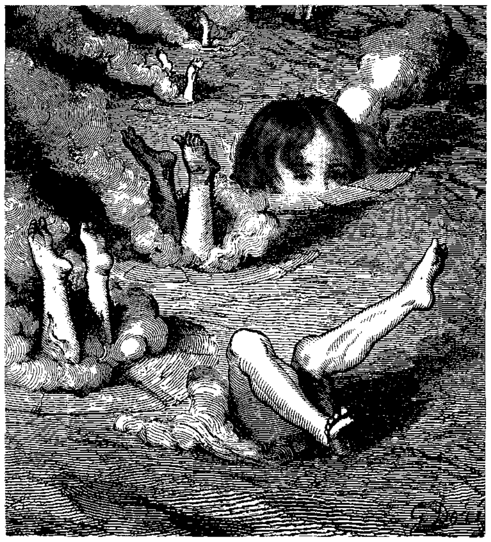
Following this vague and amorphous advice, Borys finds himself at a banquet at the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Lone Rangers from everywhere have gathered to celebrate the closing of the West. "This is not my scene," Borys says to himself. "The abnormity of my difficulty will not find a sympathetic ear, here."

A visit to the Great Chair of Being, followed by a visit to the Certifiable Cyclist of St. Cloud, is no more fruitful than his earlier initiatives. Borys is in, or near, despair. The know-how, savvy, and clout that have brought him to the top, in the field of sensitive electronic instruments, seem to have deserted him in this predicament.



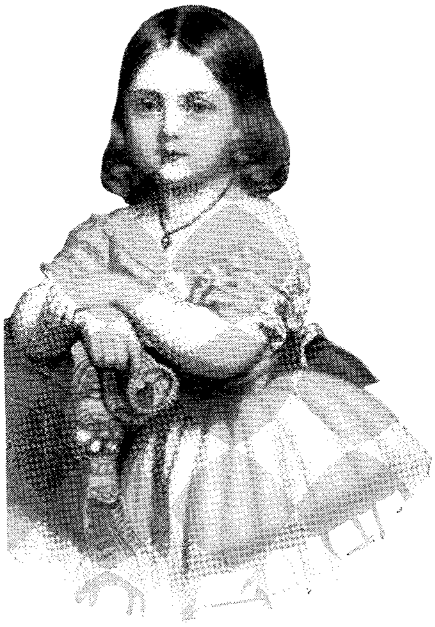


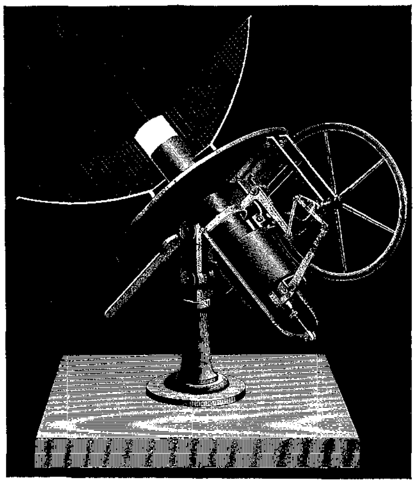
At this juncture, there is a "Psst!" from a nearby inferno.



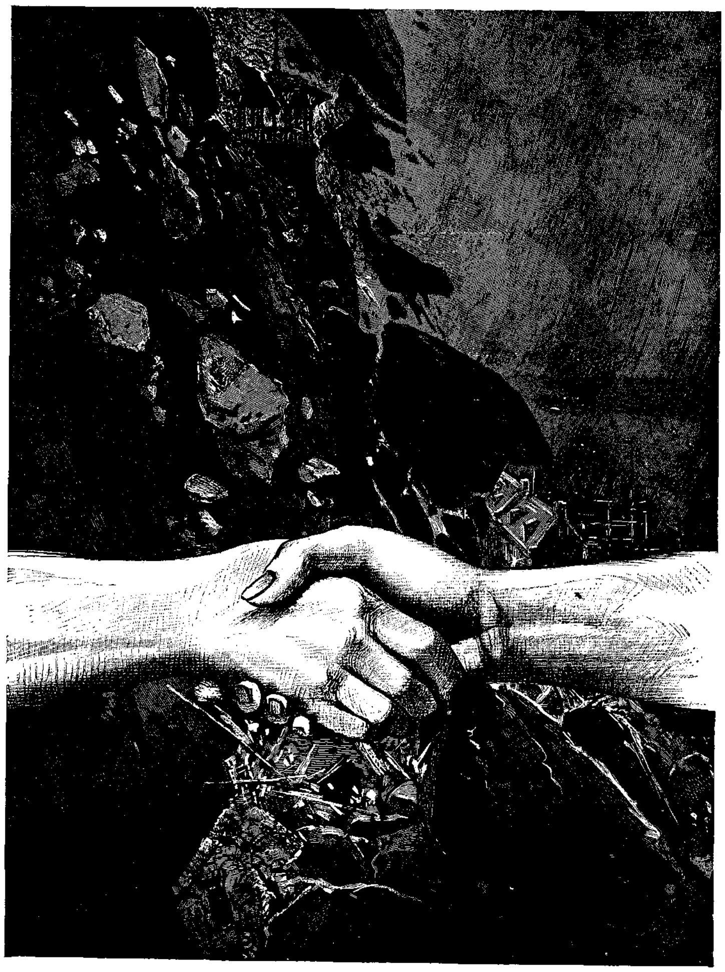
"Psst!"

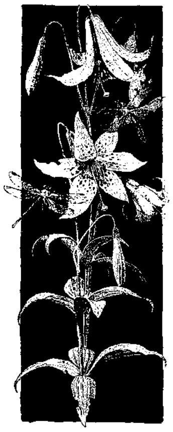
The speaker is Roberta von Knockling, the eternally damned child prodigy. Roberta, although a mere child, has already, through the working of a prodigiously unfortunate star, which controls her destiny and her life, committed all the sins available to seven-year-olds, and some that are not. That is why she is sizzling, in the inferno. "Borys," she whispers, "listen. Your expertise is in the area of sensitive electronic devices, is it not? Well then, use it. *Therein, you will find the means to exorcise the Something." Borys is not slow to take the hint.*





Rushing back to the lab, Borys gears up his baddest sensitive electronic instrument.





Borys aims the criminally potent unit at some lilies, which droop. "Well," he says, "if I can make lilies droop, I can . . ."

Throughout the Free World, the hills resound to the sound of the news of Borys's improved position, vis-à-vis the threat.

Now read on.

—Donald Barthelme

REFLECTIONS

CUSTINE

Astolphe de Custine was a man of good family, even by the fastidious standards of his own day. On his father's side, the family was a wealthy Lotharingian one, in which the marquisal title had been passed down (rather casually, to be sure) since the early eighteenth century. Astolphe's grandfather had founded the well-known porcelain factory at Niderwiller, in the Haute-Lorraine (now part of the Département de la Moselle), and it was in the château at that place that the boy grew up. His mother was a Sabran—a child, that is, of one of the great noble families of France.

Custine's own childhood was agitated and tragic in the extreme. He was born in 1790, on the eve of the most harrowing period of the French Revolution. He might be described as himself an emotional casualty of the Terror. His paternal grandfather, a man then only in his late forties, had sympathized with the Revolution in its early stages and had become a general in the revolutionary armies. His name will be remembered as that of the commander of the armies on the Rhine. This service to the Revolution did not, however, save him from the Terror. In 1792, he was recalled, imprisoned, and, finally, guillotined. His young son, Astolphe's father, then in his twenties, rose gallantly to *his* father's defense, and was guillotined in his turn. Astolphe's mother, who had stood loyally by her young husband, visiting him in prison down to the last night, was herself taken and thrown into the death house after his execution. She escaped only narrowly—almost miraculously—the fate of her father-in-law and her husband. All this happened when the boy Astolphe was only two or three years old. The château, meanwhile, was raided and sealed by the revolutionary police, and the family fortune was confiscated. A faithful maidservant, a young Lorraine peasant girl, took the child and cared for him in the one unsealed room of the house, which was the kitchen.

The mother was eventually released, came home, and set out, with great resolution and ultimate success, to restore the family fortunes. She was without question a remarkable person—a woman of great beauty, charm, and strength of character. Widely known under her first name, Delphine, she enjoyed a reputation and a general respect in French society greater than anything ever accorded in his time to her son. Mme. de Staël took her name—precisely with a view to immortalizing it—for the title of one of her own novels. Delphine was for many years the intimate friend—the mistress, one must suppose—of the writer and statesman Chateaubriand. The little boy was, in fact, brought up in part in the shadow of this impressive figure, whom he claims to have regarded as a sort of foster father. But Chateaubriand's was not, unfortunately, the only male figure, and not even the only distinguished one, that fluttered around the candle of Delphine's great beauty, and it could not replace, emotionally, that of the missing father. The boy thus remained throughout his youth the object of all the affection, attention, and protective patronage that a beautiful, high-powered, and widowed mother was capable of lavishing upon a beloved only son. One cannot blame her; he was, in a sense, all she had. But it is clear that this unbalanced relationship, coming on top of the trauma of violent separation from both parents in early childhood, was too much for the boy's normal emotional development. He grew up handsome, brilliant, sensitive, delicate in health, in many ways talented, but with a latent, at first subconscious and repressed, but ultimately overpowering homosexual orientation.

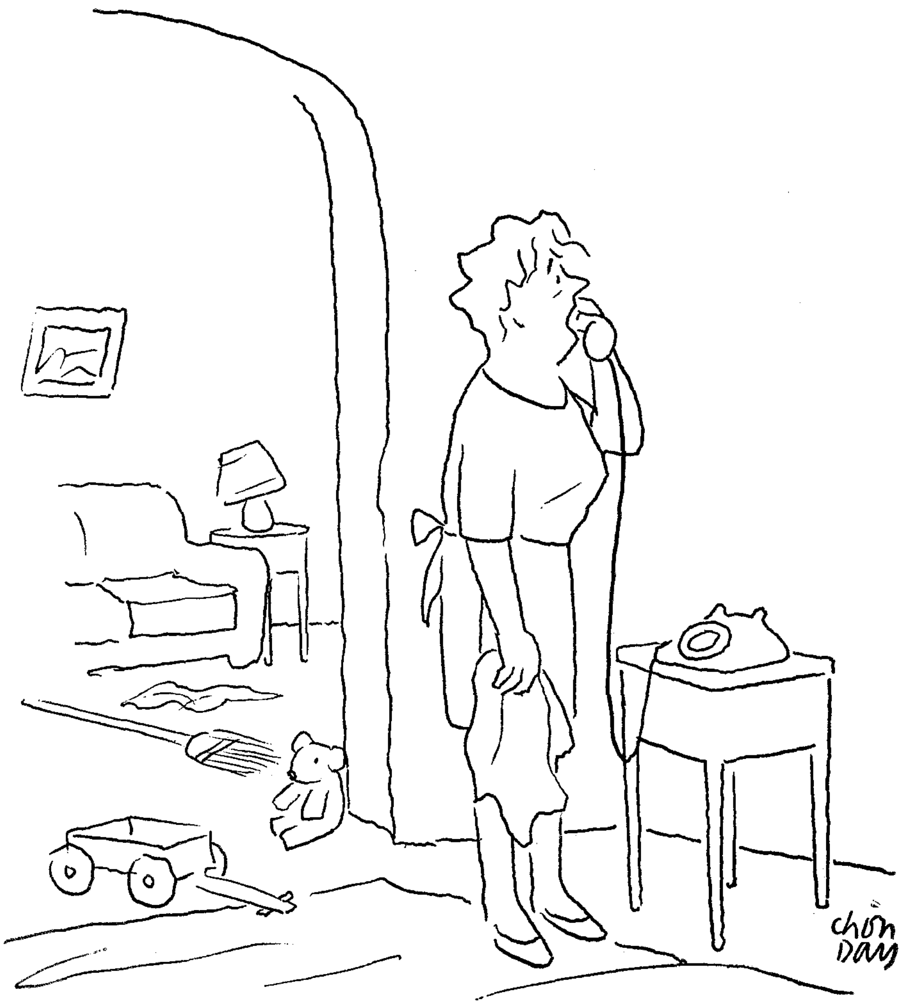
For some time—out of respect, I suppose, for his mother—Custine contrived to lead an outwardly normal life. At the time of the Restoration, in 1815, his mother wangled for him a military commission in one of the guard regiments. For a few weeks, he trailed around after his unit, buttoned into an uncomfortable uniform, a great sword clanking incongruously at his side, but he obviously failed to enjoy it, and soon gave it up. An effort was also made to use him as an aide to Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna, but it was not long in becoming apparent that he was little better fitted for diplomacy

"When you're finished, can I have the empty bottle?"

than for the military life. His primary interest was literary. He was an enthusiastic romantic, after the fashion of the day. The great figures of German literary romanticism became the focus of his admiration. Some of them, including Heine, Varnhagen von Ense, and Varnhagen's remarkable wife, Rahel, became his warm personal friends. In the early eighteen-twenties, Custine acquiesced, quite amiably, in a marriage arranged for him by his mother. He became very fond, actually, of his young wife—even had a child by her. But when, in 1823, she—to his genuine and deep sorrow—suddenly died, something gave way within him. The effort to lead a conventional life failed. Other impulses, too long repressed, broke through with great and dangerous violence.

On the night of October 28, 1824, catastrophe ensued. Custine, being for some curious reason alone, and apparently on foot, at night on the road from Épinay to Saint-Denis, was allegedly attacked, stripped, beaten, and robbed, dragging himself only with difficulty, afterward, to a nearby cottage. The deed is supposed to have been done by a group of common soldiers, with one of whom, the story goes, Custine had attempted to arrange a rendezvous. Whether this was or was not the truth makes little difference. All Paris believed that it was. The scandal was immense and spectacular. The whole affair came at once into the newspapers. Custine's reputation and his position in society were damaged beyond repair. From this time on to the end of his life, he would figure, in the cruel gossip of the day, primarily as France's most distinguished and most notorious homosexual.

The plight to which this personal catastrophe consigned him has perhaps been best described by Pierre de Lacretelle, in the introduction to a small volume of Custiniana he published in 1956: "*Imperturbable, le marquis de Custine glissera désormais parmi les chuchotements, les sourires furtifs, les regards moqueurs, méprisé par les uns, pris en pitié par les autres, problème pour tous.*" The passage might be rendered, "Henceforth the Marquis de Custine would make his way through life imperturbably, amid whisperings, furtive smiles, and mocking glances, held in contempt by some, pitied by others, a problem for everyone." The social rejection was drastic and cruel. One might note, as an example, the reaction of the Marquise de Montcalm, who responded to the news of the incident by sending a message to Custine suggesting that he expiate his disgrace by a glorious death.



"Drudge speaking."

• •

The episode of October 28, 1824, was only one of a series of disasters that overwhelmed Custine at about that time. In a letter to the Marquise de Montcalm written on January 6, 1824, he himself described the initial stage of this tragic series of events. On January 7, 1823, according to this account—only a few months, that is, after the birth of Custine's son—an old abbé who had been a tutor to Custine's uncle and a virtual member of the family died after pronouncing (Custine said he had lost his mind) a curse upon the entire family. Exactly six months later, the young wife died, in terrible agony. When just a year had elapsed, another member of the household—an old family friend—met a similar death. The child's nurse, meanwhile, had committed suicide. Successively, there perished everyone who had been connected with the marriage of the couple, except Custine himself and his mother. But Custine, writing that letter, did not yet know the full measure of the tragedy. Before the year of 1824 was out, there would come his own disgrace. Then, in the first days of 1826, his little son would die, and, six months later, his shattered and broken-hearted mother as well.

Thrown back now upon himself, all but literally engulfed in humiliation, bereavement, and loneliness, Custine appears to have performed at this point an act of inner renunciation, and to have accommodated himself with relative dignity and reasonable success to his unhappy condition. He became calm and resigned where he had once been nervous and agitated. He learned to accept his exclusion from the aristocratic society of Paris. For the rest of his life, he sought fulfillment in travel, in literature, and in religion. He had always been devout. His piety now grew even deeper. He found in the serene paternalism of the Roman Church, in which he had been reared, not only that absolution and tolerance for his emotional abnormality which society had denied him but a substitute for his guillotined father, and also a replacement for the element of majesty and hierarchy which he so deeply missed in the public life of the France of his day.

This solace notwithstanding, Custine's life remained tragic and uncompleted. His emotional frailty weighed heavily on his hopes, interfered with his personal relations, limited at crucial points his creative literary power. This quality of his fate was well described by his contemporary Mme. Marguerite Ancelot in her "Les Salons de Paris." "Over everything that M. de Custine did, there hovered some baneful influence which diminished all his good fortune," she wrote. "He united in himself, it is true, the greatest advantages of nature and society: he was tall and handsome, very spiritual, well bred, extremely well educated, quite rich, and every inch the *grand seigneur* by ancestry, manners, and feeling; but all these blessings did not prevent him from having a restless and tormented soul, which left him no peace. He was unable to find repose: he seemed driven by some inexplicable derangement of equilibrium, which tore him away from everything that gave happiness to other men."

It must be noted that in the adjustment to his personal misfortunes and in the creation of a new life for himself Custine was decisively aided by the devoted attention and companionship of an English friend, Edward St. Barbe—Édouard de Sainte-Barbe, as he called himself in France. Sainte-Barbe, the son of a prominent family of Hampshire gentry with estates near Lymington, on the south coast of England (the family traced its origins, and its French name, to a companion-in-arms of William the Conqueror), joined Custine, as a constant associate, a year *before* the death of the young marquise. (One notes this timing with a new tinge of pity for the parties to Custine's marital tragedy.) He then remained with Custine as a devoted companion and helper (Custine, in his private correspondence, often referred to him affectionately and jokingly as "*l'esclave*") until Custine's death, in 1857, running the household and bearing a large part of the burden of the management of Custine's personal affairs. The *ménage à deux* that these two gentlemen conducted for over thirty years, transformed occasionally into a *ménage à trois* when (it happened more than once) Custine extended his hospitality and patronage for a time to some other male figure as well, was naturally the cause of much malicious merriment in Paris society. But contemporary witnesses who knew Sainte-Barbe are unanimous in the judgment that he was a man of great delicacy and distinction of character—loyal, self-effacing, and dignified—and that he carried out his own part in this unusual arrangement with exemplary tact and discretion. He gave up his own life to Custine, and the latter's appreciation for this devotion is evident from an anguished reference to him, in a letter Custine wrote to another friend when Sainte-Barbe was seriously ill in 1856, as "*un homme sans lequel je ne puis vivre.*" It is clear that what was involved here was a profound, abiding, and, in many ways, touching relationship, going far deeper than could be explained merely by those physical impulses to which a cynical Paris loved to ascribe it, and one that probably alone enabled Custine to endure his disgrace and to go forward with his work as a literary man.

HOME

Bushing the door, my arms full
Of wild cherry and rhododendron,
I hear her small, lost weeping
Through the hall that bells and hoarsens
On my name, my name.

Oh, love, here is the blame.

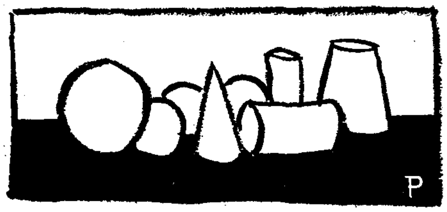
The loosened flowers between us
Gather in, compose
For a May altar of sorts.
These frank and falling blooms
Soon taint to a sweet chrism.

Attend. Anoint the wound.

—Seamus Heaney

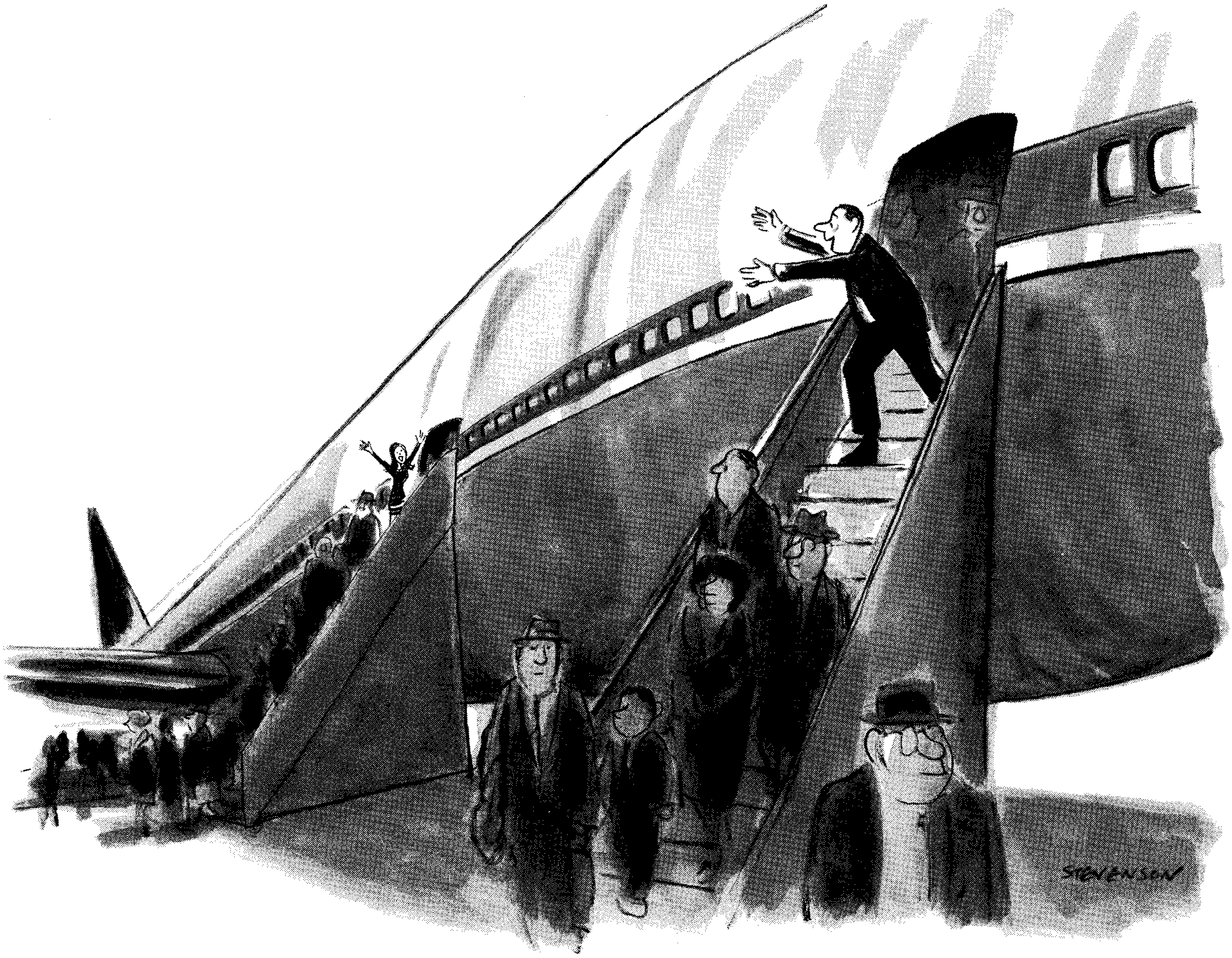
• •

For the remainder of his life, Custine was seen primarily in literary circles. The literary salons of Paris, in contrast to the purely social ones, remained open to him—partly, no doubt, because his own hospitality was extended in the grandest and most lavish manner to prominent people of the world of letters. He was well acquainted with many of the great literary figures of the day—with Victor Hugo, George Sand, Balzac, Stendhal, Baudelaire, Lamartine, Sophie Gay. He was permitted to read his own works aloud in the salon of Mme. Récamier, and Balzac paid him the compliment of doing the same *chez Custine.* Chopin played, on occasion, at his soirées. None of these friendships, it seems, were close or lasting ones—except, perhaps, that with Sophie Gay—for Custine's lurid private life and the different orientation of his deeper human attachments constituted a barrier. It is also true that many who were outwardly on good terms with him and accepted his hospitality were unable to resist the general tendency to sneer at him behind his back. But it is not too much to say that Custine was a well-known, if somewhat dubious, figure in the literary society of the Paris of his day.



To be recognized as a "real" writer, to be accepted as a major literary personality—this was Custine's greatest desire. In the attempt to realize his ambition, he tried almost every form of literature. Poems, novels, dramas—all these flowed at one time or another from his aspiring pen. None were disgraceful failures; none, on the other hand, were serious successes. In 1833, he contrived to have a play produced, at great cost to himself—he virtually hired the theatre for the purpose—but even so the play was unceremoniously yanked from the company's repertoire after three performances. He was often accused, at least in the gossip of the day, of trying to bribe the critics and to buy favorable publicity, but if there was anything in these charges the effort was singularly unsuccessful: the critics were seldom kind to him. Until the appearance of a book entitled "La Russie en 1839," he had no great reputation. His supposed friend Heine was able, with some justification, to damn him with the cutting phrase "*un demi-homme de lettres.*" It was "La Russie en 1839" that finally established him, and gave him his reputation as a serious literary figure, yet even here the success flowed from the reception of the book by the public, not from any particular appreciation of it on the part of the French critics, who were divided on its merits and largely unenthusiastic.

In spirit and style, Custine was in the deepest sense a romanticist. Every-



"Ralph!" *"Marge!"*

thing he wrote was burdened with the characteristic affectations of this literary school. As with all the other romanticists (but perhaps for better reason than was commonly the case), it was the idea of the noble, misunderstood man, the unappreciated hero, that commanded his imagination and inspired his posture. He, like the others, ensconced himself figuratively on his own lonely pinnacle of pride and estrangement, hugging to his breast sensibilities that you were permitted to feel were too exquisite to stand full exposure to the gaze of an unfeeling world; like the others, he was prepared to let these sensibilities be glimpsed occasionally through the veils of reticence with which a noble nature required that they be obscured, but was never prepared to inflict upon them the brutality either of disciplined analysis or of frank exposition. This, if I am not mistaken, was, at least in part, what it meant to be a literary romanticist of the eighteen-twenties. Custine never wholly shook off this spirit. It is perceptible in all that he wrote. It shines through even "La Russie en 1839" at many points. But the romantic spirit, as the history of literary taste has shown, was not in itself enough to make a great writer; in fact, it was often a handicap rather than an aid to creative immortality. It constituted a crust of intellectual and emotional convention that, if greatness was to be achieved, had to be broken through—as it was in the case of such men as Byron, Pushkin, Lermontov, and Walter Scott—by some deeper and stronger source of creative vitality. As a poet, a novelist, and a dramatist, Custine simply lacked this extra power. There was, however, one field in which he was eventually able to develop it, and that was the travel account.

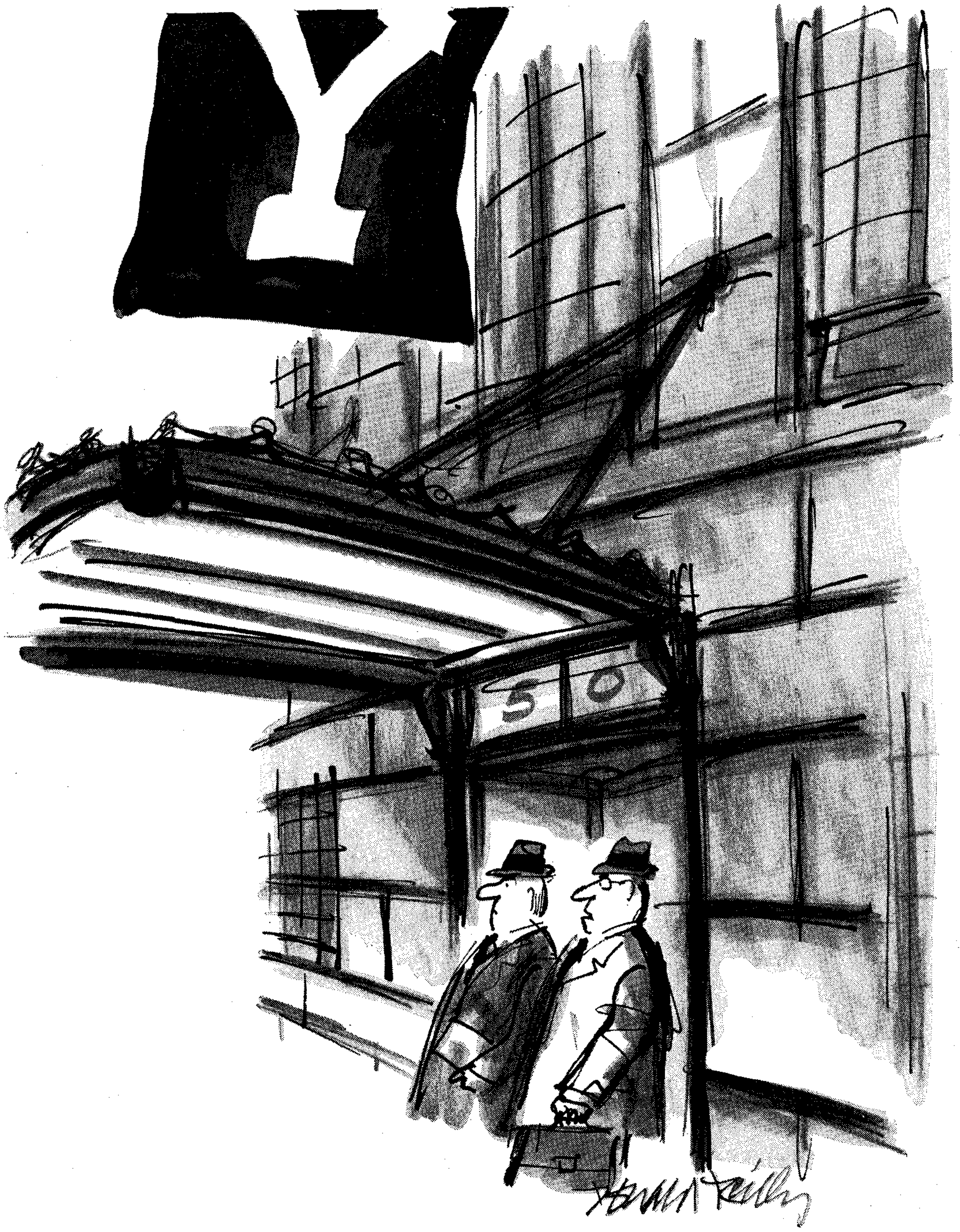
Custine adored travel. He spent a good part of his life in the pursuit of it. It was, he says, "*une douce manière de passer la vie*" for one who was out of accord with the ideas of his time (and, he might have added, was rejected by the society into which he was born). He claimed to "read" countries as other people read books. Travel was, as he saw it, a means of changing not only one's scene but one's century as well. What one had from it was "*l'histoire analysée dans ses résultats.*" (Citations from the text of "La Russie en 1839," such as this one, are taken from the second Amyot edition, of 1844. The translations are not of uniform origin.) It was in the travel account that his qualities, such as they were, came into their own. I am not familiar with the first of his works in this form. They were sketches of travel in Switzerland, Italy, England, and Scotland—travel that had been undertaken when he was very young but of which the accounts were not edited for publication until many years later. I have heard this work criticized with extreme severity—as the most atrocious romantic nonsense, written much under the influence of the Ossian legend. A later work, on Spain, published only a year before Custine embarked on his journey to Russia, was a much more serious effort, unjustly ignored by contemporaries and unjustly committed to oblivion by later generations.

It was with the account of the journey to Russia, however, that such literary abilities as Custine possessed came to fruition. Forty-nine years old when he made the journey, and fifty-two when he wrote his account of it, he was at the height of his powers. The stinging challenge of confrontation with Russian realities—a challenge that has evoked the best from more than one Western observer over the centuries—brought out all that he had it in him to give in the way of vigor of reaction. It drew on all his qualities, but above all it drew on his moral discrimination, his sense of the fitness of things, and his feeling for the essentials of a decent and hopeful civilization. In the confrontation with the Russia of Nicholas I, Custine's abilities as a writer, wasted for lack of genuine artistic talent when it came to other forms of literature, were finally realized.

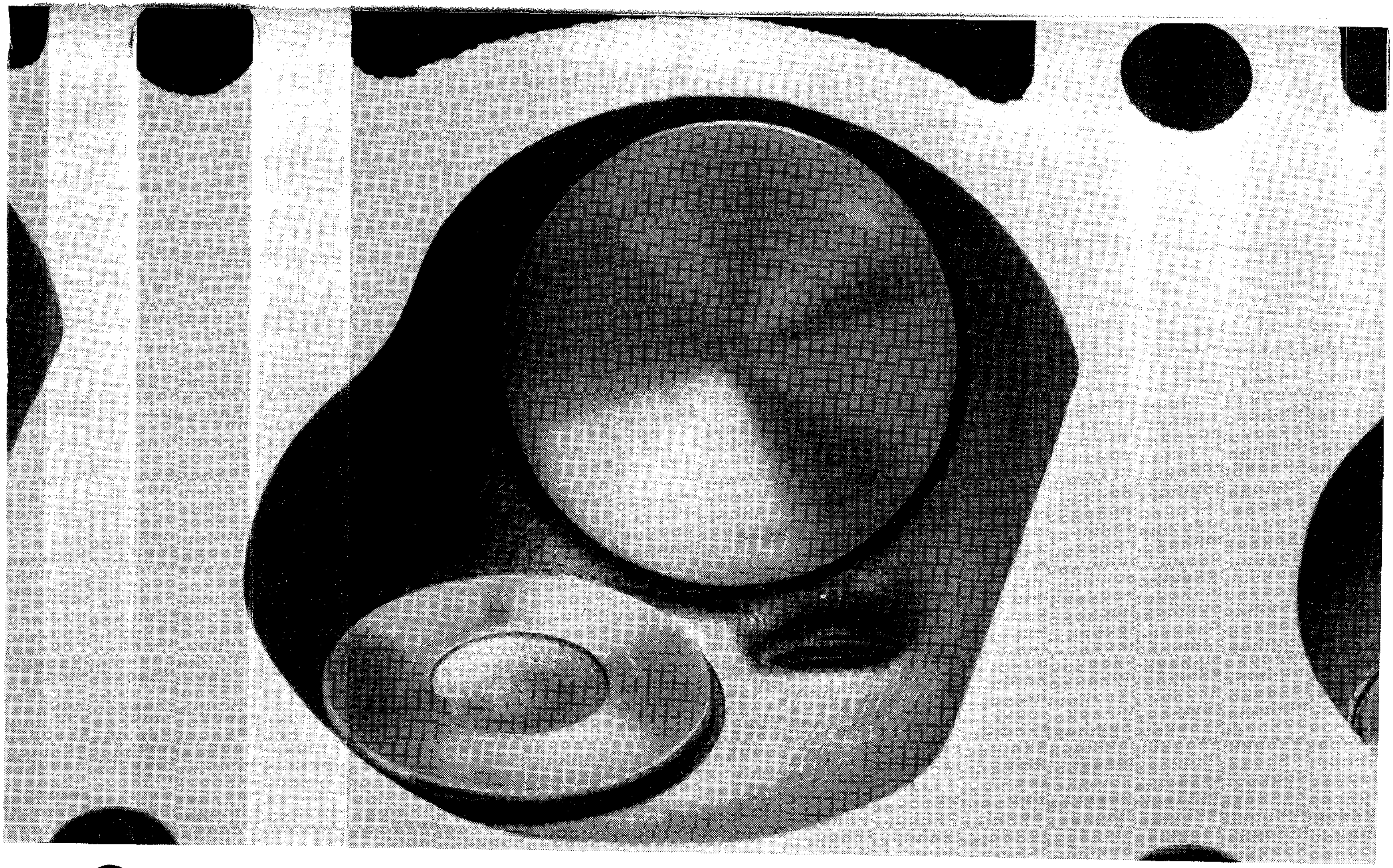
"La Russie en 1839" represented the culmination of Custine's literary career. Afterward, he wrote one more novel, which enjoyed mediocre success; did a bit more travelling, mostly to Italy; survived most of his friends; sold his Paris house; and, though he sensed clearly the approach of death, died suddenly, at his suburban home in Saint-Gratien, in September, 1857, his passing almost unnoticed in a France that had long since forgotten him. He was survived for only a little more than a year by Sainte-Barbe, his faithful companion and his heir. Custine's papers appear to have been completely lost, in a confused series of vicissitudes that included the destruction of some of them (no doubt on his instructions) by Sainte-Barbe, bouts of litigation over the estates of both men, and much indifference and neglect—and even rumors of misuse for purposes of blackmail—on the part of later heirs and others. With the disappearance of these papers, we must suppose, the historian was denied important clues to the various mysteries surrounding Custine's memorable journey to Russia.

Astolphe de Custine cannot be classed as a great man. The artificiality and the narrowness of horizon that marked his bringing up; the inner timidity that he was often able to conceal but never able really to overcome; the scars of his painful emotional experiences; the romantic distortion in his view of reality: these imposed tragic strictures on the degree to which he was able to develop talents that might, in other circumstances, have approached the level of greatness. But Custine was, by anyone's standards, a man of unusual qualities. The overpowering influence of his mother, and the streak of effeminacy in his nature that resulted from it, had endowed him with intuitive powers beyond those common to members of his sex. With these went a keen intellect, the best sort of classical education that the private tutoring of that age was able to give, the broadening effects of many years of travel, and a real passion for language and literature. Personal adversity, finally, had made him a philosopher of sorts—had given him a great sensitivity to moral values, a keen nose for cant and hypocrisy of every sort, and, in certain respects, an elevation of outlook that carried him well above the prejudices and conventions of his time. It was these qualities that he brought to his journey and to the drafting of his account of it.

CUSTINE appears to have left Paris, accompanied by an Italian manservant, Antonio, in late May of 1839. Well over a month passed before he took ship for Kronstadt at Travemünde. A degree of uncertainty surrounds his movements during that period. He himself was ob-



"At least this Erich Segal isn't ashamed to go out and hustle up a buck in his spare time, instead of trying to blow up the damned system."



Our exclusive Dreikugelwirbelwannenbrennraum.

You get it in the new BMW Bavaria. 6 cylinders. 2.8 liters. 130 mph. Under $5,000. Wundercar!

What is it? Take a little free German lesson:

Drei means three.
Kugel is ball or hemisphere.
Wirbel means swirl.
Wannenbrennraum means combustion chamber.

Put it all together and you have a triple-hemispheric swirl-action combustion chamber. The main reason why the power output of the new BMW Bavaria 2.8 liter engine beats any automobile engine its size.

Our engineers have contoured the new BMW's cylinder heads this way to produce smoother ignition, more complete combustion and more efficient utilization of fuel. The result is a powerful, quiet-running engine with long, trouble-free life.

An engine that hits 130 mph with ease, lets you cruise effortlessly at 120 mph.

And we haven't neglected your comfort, either. The interior of the new BMW Bavaria is roomy, with an understated elegance that makes the car unique as a sports sedan.

Why not go to your nearest BMW dealer and let him show you? Better yet, ask him to let you test-drive BMW's new Bavaria. And if you think our Dreikugelwirbelwannenbrennraum is something, wait till you see our Doppelzweikreisbremsanlage.

BMW's are available in nine different four or six-cylinder models. Suggested retail prices range from $3,015 to $8,453 P.O.E. New York. All prices quoted exclude dealer preparation charge, Skai upholstery, optional equipment, state and local taxes if any. Sole U.S. Importer: **Hoffman Motors Corporation,** 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022; 12541 Beatrice Street, Los Angeles, California 90066; Dealers Coast to Coast. *Advantageous European Delivery Program.* Write for free brochure No. **NY-5**

BMW
Bavarian Motor Works
in Munich, city of the 1972 Olympics.

viously at pains to distort the record in respect to some of them, and this places in question the accuracy of his statements about all the others. The following itinerary and chronology may be taken, however, as approximately accurate.

By June 3rd, Custine was in Bad Ems, in the Rhineland. Surely not by accident, his arrival shortly preceded that of the heir to the Russian throne, the Grand Duke Alexander Nikolayevich. Custine names this event as the real beginning of his Russian journey. He witnessed the arrival of the Grand Duke, and his book opens with a description of it. He saw the Grand Duke again the following day, he says, and on the basis of this second experience he amplifies his description of him, noting in him, among other things, a rather frightening capacity for dissimulation—a quality that, he adds cynically, revealed the prince as one indeed destined to exercise great power.

On or about June 8th, Custine left Ems and proceeded to Frankfurt. Here he evidently stopped for about a fortnight. He then moved on to Bad Kissingen, some sixty-five miles farther east, arriving about June 24th. (In pursuing this route, he was, incidentally, following the Grand Duke. The latter appears to have arrived in Kissingen on June 18th.) Custine spent only a day or two in Kissingen and then pressed on to Berlin. Here, too, he could have stopped only a very short time, for by July 3rd he was in Lübeck, preparing to embark from nearby Travemünde.

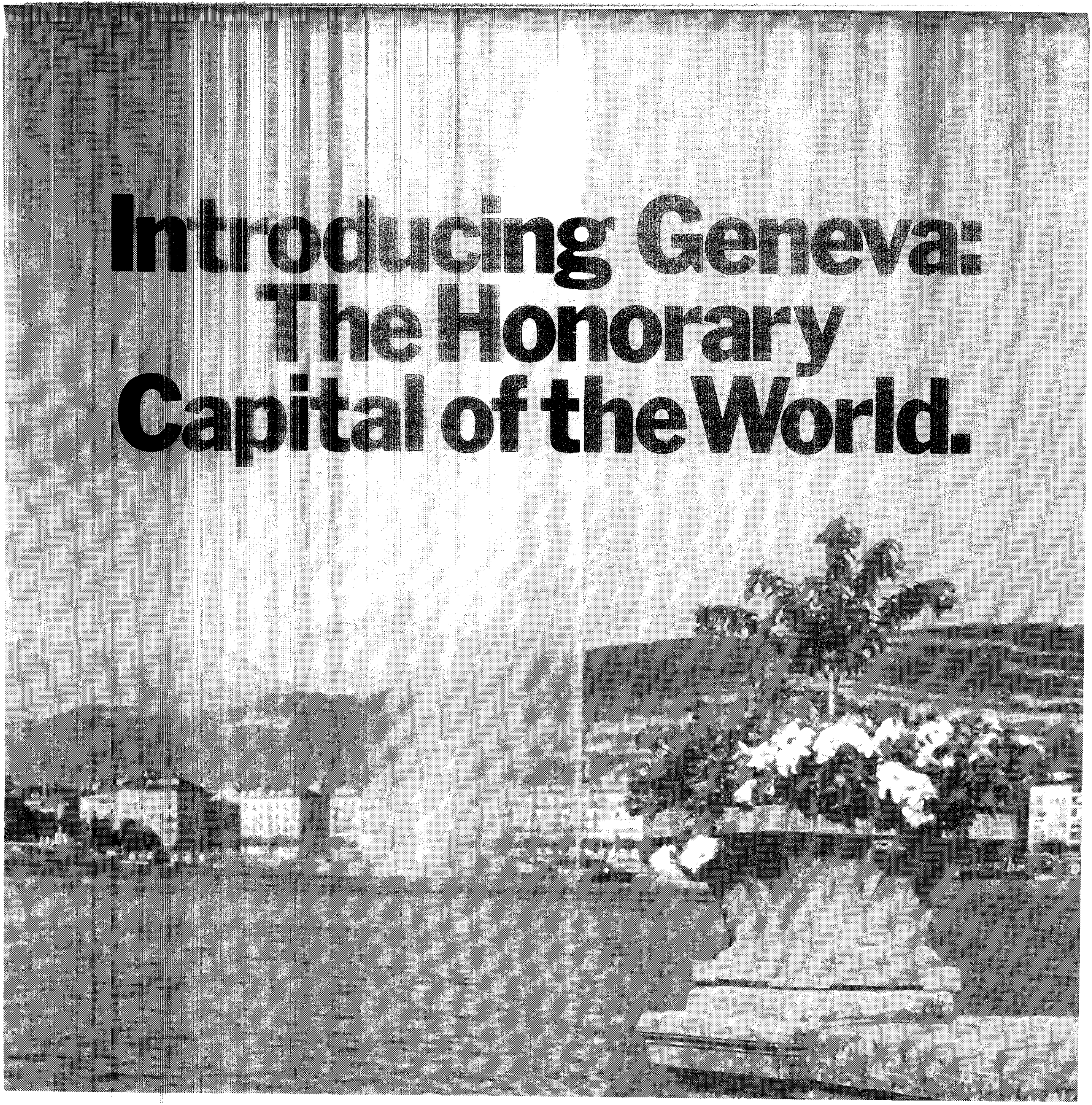
It must be noted that Custine, in the account of this journey that appears in his book, says nothing of his visits to Frankfurt and to Bad Kissingen. On the contrary, he gives the impression that he proceeded directly from Ems to Berlin, and to reinforce this impression he falsifies the date of his arrival in Berlin. One is naturally moved to curiosity concerning the reasons for this distortion. While Custine was in Bad Kissingen (and possibly also while he was in Frankfurt, for the two men were evidently proceeding along the same route), he met a Russian acquaintance—a man whom he had long known in Paris—and received from him a letter of introduction to certain people in Russia. The Russian acquaintance was a man well known in the history of Russian letters—Alexander Ivanovich Turgenev. A distant relative of the great novelist Ivan Sergeyevich Turgenev, Alexander Ivanovich was one of four sons of the second director of Moscow University, Ivan Petrovich Turgenev—one of the most erudite men in the Russia of his time. After undergoing a tour of training in the Foreign Office Archives in his younger years, Alexander Ivanovich entered government service and, during the reign of Alexander I, served, variously, as Director of the Department of Ecclesiastical Affairs, a staff official in the Council of State, and a member of the staff of the Legislative Commission. After the abortive Decembrist insurrection in 1825, he appears to have resided, for a complex of personal and political reasons, mostly abroad. He found a task that evidently suited him from both the personal and the political point of view—the task of unearthing from the official archives of a number of European governments materials bearing on Russia generally and on the relations between those governments and the Russian government in particular. This gave him an opportunity to live for years at a time in Western Europe. He made Paris his headquarters, and in the late eighteen-thirties he was spending much of his time there.

A stout, breathless man, ever on the move; a man profoundly social in his tastes and habits; a congenital bachelor, enjoying the special freedom and mobility of social life that so often go with the celibate state, Alexander Turgenev was a stupendous, but talented and amiable, busybody. To this calling he devoted energies of formidable dimensions. He knew everyone in the social and literary worlds of France and Russia. He was a warm and generous friend to dozens of literati in both countries. He was an indefatigable letter-writer. His letters, surviving by the thousand, have been published in various historical series, and they form one of the great funds of source material for the history of Russian literature in the first decades of the nineteenth century. In addition to scurrying frequently back and forth between Russia and France, he made of himself, with the help of his most intimate friends in Russia—and particularly A. Ya. Bulgakov, Postmaster at Moscow, and Prince Petr Andreyevich Vyazemski, in St. Petersburg—a veritable post office for the exchange of literary materials between the two countries. His correspondence is filled with references to the packages of printed matter he was constantly sending from one country to the other. He functioned in Paris, in fact, as a species of informal cultural attaché.

Alexander Turgenev's relations with the regime of Nicholas I were complicated. His background was that of the liberal-aristocratic intelligentsia of the period of Alexander I, for whom adjustment to the regime of Nicholas was difficult and often painful. His well-known brother Nikolai, also a writer of note, had been involved in the Decembrist conspiracy but had happened to be abroad at the time of the insurrection, and was obliged to live for decades thereafter as an exile in Western Europe. Alexander Turgenev not only remained devoted to this politically compromised brother but appeared to share in large degree the liberal impulses—the unhappiness over the outcome of the Decembrist affair and the suppression of the Polish uprising of 1830-31, and the general resentment of the heavy-handed oppressiveness of the Nikolayevan regime—that were felt by so many of his friends. That he was not always entirely secure in his foreign residence is suggested by a reference in one of his letters to a reassurance he had received privately from some high St. Petersburg quarter that he need fear no adverse reaction to his continuing to reside abroad for at least another year. It would be wrong to view his historical-archival work in Western Europe as perfunctory, or as a mere pretext for getting out of Russia. Nonetheless, one cannot avoid the impression that the work did serve as a welcome means of justifying a prolonged absence from Russia in a difficult time, enabling him to avoid certain problems of conscience, which life in Russia would inevitably have posed to anyone of his views and connections. One gains from his correspondence the impression of a highly cultured man of liberal views, in passive, if not active, political opposition to the regime of Nicholas I, living in Paris with a view to avoiding the oppressive atmosphere of the Russia of the day, and using his foreign residence, plus his excellent personal connections, as a means of keeping his friends in Russia abreast of cultural and literary trends in Western Europe.

Yet it must also be noted that Alexander Turgenev had good connections in Russian officialdom and does not appear to have been, at this stage of life, in any way in disfavor with the Russian government. While his research seems to have been done on behalf of the Russian government—particularly the Ministry of Education, which published the results of it—I have no evidence that he was considered a government

Introducing Geneva: The Honorary Capital of the World.



If you deliberately set out to create the capital of the world—a city where over 130 different nationalities live and 170 world organizations have their headquarters—where would you put it?

And what would it be like?

Think about it. You'd want it to be beautiful. Convenient. Clean. Elegant. Stimulating. Efficient. Exciting. Festive. Intellectual. Peaceful. Historic. Artistic. Friendly. Exhilarating . . .

That's why Geneva is such an astonishing phenomenon.

It is an extraordinary combination of French joie de vivre, Swiss order and cleanliness, tantalizing avant gardism, old-world stability, and breathtaking beauty. The city is a flowering garden set at the side of a blue crystal lake where a magnificent 470-ft. fountain cascades down in a feathery arch.

Geneva is a city of parks, open-air cafes, luxurious hotels, delicate inns, charming quays—all framed by the awesome presence of the Alps.

Geneva is the smallest big city in the world, where your hotel is only 15 minutes from the airport. And theatres, opera, ballet and fine restaurants, including 4 Chinese, are all within walking distance of your hotel.

And Geneva itself is only an hour to Paris, Nice, Frankfurt, Milan, Brussels, London . . . and almost any other major city.

But most important, Geneva is Swiss. That means a fanatical dedication to service.

No wonder Geneva is the honorary capital of the world. Let Swissair fly you there. For only $377, we'll take you to Geneva, give you a car with unlimited mileage for two weeks, and a charming country inn to stay at.

Naturally, we have more flights to Geneva than any other airline, including daily 747 service.

This year, don't just visit Europe. Visit the capital of the world.

SWISSAIR

For a diplomatic flight to the honorary capital of the world, call Swissair or your Swissair travel agent.

Price according to day and season of travel. Based on economy group inclusive tour basing fare. Round trip from New York. Based on double occupancy in hotels.

official. But his relations with the Russian diplomatic missions in Paris and elsewhere were close and cordial. Much of his voluminous personal correspondence went through official channels, where it could hardly have been immune from scrutiny by curious and critical official eyes. Not only this, but he seems to have been personally, and not unfavorably, known to the Emperor. He had been a close personal friend of Pushkin, whose relations in the final period of his life with the regime of Nicholas I were roughly analogous to those of Solzhenitsyn with the Soviet regime today. He had been in attendance on the poet through the long hours of his death agony following the duel in 1837. He had been one of the few persons present at the bedside when the poet died. He had then been selected, either on the Emperor's initiative or with his carefully considered approval, as the sole person, aside from Pushkin's servant and one officer of the gendarmerie, charged with the task of escorting the body on the last weird journey, by sleigh, to its final resting place, near Pskov. Considering the Czar's painful personal interest in Pushkin, and, particularly, in the episode of his death and burial, this seems to have been very much a mark of confidence.

The recommendation that Turgenev gave Custine in Kissingen on June 25th was actually only part of a letter of that date from Turgenev to his close friend in St. Petersburg, the poet and critic Prince Vyazemski—a letter that Custine was asked to take with him and to deliver to Vyazemski upon his arrival in St. Petersburg. It contained the following passage:

> The Marquis de Custine . . . will bring you this letter together with another one from the princess [Vyazemski's wife]. He is a friend of Chateaubriand and of la Récamier; you met him at her house. Recommend him to Prince Odoyevski from myself and from Varnhagen, who is closely connected with him. He knew his [Varnhagen's] wife, Rahel. . . . He writes accounts of his journeys. If he goes to Moscow, send him to Bulgakov and to Chaadayev on my behalf, and to Sverbeyeva—for the honor to Russian beauty.

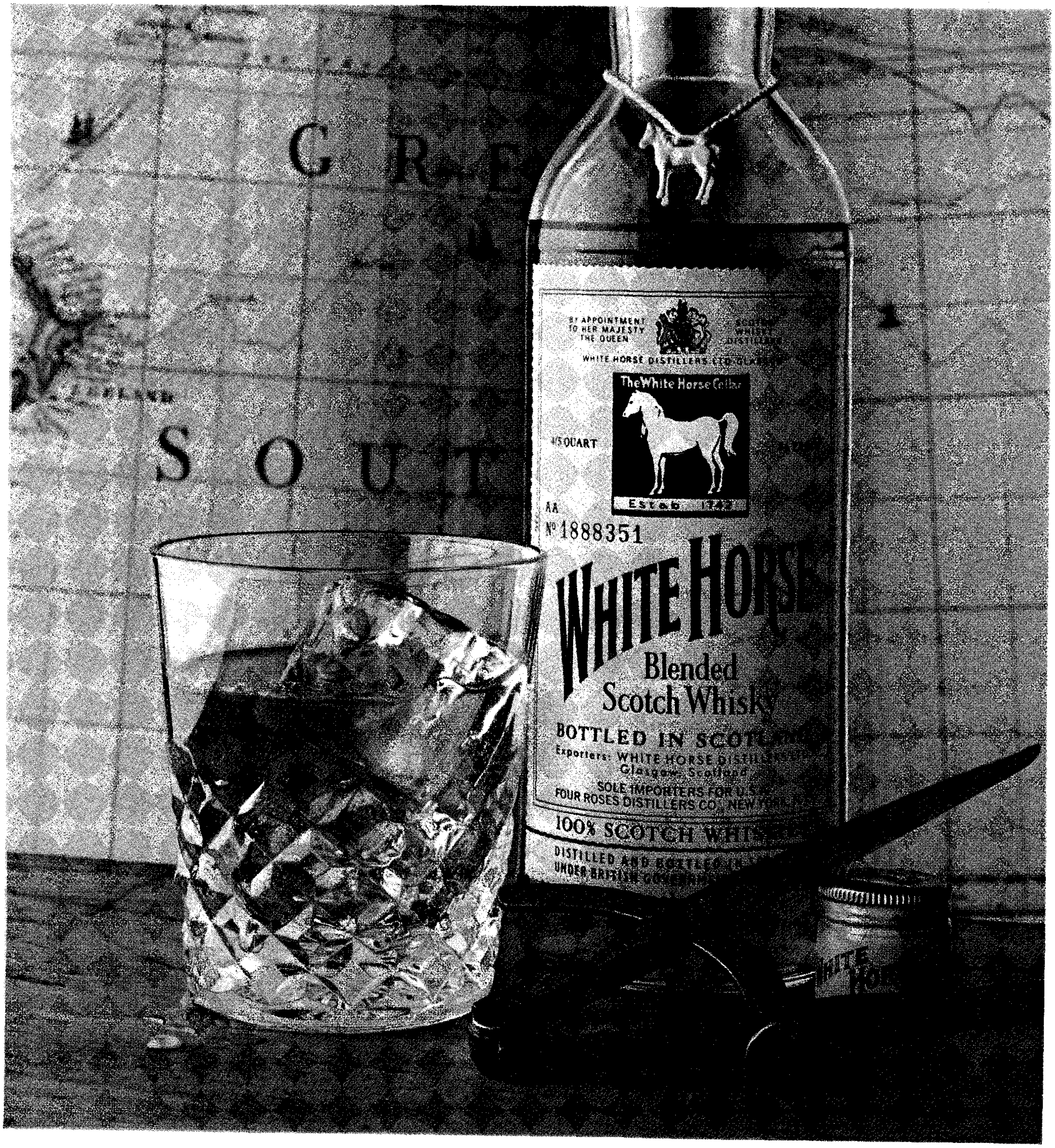
Just how much importance to assign to this letter from the standpoint of the background of Custine's journey and the inspiration of his views is a question to which existing evidence permits of no firm answer. But since Custine had discussions about Russian questions with at least one and probably most of these people, since there are certain mysteries that still surround their relations with one another and their connection with his journey, and since the similarity of Custine's views to those of one of them—Chaadayev—had on occasion been noted even by scholars to whom the existence of this letter was unknown, one must assume it to have had more than negligible significance.

It was, then, with this letter of introduction in his pocket that Custine, at the end of June, 1839, made his way, via Berlin, to Lübeck, where he stopped for a night or two before embarking at Travemünde on the steamer for Kronstadt. This steamer connection, served at the time by a vessel of combined sail and paddle-wheel propulsion called the Nicholas I, had been in existence for some years, at least through the summer season, and despite a disaster the previous summer, when the steamer caught fire off the coast of the island of Rügen, it had attained a considerable popularity with upper-class Russians as a relatively quick and easy means of passage between St. Petersburg and Western Europe. Thus, the inn at which Custine stopped in Lübeck was one much patronized by Russian travellers, and from his brief sojourn there he derived what became one of the most famous passages of his book. The innkeeper, with whom he fell into conversation, expressed wonder that Custine should wish to go to Russia. Custine asked why this should be a source of surprise. The innkeeper explained that his Russian guests seemed to have two physiognomies. "When they leave the ship on their way to Europe," he said, "they have a gay, free, happy air about them; they are like escaped horses, like birds out of the cage, men, women, young, and old: all are happy as students on a holiday; but the same persons, on their return, are drooping, sombre, tormented figures, preoccupied, taciturn, with worried faces." No passage in Custine's book, incidentally, stung the Czar's regime more painfully than this one. Not one of a host of semiofficial Russian critics who, after the book appeared, set out to attack and refute Custine's conclusions failed to insist that the reason the Russians were all so happy when they left the ship in Germany was that they had been deathly seasick on board and were glad to be back on dry land, whereas their gloom as they passed through Lübeck on their return arose from the dread of a new maritime ordeal.

Shortly after boarding the ship at Travemünde, and while waiting for the vessel to sail, Custine witnessed the laborious arrival of a fellow-passenger—a Russian prince, so obese and infirm that he had to be assisted on board. The two men soon fell into the first of a series of conversations, a detailed record of which was to occupy a prominent place in Custine's book. The prince, with whose personality and discourse Custine was utterly charmed, proceeded during the voyage to give Custine a short lecture course in the history of Russia, in the differences between Russia's historical development and that of the West, in contemporary features of the Russian government, and, particularly, in the relations of Church and State in Russia. What emerged from these statements was not at all a chauvinistic Russian view; on the contrary, it was a very Western, very detached, and—in regard to Russia itself—deeply skeptical and pessimistic one. It might be summarized, in paraphrase, as follows:

1. Russia was separated by scarcely four hundred years from the barbarian invasions, whereas it was fourteen hundred years since the West had gone through this crisis; such a difference in age made a tremendous difference in the customs of nations.
2. Russia, long before the Mongol invasions, had received its rulers from Scandinavia, and these, in turn, had received their tastes, their arts, and their luxuries from the emperors and patriarchs of Constantinople.
3. Brilliant figures of saints and rulers, and sometimes combinations of the two, had flashed across the dark skies of medieval Russia, but these did not resemble the great men of the West. They were less like men of the age of chivalry than like Biblical kings who had retained their patriarchal customs. The Russians, accordingly, had not been brought up in that school of good faith which shaped the chivalresque traditions of medieval Europe. They knew the concept neither of honor nor of word of honor. The spread of that spirit of chivalry toward the East might be said to have stopped with

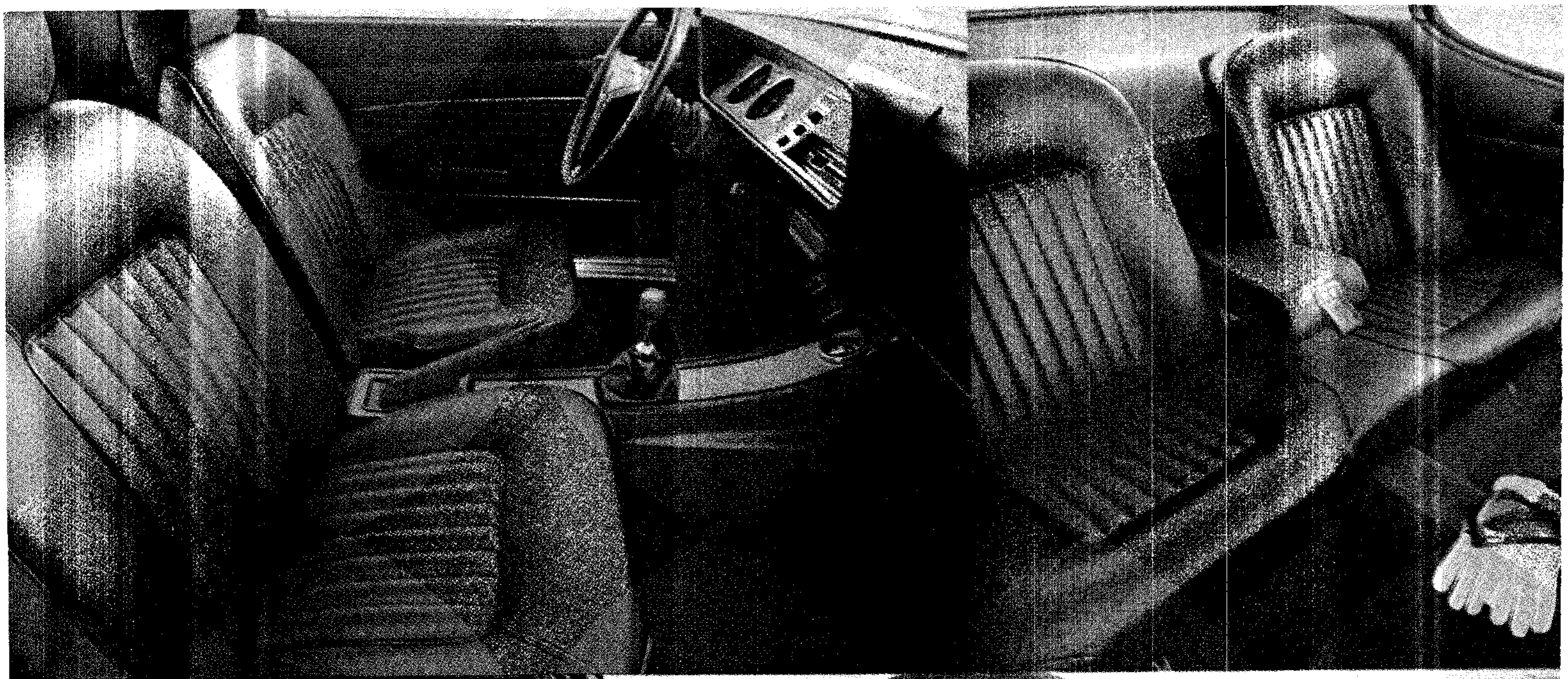
Before Cook sailed around the world, we were a Tradition.

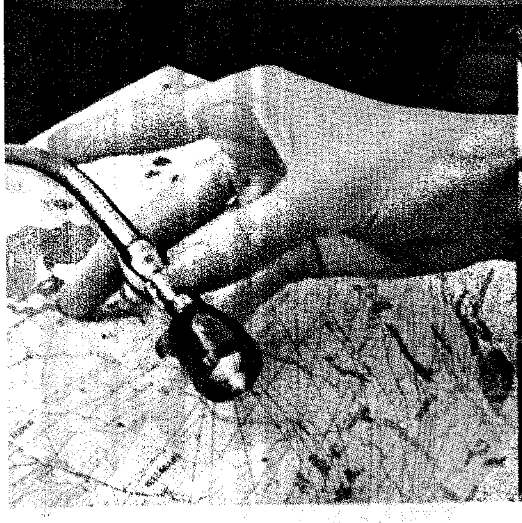

G R E
S O U T
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS LTD
The White Horse Cellar
Estab. 1742
4/5 QUART
AA
No 1888351
WHITE HORSE
Blended Scotch Whisky
BOTTLED IN
Exporters: WHITE HORSE
Glasgow Scotland
SOLE IMPORTERS FOR U.S.
FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS CO. NEW YORK
100% SCOTCH WHIS
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED
UNDER BRITISH

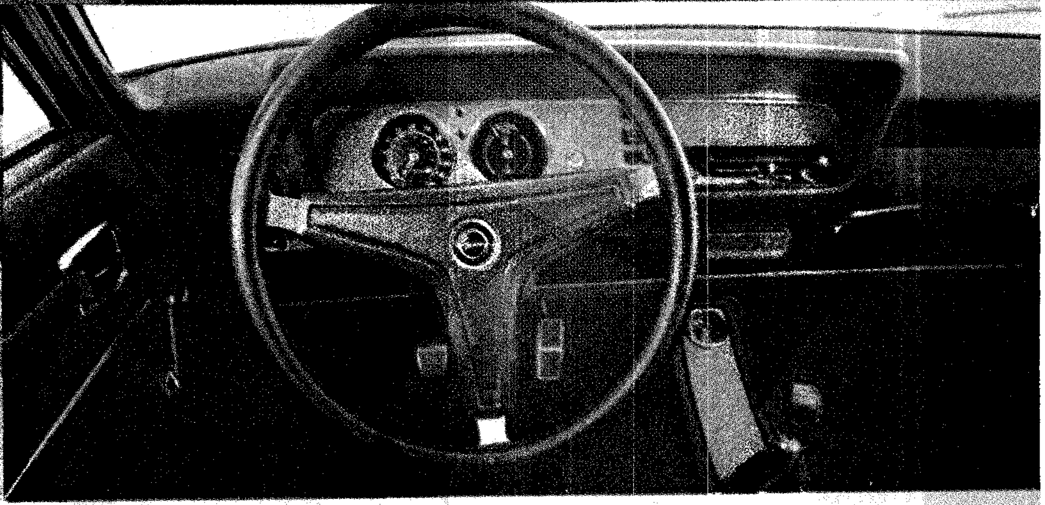
The White Horse Cellar
Estab. 1742

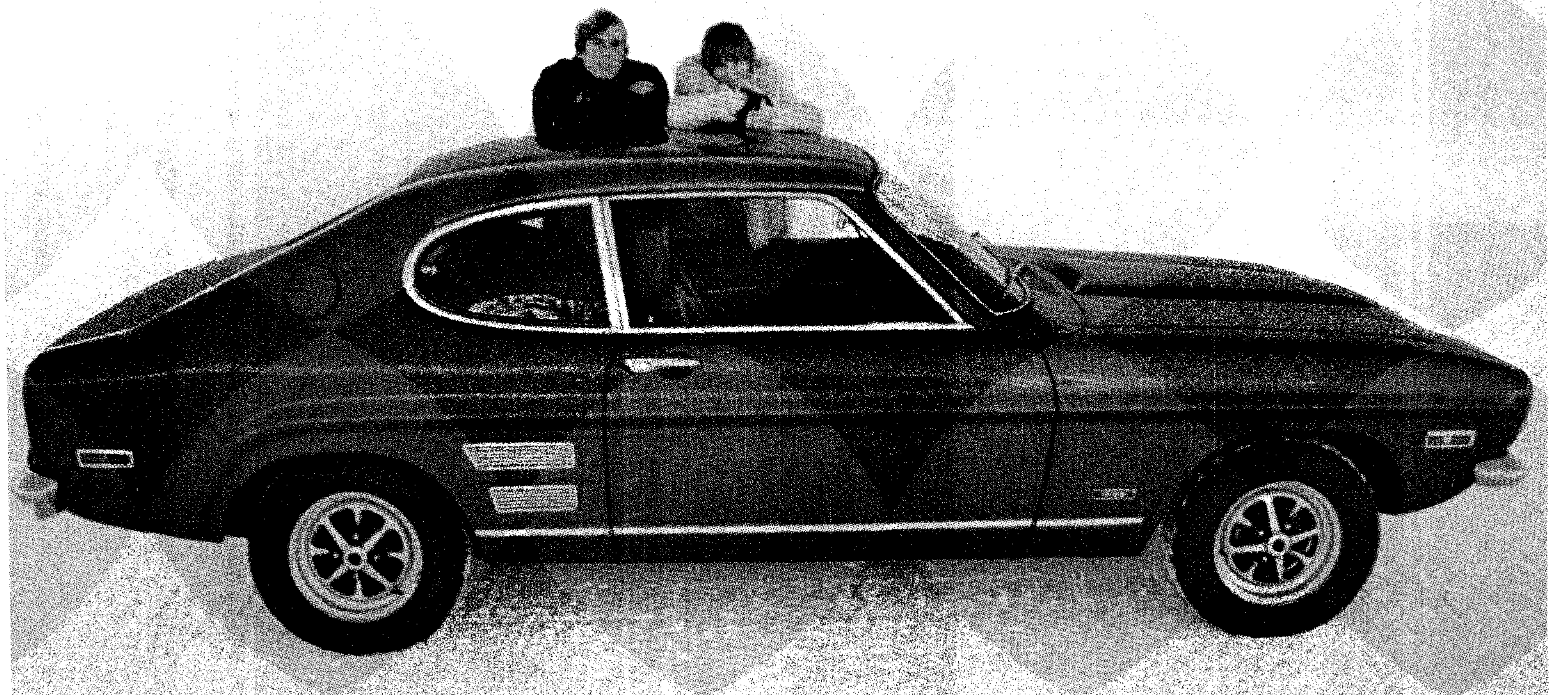
We made it great. You made it famous.

White Horse Scotch









Capri Sport Coupe

CAPRI Ford

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

Capri.

Road Test Magazine calls it: "The Import Car of the Year."

We call it the first sexy European under $2400.

Mfr.'s suggested retail price. Does not include destination charges, dealer preparation, state & local taxes, options. Decor group as shown $119 extra.

Road Test could have picked any import from the tiniest two-seater to the Rolls. Why Capri?

We quote: "When quality, quality control, appearance, luxury of trim, utility, handling and performance are all evaluated as a package at a given price, Capri shows as the winner."

They loved Capri's "international styling." "Outstanding handling." "Fine and sensitive rack-and-pinion steering."

They raved about Capri's 4-speed "silky-smooth floor shift." Not to mention power disc brakes up front.

And Road Test appreciates a little luxury. Like front buckets of soft vinyl "that looks and feels like leather." And an "attractively turned-out dash" in wood-grain effect.

Full carpeting. Styled steel wheels. Radial tires. Flow-thru ventilation. Room for four adults. Easy maintenance. And small-car gas economy.

But what they really couldn't get over was the price.

Because every single thing above is standard. No extra charge.

Options? Capri offers a brand-new engine—a gutsy 2000cc, 100hp overhead cam four.

For about $50 extra, list price.

Other options for Lincoln-Mercury's Capri: Automatic transmission. Sun roof. Vinyl top. Decor group interior features shown.

Road Test calls Capri "import of the year."

We call it sexy. And that's pretty great for under $2400.

Imported for Lincoln-Mercury.

Poland. The Poles had fought romantically, for the sake of glory. The Russians were also warriors, but they fought only for the sake of conquest. They were governed, as warriors, by obedience and greed. A chasm had therefore grown up between these two Slavic nations—Poland and Russia—which it would take centuries to overcome.

4. While Europe was still panting from its efforts to recover the tomb of Christ from the power of miscreants, the Russians were paying tribute to the Muslims and continuing to receive from the Byzantine Empire their habits, arts, customs, sciences, and religion; their aversion to the Latin crusades; and their political life, with its addiction to ruses and frauds.

5. Russian despotism, as it was known in the nineteenth century, had been founded at the very moment when slavery was being abolished in the rest of Europe. Since the invasions by the Mongols, the Slavs, once among the freest of peoples, had become slaves, first of their Asian conquerors, then of their own princes, and this had degraded the entire tenor of Russian public life.

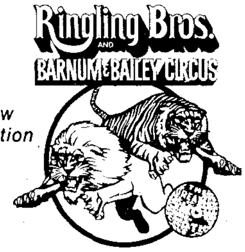
Custine, in writing his book, was at pains—though not *excessive* pains—to conceal the identity of this extraordinary interlocutor, referring to him only as "Prince K***." Actually, the man's identity is unmistakable, and his personality deserves, both for its own sake and because of its importance for Custine's journey, a closer scrutiny.

Prince Petr Borisovich Kozlovski had started his career, around 1800, as a Russian diplomat. He had been Russian chargé d'affaires at the court of Sardinia at the time when Joseph de Maistre was Sardinian envoy in St. Petersburg. He, like Custine, had been at the Congress of Vienna. In 1820, he had left the diplomatic service, reputedly because he insisted on filing a report, dealing with Metternich's policy toward Germany, that ran counter to the views of the Emperor. Instead of returning at once to Russia, however, he continued to live in Western Europe for many years, as a private citizen. He returned to Russia only in 1835, after an unbroken absence of twenty-three years. He then collaborated for a time with Pushkin as a contributor to the latter's literary journal, the *Sovremennik*. Kozlovski was a man fabulous, rather than famous, in many of the diplomatic and social salons of the Europe of his day—fabulous for his great girth, for his facial resemblance to the Bourbons (particularly Louis

WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

MAY

Another Battle of Champions comes to the Garden this merry month. But this time not a blow will be struck nor an epithet uttered. For this joyous battle will be between the all-new 101st Edition of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus and its fabulous predecessor, the famous 100th Anniversary Edition, for the championship title as The Greatest Show on Earth®.


Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus

All New 101st Edition

The 101st Edition is at the Garden now and will continue through Sunday (16). Its wonders have been greeted with happy acclaim by children of all ages from moppets to nonagenarians, and particularly by those normally sophisticated and demanding critics.

"A radiant, dynamic eyeful," enthused Howard Thompson in the Times. "It brings you in three rings all the animal and human acts you could possibly wish for!" chortled Douglas Watt in the News.

Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Circus
100th Anniversary

But then on Tuesday (18) through Memorial Day (31), the 100th Anniversary Edition returns to Madison Square Garden for those who missed it last year and the thousands who want to thrill to it again. And what did Mr. Thompson say of this edition last year in the Times? Merely "the most impressive and varied array of circus endeavor this reviewer has ever seen." And Mr. Watt in the News? "An altogether dandy circus!"

So which is truly The Greatest Show on Earth? Come see them both and judge for yourself. Your verdict is certain to be that they're both The Greatest.

M.S.G.

madison square garden
Pennsylvania Plaza, 7th Ave., 31st to 33rd Sts.
FOR TICKET INFORMATION CALL (212) 564-4400

XVI), for his warm, generous personality, and, above all, for his exceptional brilliance, wit, and charm as a conversationalist. His was indeed a tragic personality—a bit that of the physically slothful intellectual, a bit that of Falstaff. One suspects that an extreme sense of delicacy reduced him on many occasions (as it has many other fat people) to playing the clown, as the easiest way of appearing to share the amusement induced in others by the sight of his great bulk. But those who knew him were unanimous in the recognition that behind all this there lay a mind of great seriousness and originality. People adored hearing him talk. Parties were arranged around his presence, as though for some great musician who had agreed to play. It is said that on one occasion he even spoke aloud, in installments, to a group of his friends, an entire novel he had in his head but was too lazy to write down. He was the first Russian ever to receive an honorary degree from Oxford, preceding in this honor even Czar Alexander I. This could have been, I think, a tribute only to such of his qualities as were manifested in his conversation, for he seldom wrote anything. The miserable letters of the alphabet, he claimed, interfered with the even flow of his thoughts.

THE Nicholas I anchored off Kronstadt on July 10, 1839, in the early dawn of a far-northern summer. It was at once boarded by an army of customs and police officials, and there ensued, throughout the hours of the morning, an interminable ordeal of inspection in the grand salon. (This caused Custine to observe blandly, as his first impression of Russia, that in the administration of that country *a concern for the minutiae* did not rule out disorder.) The passengers were then placed on another vessel, of shallower draft, and taken up the ship canal to St. Petersburg. (Custine noted at this point that the cordiality and interest previously manifested toward him by certain of the Russian passengers fell off considerably as they felt themselves back in the political atmosphere of their native land.)

Once the vessel had docked in St. Petersburg, Custine's Russian friends were released, but he himself was held for further questioning—an ordeal in which most of the questions already asked him on the ship were repeated. (*In the administration* of Russia, he observed at this point, it was clear that one formality successfully accomplished by no means ruled out another.)

Here is Custine's account of this interrogation:

> What are you going to do in Russia?
> See the country.
> That is no proper purpose for travel.
> I have no other.
> Whom do you expect to see in St. Petersburg?
> All those who will permit me to make their acquaintance.
> How long do you expect to stay in Russia?
> I don't know.
> Tell me approximately.
> Some months.
> Do you have a public diplomatic mission?
> No.
> A secret one?
> No.
> Some scientific purpose?
> No.
> Have you been sent by your government to observe the social and political situation in this country?
> No.
> By some commercial enterprise, perhaps?
> No.
> You are travelling independently and by pure curiosity?
> Yes.
> Why did you choose Russia to come to?
> I don't know.... etc., etc.
> Do you have letters of recommendation to certain people in this country?
> (I had been warned that it would be inconvenient to respond too frankly to this question, so I spoke only of the one I had from my banker.)

Custine remained in St. Petersburg, on that first occasion, a little more than three weeks—until August 2nd. He stayed at the Hôtel de Coulon, operated by a Frenchman and considered the best hotel in Petersburg. That, however, Custine observed, was "not saying much;" he described the hostelry as "an ornamented stable."

On July 14th, on the intercession of the French ambassador, Custine attended (it was his first appearance in court society) the wedding, in the private chapel of the Winter Palace, of the Emperor's daughter the Grand Duchess Marie to the French Prince Maximilien Joseph de Beauharnais, grandson of the Empress Josephine. That same night, Custine attended the wedding ball, where he was presented to the Emperor and Empress and spoke with both.

This day cannot have been an easy one for Custine. Except for the French ambassador, he knew almost no one at court. Attired in as much of a court costume as he could assemble from his travelling wardrobe, he was obliged to make his way to the Winter Palace alone, in a hired carriage. Descending from the carriage at the foot of the steps leading to the palace, and before the eyes of a great crowd of onlookers held at a distance by the police, he caught the buckle of his slipper on some

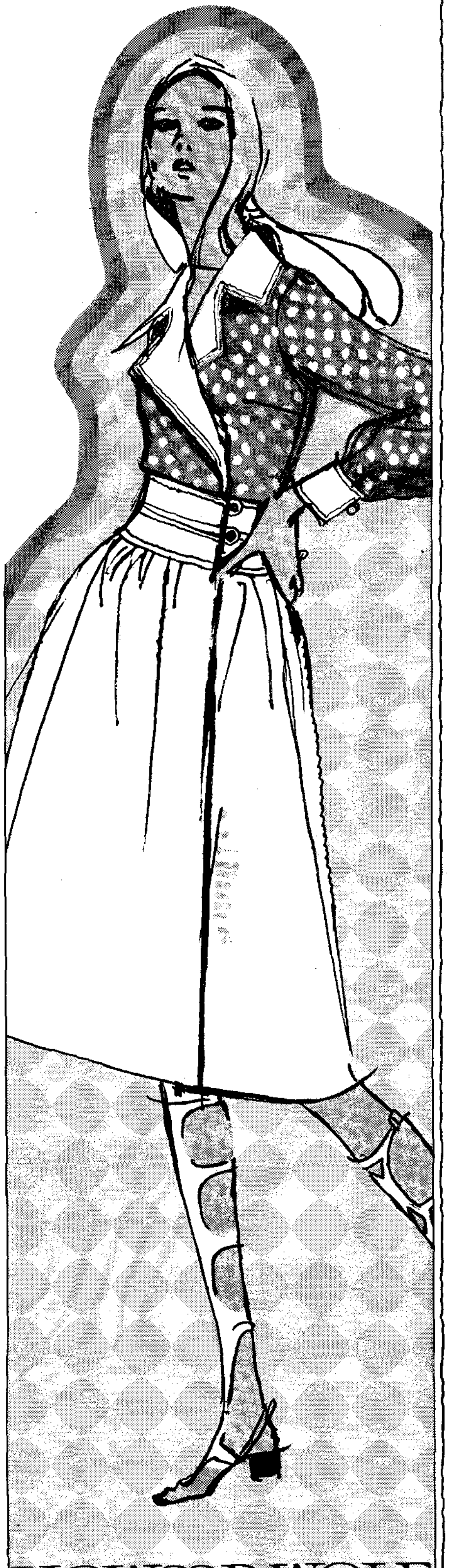
IMPERIAL
IMPERIAL
HIRAM WALKER
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC.
PEORIA, ILLINOIS · SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
86 PROOF

©1970 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL. • BLENDED WHISKEY
86 PROOF • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

When it's time to replay the day taste is the name of the game

Imperial

The extra step whiskey that's just a sip smoother than the rest.



HOWARD WOLF
Woven cotton pique and dotted Dacron® polyester-cotton sheer. At Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Lazarus, Columbus; Franklin Simon, New York City.
Circa $40
Howard B. Wolf, Inc./498 Seventh Ave., N. Y. or Dallas

protuberance in the carriage door, and it tore off, leaving the slipper dangling on his foot. The court footman at once slammed the door of the carriage behind him, and the unfeeling coachman drove smartly off, leaving Custine with one good shoe and one dragging one. He endured a moment of panic and despair. He could not run after the carriage, nor could he communicate effectively with the lackey who had slammed the door. There was nothing for it but to head up the staircase, for his first encounter with the Russian court, with one dragging shoe. But at this moment the wisdom engendered by a long life of social rejection broke through to fortify him for the ordeal, and he comforted himself with the penetrating reflection (it is one of those inimitable touches that make his books worth reading) that nothing of this nature that happens to a person is ever really as important to other people as it is to him.

In the Bolshoi Theatre's staging of Pushkin's "Eugene Onegin," there is a magnificent ballroom scene, depicting one of the great St. Petersburg routs of Custine's period, in which all the male members of the huge company onstage are in resplendent court uniform except the hero himself, Onegin, who, just back in Russia after years abroad, is estranged from the society of St. Petersburg and knows no one but the host, and wanders forlornly around, the sole person dressed in black, ignored and abandoned by all the others. So poor Custine, one imagines, must have felt at the wedding ball. He was wearing, he recounts, an Arabian talisman given to his mother, through the bars of her prison cell, by the present bridegroom's grandfather as he passed down the prison corridor on the way to his execution in the Terror. Custine was too proud, however, to invite attention to this. It was a warm night, heavy with the occasional oppressive heat of the far-northern summer and the emanations of the sweltering crowd, and he recounts that when the Empress sought him out and spoke to him, to his intense gratification, he had taken refuge in an empty alcove by an open window, where he could breathe the fresh night air and look out on the beauty of the city in the magical "white night" of early summer. Thus one is moved to picture him as he entered upon his visit to Russia: a vain, defensive, and sensitive man, bearing the scars of a long ordeal of disgrace and opprobrium, quick to sense arrogance or ridicule toward himself, but intensely grateful for any really civilized and tactful attention.

Custine attended two other festivities in connection with the Beauharnais wedding: one a ball by the Emperor's sister-in-law the Grand Duchess Hélène, at her residence in the Palais Michel, where he again met the Emperor and Empress, and the other a fête champêtre at the suburban villa of the Duchess of Oldenburg. Then, from the twenty-third to the twenty-seventh of July, he was a guest of the imperial couple at the great fête given annually at the suburban palace of Peterhof, where the Czar and his wife received as guests, and entertained for some three days, people of all ranks of Russian society, from the nobility down to the peasantry. Custine being a latecomer, and all the regular guest suites being already occupied, he found himself installed, rather ridiculously, in two of the actors' dressing rooms in the summer theatre.

At the time of the Peterhof festival, Custine asked permission, through the Minister of War, to visit the fortress of Schlüsselburg, situated on an island at the head of the Neva River, where that great stream flows out of Lake Ladoga. The request, at once passed on to the Emperor, surely occasioned some surprise, for this bastion was the favored place of detention for particularly important and dangerous prisoners of state. It was here that the miserable pretender of the mid-eighteenth century, Ivan VI, had been all but buried alive for eight years, in the deepest isolation and silence, until he was murdered by his guards, in 1764. Custine had a very definite weakness for the morbid, and it was unquestionably the tales of the miserable fate of Ivan VI that had aroused his desire to see this place.

A few days later, on the eve of his intended departure from St. Petersburg, the request was granted, but only in the form of a permission to visit "the locks" at Schlüsselburg. He made the excursion nevertheless. It was perhaps his most horrible day in Russia. His nerves were on edge, his apprehensions aroused. An officer who had been assigned to escort him seemed to him to be his jailer rather than his host. He had tortured himself the night before with the thought "What if this escort and this carriage were to keep right on going and eventually deliver me to some far Siberian confinement? It could easily be said in St. Petersburg

I say pfooey on old traditions.

Guten Tag smiling employees of Lufthansa German Airlines:

You will continue to be efficient
and meticulous
and punctual
and all those nice German things.

You will stop being dull and
cold and humorless and all those
not nice German things.

Be schmaltzy, not stuffy.

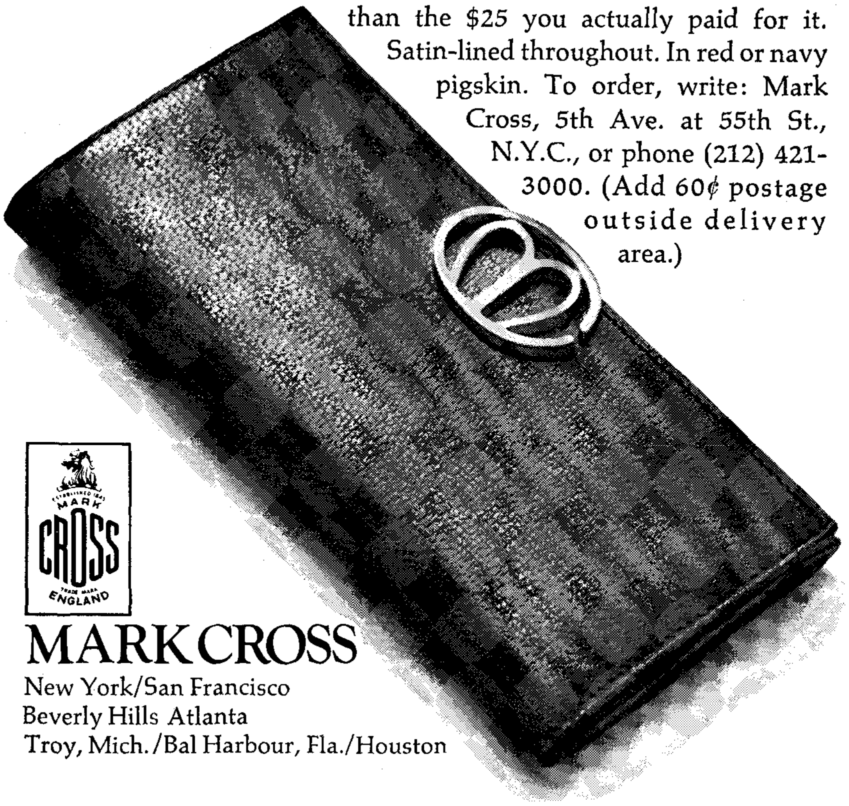
The Red Baron

that I had accidentally fallen into the river and drowned. Who would know?" He was to be much ridiculed in later years for the confession of these fears in his book, and they must indeed appear ridiculous to anyone who has never had the experience of being in a country where secrecy is ubiquitous and power arbitrary and unlimited. Despite his timidity, Custine showed remarkable persistence in his purpose. He succeeded, almost miraculously, in eventually talking his way into the fortress itself, to the acute embarrassment of all concerned. But the whole experience was a dreadful one. Its sinister quality long haunted his imagination and affected his view of Russia.

On August 3rd, Custine set forth for Moscow, travelling in his own carriage—an English one, which he had brought with him on the ship. He was accompanied by Antonio and a Russian *Feldjäger* assigned to him by the government—a man whom he soon came to detest and who, to all appearances, heartily reciprocated the sentiment. For motive power, he was obliged, like all travellers of means and position, to use relays of post horses, by which he was moved from one to another of the postal stations, situated at intervals of about eight miles. He was warned that his carriage, however fine the English workmanship, would be too delicate for the Russian roads, and this proved to be true. There were breakdowns and delays. Within five days, however, having averaged something over seventy-five miles a day, he had arrived in Moscow and installed himself in the inn kept there by an Englishwoman, Mme. Howard. It had, he understood, the reputation of being the only clean hostelry in Russia.

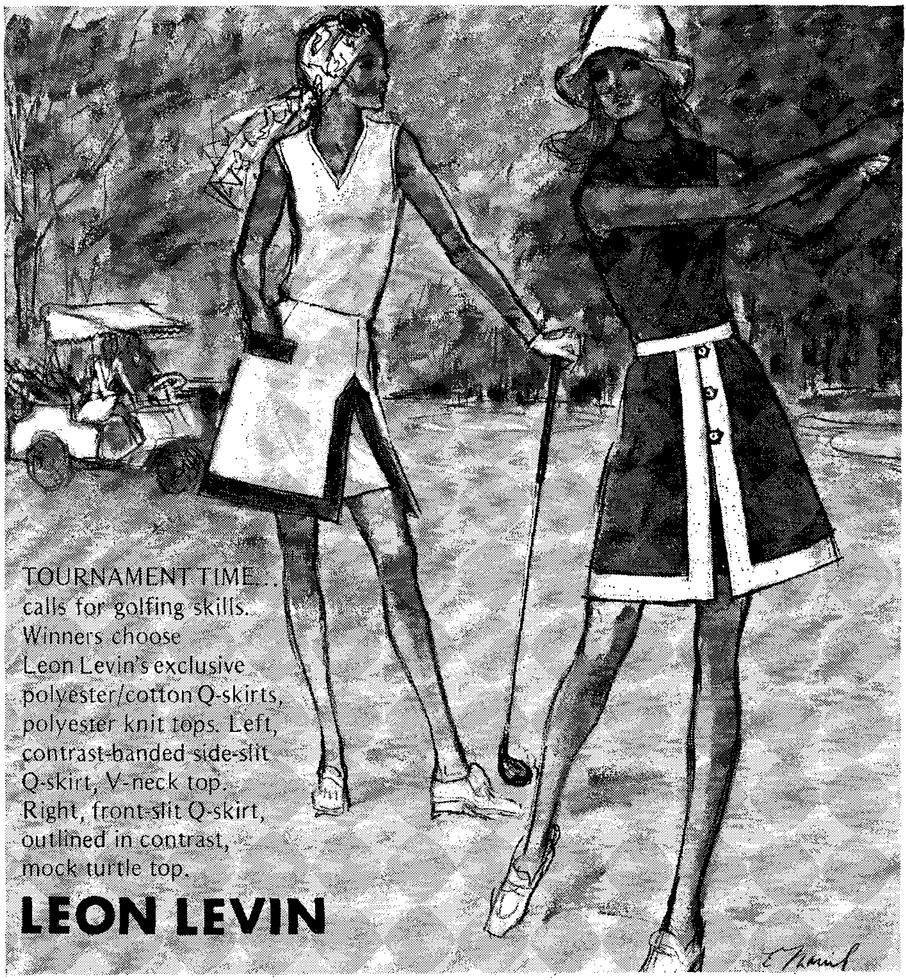
He liked Moscow better than St. Petersburg. The air seemed freer, the talk less constrained. He was taken out to a luncheon party in the garden of a rather luxurious dacha, where, for once, he actually admired the company and enjoyed the conversation. Like everyone else, he was impressed by the barbaric splendor and confusion of the Moscow architecture. He lost himself in speculations about how vast and impressive Russian power would be if the seat of it were ever to be moved from Petersburg to Moscow; only then, he thought, would Russia's destiny be finally achieved.

Custine departed for Yaroslavl and Nizhni Novgorod on August 16th. This time, he left his English carriage behind in Moscow and rented a Russian one, which his friends assured him would be stronger. That view, as it



This is the Lady's Wallet that has three compartments for bills, one compartment for up to 20 credit cards, a roomy change purse with a flap that snaps shut, and, outside, soft pigskin and the one-and-only Mark Cross monogram. It all adds up to a wallet that everyone will admire, and assume it costs more than the $25 you actually paid for it. Satin-lined throughout. In red or navy pigskin. To order, write: Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C., or phone (212) 421-3000. (Add 60¢ postage outside delivery area.)

MARK CROSS
New York/San Francisco
Beverly Hills Atlanta
Troy, Mich./Bal Harbour, Fla./Houston



TOURNAMENT TIME... calls for golfing skills. Winners choose Leon Levin's exclusive polyester/cotton Q-skirts, polyester knit tops. Left, contrast-banded side-slit Q-skirt, V-neck top. Right, front-slit Q-skirt, outlined in contrast, mock turtle top.

LEON LEVIN

AT FINE STORES AND PRO SHOPS, OR WRITE 498 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK 10018

happened, was overoptimistic. The journey continued to be plagued by the tedium of repeated breakdowns and repairs. In Yaroslavl, however, Custine was charmed by the reception he received at the hands of the provincial governor, General K. M. Poltoratski; by the sophisticated Parisian conversation of the governor's wife; and by an old French governess of hers who lived at their home. When he first observed the elegance of the equipage that the governor sent to take him to the residence, he had been afraid, he confessed, that he was going to encounter only more of those "*Européens voyageurs, les courtisans de l'Empereur Alexandre—les grands seigneurs cosmopolites*," whom he had encountered in St. Petersburg and had come to dislike cordially. He was therefore not just pleasantly surprised but emotionally overwhelmed to find himself in a house where the speech and the manners and the subjects of conversation all put him back in the atmosphere of his youth. His stay in Yaroslavl was, however, a brief one. On the twenty-first, he was off to Nizhni Novgorod.

Although the governor in Nizhni, Prince M. P. Buturlin, was no less hospitable than his colleague in Yaroslavl, Custine's stay there was less agreeable. He was poorly housed. He disliked the chance assembly of itinerant foreigners—French, British—in whose company he was entertained by the governor. He fell ill with a chill and was obliged to take to his bed. A Russian physician, summoned to his bedside, advised him only to get out of Nizhni Novgorod, however ill he might be, without delay, since the air there had a bad effect on some constitutions. Custine took the advice, was at once restored, and arrived safely back in Moscow on September 4th. His stay in Moscow on this occasion was only a transit stop of four days. On the eighth, he was off for Petersburg, travelling once more in his own carriage. Having arrived in Petersburg on about September 8th, he spent nearly a fortnight in that city before setting forth, by the land route this time, to return to Western Europe.

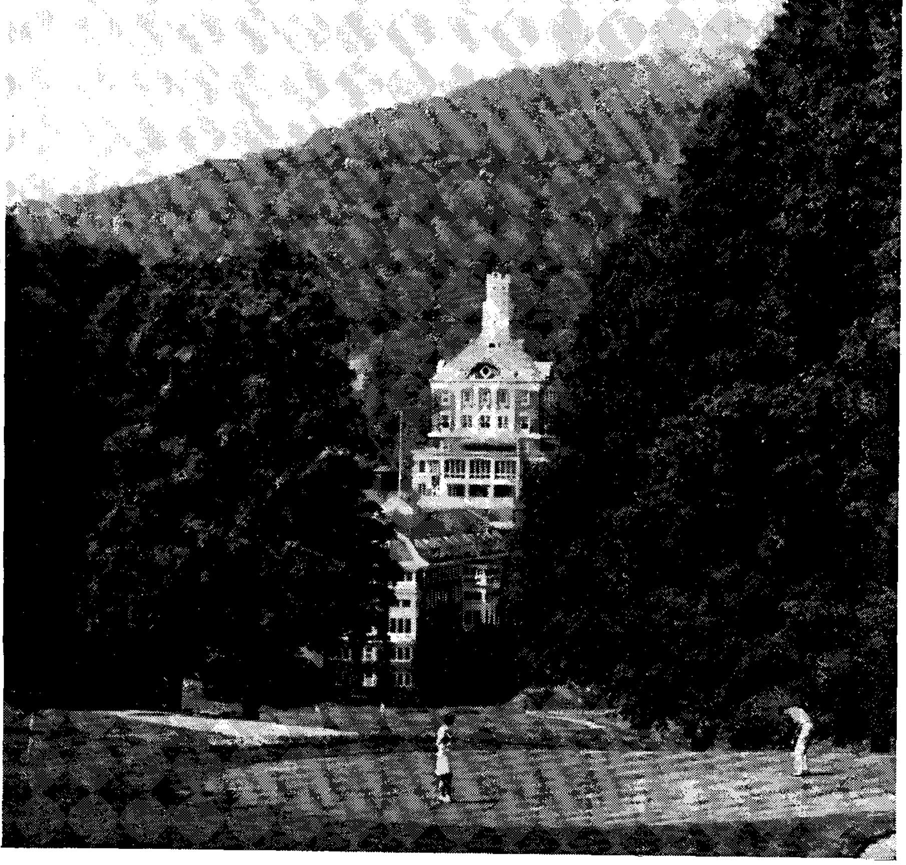
On September 26th, Custine crossed the border at Tilsit. His joy and relief were enormous. A bird escaped from the cage could not, he said, have been happier. He had emerged from "the empire of uniformity, of formalities, of difficulties." One was, to be sure, only in Prussia, and Prussia, admittedly, did not exactly pass for a land of great freedom. But what a change!

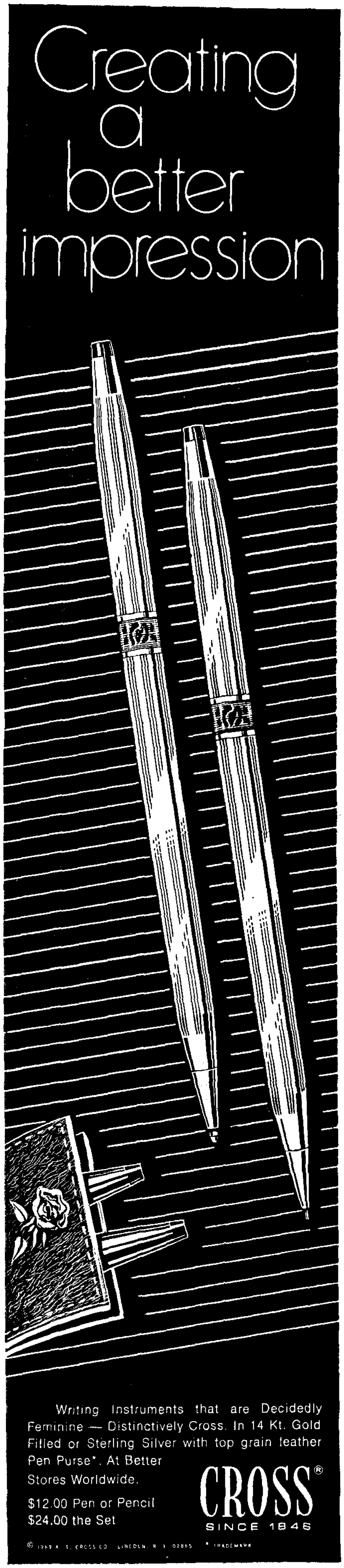
Vacation
The Homestead Way

Come to the high, cool mountains, far from the hurly-burly. Live the exhilarating life with an almost infinite variety of sports.* Savor the relaxing life with our easygoing way of unpretentious sociability. Find the satisfaction of watching your children develop with the joys of sportsmanship.

THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA 24445
America's Favorite Mountain Resort

*Three 18-hole championship golf courses, swimming pools and mineral spa, miles and miles of wooded horseback and walking trails, surrey and buckboard driving, tennis, children's playground, trout fishing, skeet and trap shooting, pleasantly un-hectic night life and entertainment, excellent dining, seventeen thousand acres of elbowroom. Write for color folder or call (703) 839-5500. The Homestead is easy to reach via U.S. Route 220, Piedmont Airlines, and the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.




Creating a better impression

Writing Instruments that are Decidedly Feminine — Distinctively Cross. In 14 Kt. Gold Filled or Sterling Silver with top grain leather Pen Purse*. At Better Stores Worldwide.

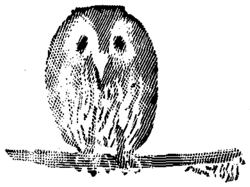
$12.00 Pen or Pencil
$24.00 the Set

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

© 1969 A. T. CROSS CO. LINCOLN, R. I. 02865 * TRADEMARK

The houses, one saw at a glance, had been soundly and independently built, not erected by slaves upon the order of an inflexible master. The countryside was cheerful and well cultivated. And people spoke freely. Passing through the streets of Tilsit and Königsberg, he felt himself, after Russia, to be "attending the Carnival of Venice." At last, he could breathe.

Thus the record of Custine's journey. Most of it—the personal experience—remains shrouded in obscurity. The bits that show above the surface are fragmentary, unsatisfactory, tantalizing. The correspondence of Turgenev and those named in his letter does not suggest that Custine played any very important part in their lives, and the same must be true of Kozlovski. For them, Custine was an odd and slightly disreputable French character, whom it was uncomfortable to have around. But what part did *they* play in *his* life? And were there others involved, who helped to shape his views, his aversions, his resentments? The evidence yields no answer. This visit to Russia was, obviously, an unhappy experience, endured by a twisted, oversensitive man to whose aesthetic and physical sensibilities the Russia of that day was generally offensive and to whose delicate psychic constitution, already chafed and tender from personal misfortune of long standing, it was sinister and abhorrent.



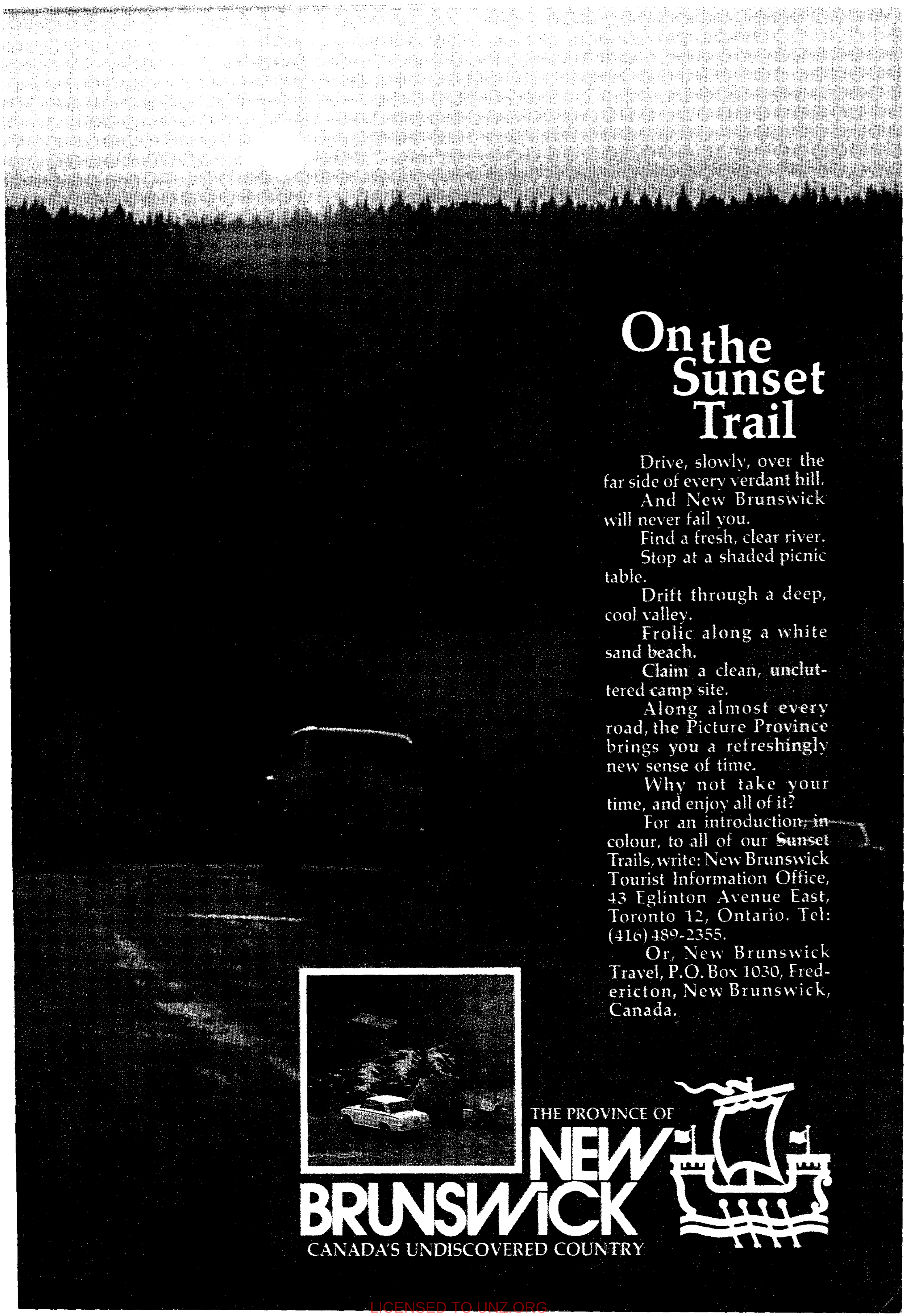
Custine, on his return from Russia, seemed in no hurry to write his book. The autumn of 1839 was passed in a well-deserved rest at a German spa. Then there was the season in Paris—no time to write books. But in the autumn of 1841, finally, seeking relief in Switzerland and Italy from the fatigues of Paris social life, he settled down to the task of authorship, and within the space of approximately a year the work, of eighteen hundred printed pages, was substantially completed.

The book took the form of thirty-six long letters to an anonymous French friend, ostensibly written during and just after the journey of the summer of 1839. The device was not wholly artificial. Custine apparently did contrive to write and smuggle out one or more letters during the period of his stay in Russia. These he presumably recovered and drew upon in the writing of the book. But by far the greater part of the material was clearly composed in 1841 and 1842. In general, the casting of this material in the form of letters from various points visited during his journey was an artifice—not uncommon in the literature of the day—that cannot have been intended to deceive anyone.

The first three letters have very little to do with Russia and, for the most part, could just as well have been omitted. Another letter, in the body of the work, is devoted to a highly embroidered and romanticized recounting of a tale from Russian peasant life which someone related to him. For the rest, however, the letters purport to give impressions of the journey. Many of these impressions are aesthetic—long descriptions of landscape and architecture, written in the romantic style of the period. There are also numerous anecdotes and legends, almost exclusively second-hand, and usually apocryphal. For all these he has been severely, and often justly, taken to task by his many critics. It is not on these passages, however, that the enduring value of the book has rested. It is, rather, on the many political reactions, often expressed in biting aphorisms and witticisms—reactions that are appealing to some readers, infuriating to others, but always striking and provocative. In their entirety, these reactions constitute one view of the Russian government and society of that day.

It will be easier to understand Custine's reactions if one has in mind the views on political institutions with which he entered upon his journey. Like Tocqueville, he was preoccupied with the decline in the influence of the French aristocracy which had set in with the Revolution and had continued even after the Restoration. He viewed with fear and distrust the egalitarian tendencies that seemed to be pervading and overwhelming French society in the age of Louis Philippe. He was on principle a monarchist, because it was impossible for him to conceive of an aristocracy without a monarchy. But he was by no means a proponent of personal absolutism. He wrote, in "La Russie en 1839":

> Being an aristocrat by character as well as conviction, I consider that only an aristocracy can resist the seductions as well as the abuses of absolute power. Without an aristocracy there would be nothing but tyranny in monarchies as well as in democracies. The spectacle of despotism revolts me in spite of myself and violates all the ideas of liberty that flow from my intimate feelings and my political beliefs. Despotism can be born of unlimited egalitarianism just as well as it can be born of autocracy. The power of a single man and the power



On the Sunset Trail

Drive, slowly, over the far side of every verdant hill.

And New Brunswick will never fail you.

Find a fresh, clear river.

Stop at a shaded picnic table.

Drift through a deep, cool valley.

Frolic along a white sand beach.

Claim a clean, uncluttered camp site.

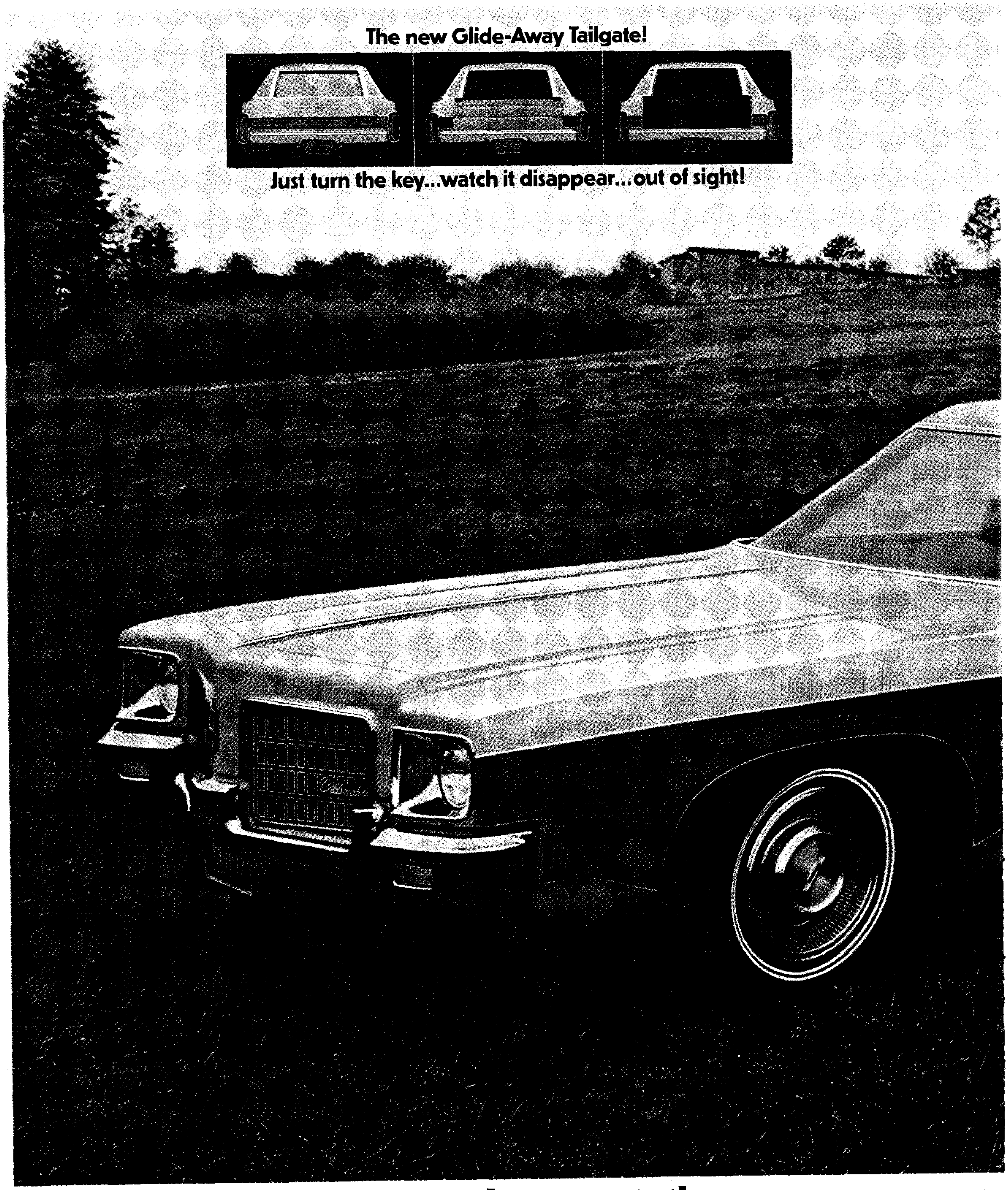
Along almost every road, the Picture Province brings you a refreshingly new sense of time.

Why not take your time, and enjoy all of it?

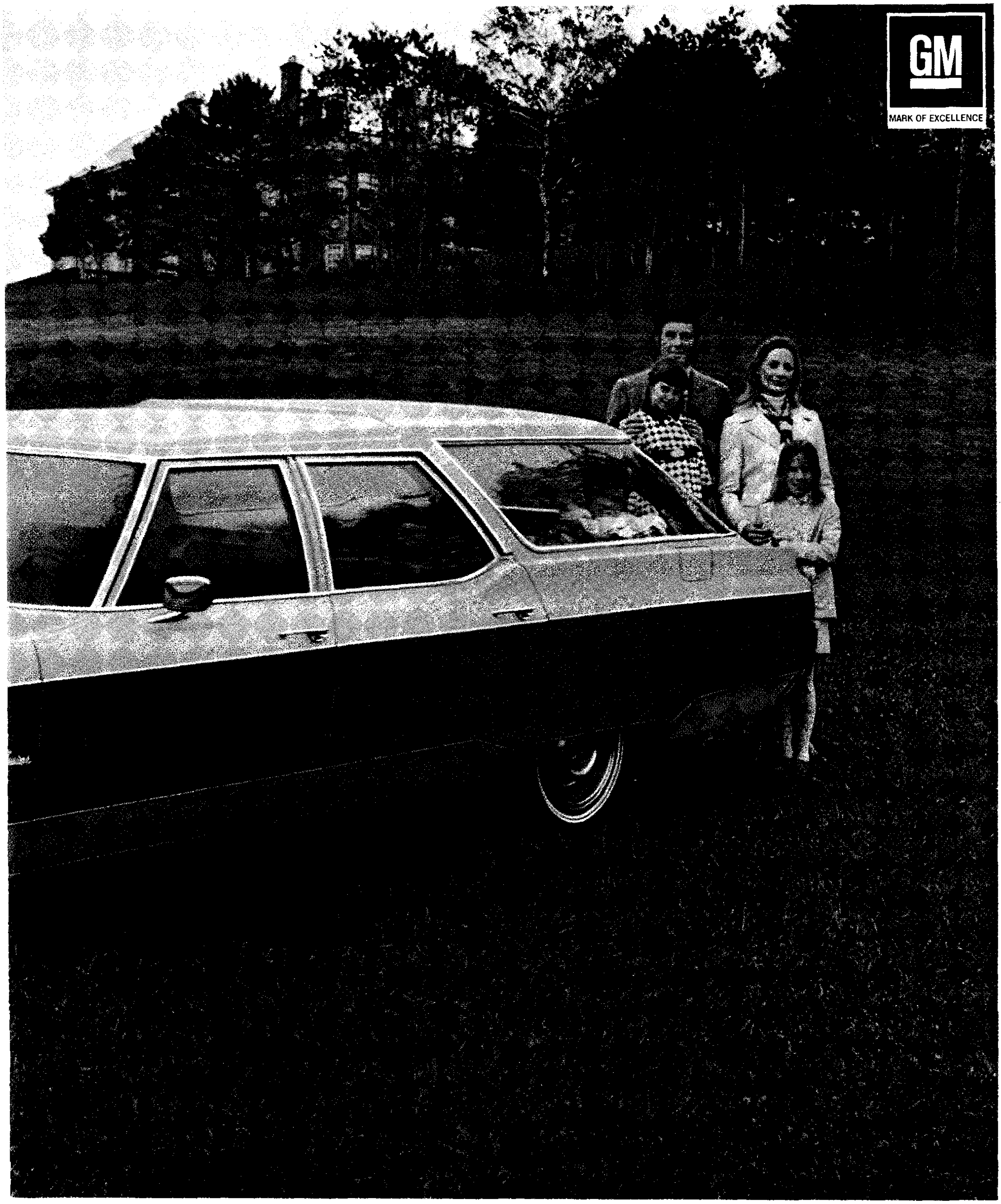
For an introduction, in colour, to all of our Sunset Trails, write: New Brunswick Tourist Information Office, 43 Eglinton Avenue East, Toronto 12, Ontario. Tel: (416) 489-2355.

Or, New Brunswick Travel, P.O. Box 1030, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

THE PROVINCE OF
NEW
BRUNSWICK
CANADA'S UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY


The new Glide-Away Tailgate!
Just turn the key...watch it disappear...out of sight!

Introducing a totally new luxury station wagon for 1971: The Oldsmobile Custom Cruiser.



With its 127-inch wheelbase, Custom Cruiser is the largest wagon Olds has ever built. And the most luxurious by far.

Consider the lavish wood-grain vinyl paneling. It takes on the shade of the body color you select. A real "custom" touch.

And when it comes to smoothness and comfort, a lot of luxury cars should be so lucky. Olds engineers have developed a new ride system that's unsurpassed in the smoothness department.

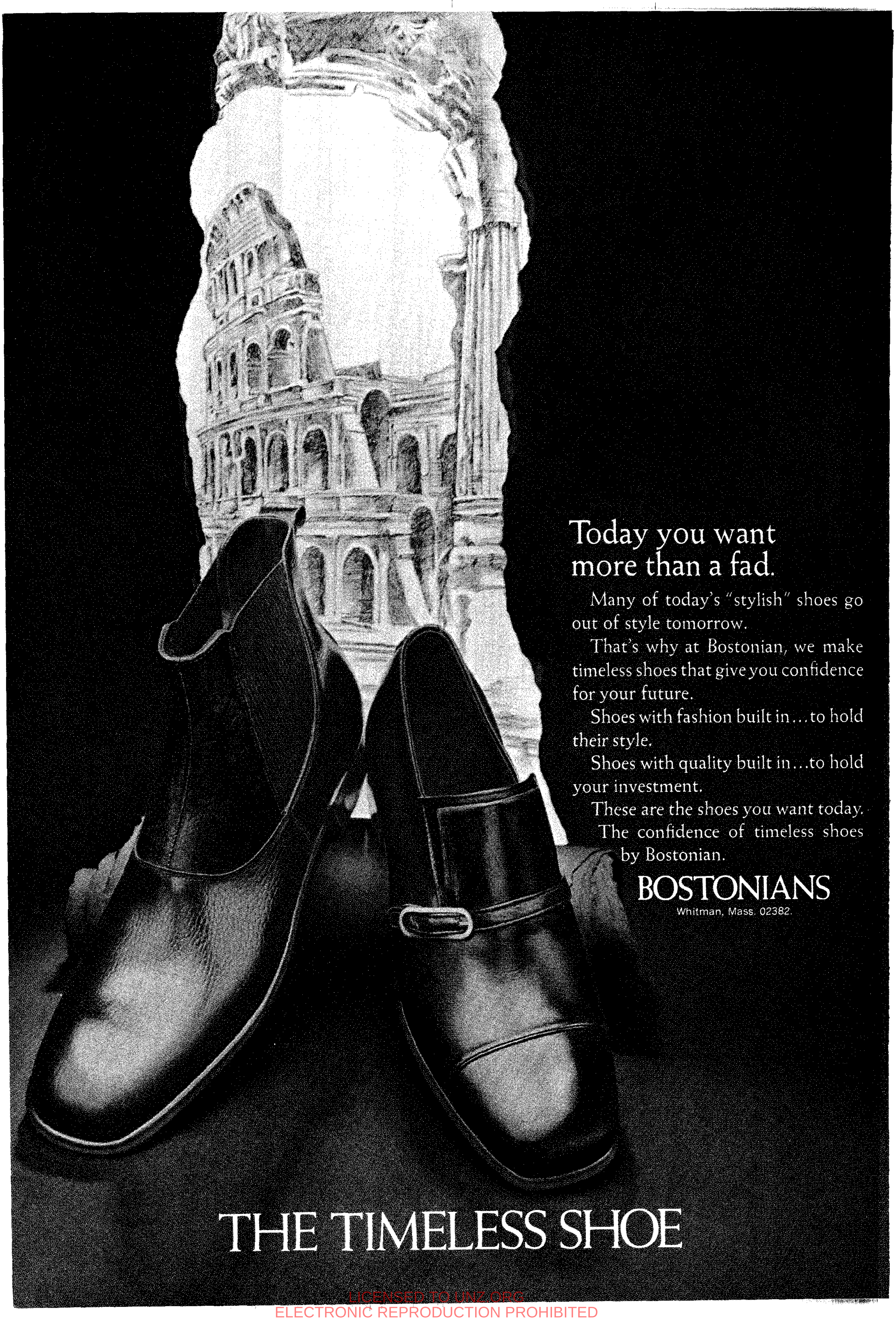
There's another breakthrough, also —a Glide-Away Tailgate. It doesn't just open. It disappears from view. The window powers smoothly into the roof, while the tailgate slides under the floor, manually.

Custom Cruiser comes with a Rocket 455 V-8 that fights pollution, power steering and power front disc brakes, longer wearing bias-belted tires, and an underfloor storage locker. Available with two or three seats—all facing forward.

See Custom Cruiser at your Olds dealer's. It's where you'll find America's widest choice of wagon body styles.

Oldsmobile

ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD



Today you want more than a fad.

Many of today's "stylish" shoes go out of style tomorrow.

That's why at Bostonian, we make timeless shoes that give you confidence for your future.

Shoes with fashion built in…to hold their style.

Shoes with quality built in…to hold your investment.

These are the shoes you want today.

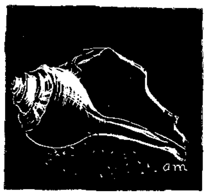
The confidence of timeless shoes by Bostonian.

BOSTONIANS
Whitman, Mass. 02382.

of all men together conduce to the same end.

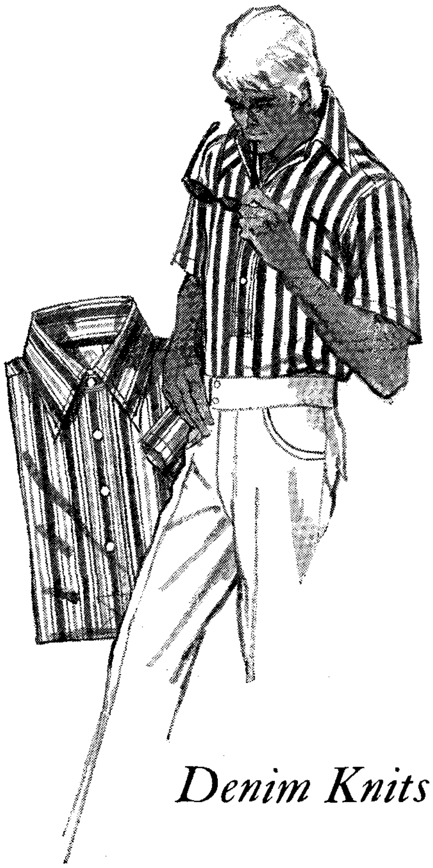
Holding these views, Custine was, of course, suspicious of the power of electoral majorities. To place nations at the mercy of such majorities, he said, was to subject them to mediocrity. Democratic government was a government of words, not acts. The statesmanship of the multitude was always "timid, avaricious, and mean." And, all this being so, he had no kindly feelings, in principle, toward the concept of a constitutional monarchy. He even claimed, in the *avant-propos* to the second authorized edition of his work, that he went to Russia "to seek arguments against representative government." On the other hand, he recognized that such views were then under heavy challenge and attack in Western Europe, and one suspects that he had himself been somewhat shaken in his attachment to them, probably by the reading of Tocqueville's first volume of "De la Démocratie en Amérique"—shaken not in the sense that he had been weaned away from them or convinced of their opposite but, rather, in the sense that he found himself devoid of arguments with which to refute the conclusions that Tocqueville had drawn from his American journey.

Toward the person of the Russian Emperor, Custine had an attitude of the most painful, almost tortured ambivalence. Few critics have failed to spot as one of the great weaknesses of this book the contradictory and, in its totality, unconvincing manner in which Custine dealt with the imperial person. On the one hand, there are evidences of a desire to please and flatter the Emperor, and to commiserate with him on the difficulty of the task of ruling so great an empire with so unhappy a past. On the other hand, as Custine's indictment of the Russian political system gathered strength in the course of the book, and as the examples mounted of the unlimited personal power of the supreme sovereign, it became impossible to maintain the pose of absolving the Czar of all blame for existing conditions. Custine finally faced up to this situation, toward the end of his account, with characteristic pithiness and incisiveness, writing, "If the Emperor has no more mercy in his heart than he reveals in his policies, then I pity Russia; if, on the other hand, his true sentiments are really superior to his acts, then I pity the Emperor."



Quite aside from his attitude toward the person of the Emperor, Custine was not long in coming to deplore the absolutism of the imperial position as a political institution. He should not, perhaps, have been so little prepared for this. His companion on the ship, Prince Kozlovski, had warned him of it. "*Chez nous*," the Prince had said, "despotism is stronger than nature: the Emperor is not only the representative of God—he is the embodiment of the creative power itself." Nevertheless, Custine was taken aback by what he encountered in Russia. He had not pictured it quite that way. "There does not exist today on the face of the earth," he was moved to exclaim soon after his arrival, "a single other man who enjoys such power and uses it—not in Turkey, not even in China!" And what appalled him was not so much the absolute personal power over the *actions* of men as the power over their thoughts and words—in effect, over their souls. He had the initial impression that everything he heard in St. Petersburg was only the reflection of some sort of party line, so to speak, put forward from above. "Among this people deprived of leisure and of will," he reflected, "one sees only bodies without souls, and one shudders upon reflecting that for so great a multitude of arms and legs there is only one head." This led him to the realization that something more important than political rights in the legal sense had been sacrificed to the Emperor's personal power; namely, individual dignity and independence of character. It was not that these things were wholly nonexistent, not that no one enjoyed them or at least gave the appearance of enjoying them; it was, rather, that no one could depend upon them—they could not be taken for granted. "In Russia," he wrote, with an air of surprise and discovery, "tolerance has no guarantee, either in public opinion or in the constitution of the State; like everything else, it is a species of grace imposed by one man; and that one man can withdraw tomorrow what he has extended today."

It was, however, as we have seen, not the institution of monarchy but, rather, that of aristocracy to which Custine looked to provide the keystone of any sound political structure, and, accordingly, it was here that he experienced his greatest disillusionment. Although himself an aristocrat "by character as well as conviction," as he put it, and a firm supporter of the monarchical principle, Custine appears to have had a real distaste for court life and a certain contempt for the courtier,



Denim Knits

The perfect sport shirt for all those great days ahead, when you want a change of pace look. Yes, here is the sport shirt with the tailored look for the man who likes a little flair

Available in solid color (not shown); two-tone club stripe and a cluster stripe. So you see, we have something for everyone.

Solid color: Navy; tan; blue

Two-tone club stripe: Navy & white; tan & white; blue & white

Cluster stripe: Navy, white & red; tan, white & red; blue, white & red

Sizes: SMLXL

$14

PLEASE ADD 75C FOR MAIL ORDERS

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing : Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

whether aristocratic or not. His concept of aristocracy was that of the independent *grand seigneur* of aristocratic lineage who had the dignity not only of his rank but also of his country estates or his fortune, and whose status was thus in no way dependent on the royal or imperial favor. Possibly Custine's distaste for the courtier was the product of an unhappy experience of his youth, when he was attached to the suite of Louis XVIII's brother the Comte d'Artois. However this may be, he was particularly revolted by the atmosphere of the Russian court and the character of the nobility who composed it. He recognized this as being primarily another mirror image of the Emperor's absolute authority. Under the shadow of that authority, all other distinctions of rank and caste seemed to lose meaning. Elsewhere, the superior distinction of birth was an independent possession, of which no nobleman could normally be deprived. Here in Russia, it was without independent value. Like everything else, a title was a product of the Emperor's favor. He could extend it; he could withdraw it. All these pompous courtiers, Custine suddenly realized, were no more than slaves themselves. They could be made or broken in a day. And the effect was to depress all society beyond the imperial person into a virtual egalitarianism as sweeping, and as odious in Custine's eyes, as that which he understood to exist in the American democracy described by Tocqueville. When he attended the Peterhof fête—marked, as it was, by the theory that the Emperor and Empress were receiving on a single social occasion guests of all ranks of Russian society, from top to bottom—it occurred to him that what was implicit in this imperial gesture of hospitality was not that the Emperor was saying to the laborer or the merchant "You are a man like me" but, rather, that he was saying to the *grand seigneur* "You are a slave, like them, and I, your god, soar above the heads of both of you equally."

But, beyond this ignominy of position vis-à-vis the Emperor, there was much in the personal behavior of these Russian aristocrats and courtiers for which Custine could feel only contempt. True, his observations were drawn largely from the people he saw at court during the first days of his visit to the Russian capital. When he left the capital and travelled in other parts of the country, people were more hospitable, and he met some in whom he recognized a higher quality. But he found the courtiers false, insincere,

PRIM AND PROPER
in Dacron®

Goes anywhere.

Peter Pan collar, with piping, zippered front, belt. With classic alligator insignia.

In tangelo; glacier blue. Doubleknit of Dacron* polyester for easy care. Sizes 3-6X, $18.00; 7-14, $20.00.

Lord & Taylor – New York and all stores
Marshall Field – Chicago
Neiman Marcus – Dallas and all stores
I. Magnin – all stores

Prices slightly higher West Coast.

*DuPont Reg. T.M.

CRYSTAL Sunflowers
A Division of David Crystal, Inc.
498 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. 10018

Six-in-one! THE CHAMELEON RING*
Golden-toned, adjustable ring with six interchangeable globes of fashion color...coral, turquoise, white, polished golden toned, silvery toned, and simulated pearl. Slip one out, slip one in to suit your mood. Boxed in velvety blue. About $7.50.

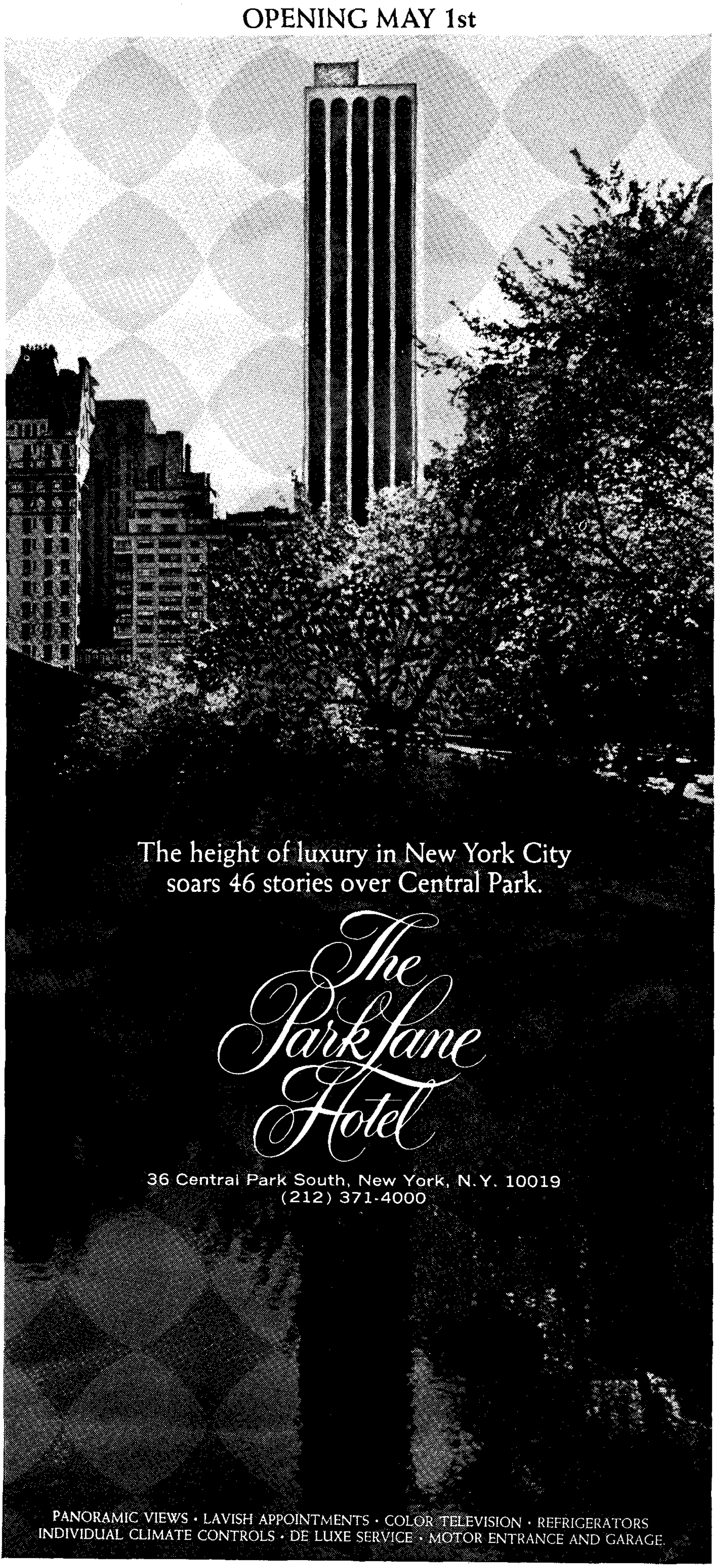
Jewels by
TRIFARI

*PATENT PENDING

without independence of character or taste. He was constantly made aware of the savage intensity of their competition for the imperial favor. He observed in their behavior cruelty and officiousness toward underlings combined with the most extravagant obsequiousness toward people higher in position than they were—a servility, as he described it, "gratuitous and involuntary, which does not exclude arrogance," a servility borne by people who were themselves only "*une espèce d'esclaves supérieurs*." The actions of these people purported to be their own but were really those of an external will, and the pretense was too obvious to be accepted. The courtiers reminded him, he said, of "puppets whose strings are too thick." Even more odious to Custine were the efforts of upper-class Russians to imitate the West. He could not endure the caricature of himself that seemed to emerge from their aping of Parisian customs and manners. It was all too blatant, too pathetic. The veneer of European civilization was too thin to be convincing. The outlines of Asia showed through at every point. These Russian courtiers had taken on just enough of the gloss of European civilization to be "spoiled as savages," he said, but not enough to become cultivated men. They were like "trained bears who made you long for the wild ones."

Custine gradually became aware that this intolerable gap between outer pretense and inner reality was only a reflection of something broader and more serious—something that came to constitute, one feels, the true focal point of his indictment of the regime of Nicholas I. This was the terrible, cynical, degrading contempt for the truth which seemed to pervade the Russian government and Russian society. The behavior of the entire governing establishment appeared to be based on the cultivation of a series of massive fictions—fictions not just subconsciously and innocently appropriated by the minds of the bearers but deliberately conceived, perpetrated, and enforced. He found himself confronted at every turn with two images of Russia: the image of Russia as it really was, and the image of Russia as the authorities—and not, unfortunately, the authorities alone—wished it to appear. And he could never accustom himself to, or forgive, the cynicism with which everyone, from the Emperor on down, played at this game of make-believe and attempted to enthrone the false image at the expense of the real one.

Under the impact of this cultivated untruthfulness, the whole façade of



OPENING MAY 1st

The height of luxury in New York City
soars 46 stories over Central Park.

The Park Lane Hotel

36 Central Park South, New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 371-4000

PANORAMIC VIEWS · LAVISH APPOINTMENTS · COLOR TELEVISION · REFRIGERATORS
INDIVIDUAL CLIMATE CONTROLS · DE LUXE SERVICE · MOTOR ENTRANCE AND GARAGE

Follow the footsteps of Genghis Khan, Alexander the Great and Marco Polo.

Giant steps that straddled empires from the Red Sea to the China Seas.

Steps that walked among the storytellers in the bazaars of Peshawar. That journeyed through the Khyber Pass. Steps that rested in the palaces and temples of Bangkok.

These are among the journeys offered in PIA's "16 Adventure Tours to Ancient Lands in Modern Comfort." Journeys to lands that still vibrate from the footsteps of Genghis Khan, Alexander, Marco Polo and Omar Khayyam.

PIA's all inclusive Adventure Tours start as low as $995 for 17 days. See your travel agent and ask to see the beautifully descriptive 120-page book "The Other Side of the World". Or mail the coupon for free brochures.

Pakistan International Airlines
Box 505
Old Chelsea Station
New York, New York 10011

I would like to see more information on PIA's 16 Adventure Tours to Ancient Lands in Modern Comfort. Please send me free brochures.

Name
Street
City State Zip
Telephone

The Airline to
The Other Side of the World.

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES PIA

NY-503

Russian social and official life began to appear to him to be contrived, artificial, unreal. "I came here to see a country," he wrote. "What I find is a theatre. . . . The names are the same as everywhere else. . . . In appearance, everything happens as it does everywhere else. There is no difference except in the very foundation of things." He tended to attribute this passion for pretense to a consuming inferiority complex vis-à-vis the West—to an insatiable desire on the part of the Russians to appear to be what they were in reality incapable of being. And he had no sympathy or patience with these impulses. They disgusted him. "I don't reproach the Russians for being what they are; what I blame them for is their desire to appear to be what we are," he wrote. "They are much less interested in being civilized than in making us believe them so. . . . They would be quite content to be in effect more awful and barbaric than they actually are, if only others could thereby be made to believe them better and more civilized." In preference to this, he observed, even "a tyranny avowed would be a form of progress."

Here, again, he had been forewarned by Kozlovski. "Our government lives by the lie, for the truth would frighten the tyrant no less than the slave," the Prince had said to him. "The people, and even the grandees, resigned spectators of this war against the truth, endure uncomplainingly the scandal of it, because the lie of the despot . . . will always be the flattery of the slave. . . . Russian despotism not only counts ideas and sentiments as nothing but remakes the facts; it struggles against the evident, and it triumphs in the cause."

And now Custine, making his own observations, could only echo these views. "One must confess it," he wrote, "Russians of all classes conspire with a marvellous harmony of effort to bring about the triumph of duplicity in their country." They had "a dexterity in the use of the lie, a natural facility for falseness," which, he said, "revolted his sincerity." And it seemed to him that this was "the most enormous of faults." Why? Because "in renouncing the truth," he explained, "the spirit abdicates, and by a strange reversal of things it is then the master who humiliates himself before the slave; for the man who deceives is beneath the man who is deceived."

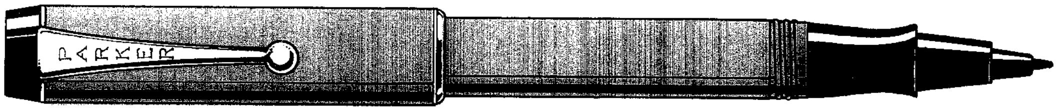
In one respect, however, Custine came to modify this view by the time his journey was ended. He had spoken, in the passage just cited, of "the man who is deceived," but he was eventually obliged to ask himself the question: Was anyone really deceived? Precisely because everything was hidden, he noted, everything was also guessed. "I look in vain for the dupes of these puerile falsehoods, and I cry out to myself, like Basil: Who is deceived, here? *Tout le monde est dans le secret.*" However, if everyone was in on the secret, everyone was taking jolly good care, Custine noted, not to show that he was, and the resulting atmosphere of total discretion—the quiet cautiousness, the wary guardedness of speech, the unwillingness to call things by their right names—was another aspect of Russian life that made the deepest sort of impression upon him. He referred to it as "the silence," and he conceived of it as a pervasive and sinister condition of Russian society. He found it symbolized by the almost eerie stillness that prevailed in the St. Petersburg streets and public places. "In Russia," he observed, "only the horses have permission to make a noise."

Here, too, his shipboard companion had not failed to tell him what was in store for him. "However little one speaks in Russia," Prince Kozlovski had said, "one always speaks too much, because in this country every discussion is the expression of a religious or political hypocrisy." And now, once again, Custine had occasion to make his own observations. In Russia, "secrecy presides over everything: administrative secrecy, political, social secrecy; discretion useful and discretion useless," he concluded. "A silence that is superfluous assures the silence that is necessary. Here, discretion is the order of the day, just as imprudence is in Paris. Every traveller is in himself an indiscretion."

It dawned on him then that this silence, too, was part of the Russian inferiority complex with relation to the world outside. It was a weapon of foreign policy—a defensive weapon, and a very effective one. "If it is true that better diplomats are to be found among the Russians than among the most advanced peoples, the reason is that our press informs the Russians about every plan that is proposed and every event that occurs among us," he wrote. "Instead of prudently concealing our weaknesses, we reveal them every morning with passion, while the Byzantine policy of the Russians, at work in the shadows, is carefully to hide what they are thinking and doing and fearing. We go forward in the light of day; they advance under cover. We

© 1971 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

Remember the one-cylinder wonder
that wrote to glory in the Twenties?



Big Red writes again

Back in the days of get-out-and-get-under, a huge orange-red pen was circling leaks on inner tubes, doing bootleggers' bookkeeping and pouring out thoughts for the "Lost Generation."

It was Big Red, the Parker Duofold pen. He was the most frequently given and best received pen of his day.

He wrote it like it was, but he always did it smoothly. Even his larger-than-life ink supply matched the era.

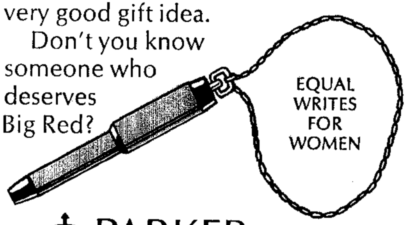
Times change, however, and when streamlining raised its sleek head, Big Red went away. Like Sunday rides and side curtains.

But now, with the return of wire wheels and bucket seats, Van Dykes and wide lapels, the time has come to bring him back. And so...

Big Red writes again—in all his old familiar glory. Sure, he's been updated. He now writes with a soft tip and refills by cartridge in four vivid colors. But on the outside he's still Big Red, the same plain-and-honest handful of pen.

Big Red's cost today? $5. Two dollars less than forty years ago. That makes him a very big value *and* a very good gift idea.

Don't you know someone who deserves Big Red?



PARKER
Maker of the world's most wanted pens

are blinded by the ignorance in which they leave us; they are enlightened by our candor. We are weakened by rumor; they are strengthened by secrecy. And there you have the secret of their cleverness."

And yet, it occurred to Custine, all these tendencies—the disrespect for the truth, the deliberate mystification, the studied silence—though they represented weapons in the hands of the regime, also reflected a great underlying weakness: a weakness precisely in relation to the West. They reflected, as Custine saw it, an awareness of backwardness, a distrust by the Russians of their own people, a shame for the tyranny they dared not live without—qualities that made the Russians quail at the thought of any free and true comparison with Western conditions. It was this that lay at the bottom of the obsessive fear of foreign observation which seemed to him to permeate Russian officialdom.

The absurd extremes to which this fear was carried astonished Custine, as they have, I think, many Westerners in other ages. The Russians, Custine wrote, "are Chinese disguised; they do not like to avow their aversion to foreign observation, but if they dared to brave the reproach of barbarism, as the true Chinese do, the access to St. Petersburg would be as difficult for us as is the access to Pekin." He went on to identify, with pungency and brevity, the basic reason for this state of affairs: "The more I see of Russia, the more I approve the conduct of the Emperor in forbidding his subjects to travel, and in rendering access to his own country difficult to foreigners. The political system of Russia could not stand twenty years' free communication with the West of Europe."

And why was this? Custine arrived at his own explanation. It was not that the system had no achievements to its credit. It was that its achievements, such as they were, had been gained at too heavy a price. The system was inefficient. He saw Russia, in fact, as a country where the most grandiose efforts produced only the tiniest results. And, given the nature of the system, it could not, he thought, be otherwise. After all, despotism was composed of "a mixture of impatience and laziness," he wrote. "With just a bit more patience on the part of the ruling power and a bit more activity on the part of the people the same result could be obtained at a much lower cost. But what would then become of the tyranny? One would have to recognize at once that it was useless. Tyranny is the im-

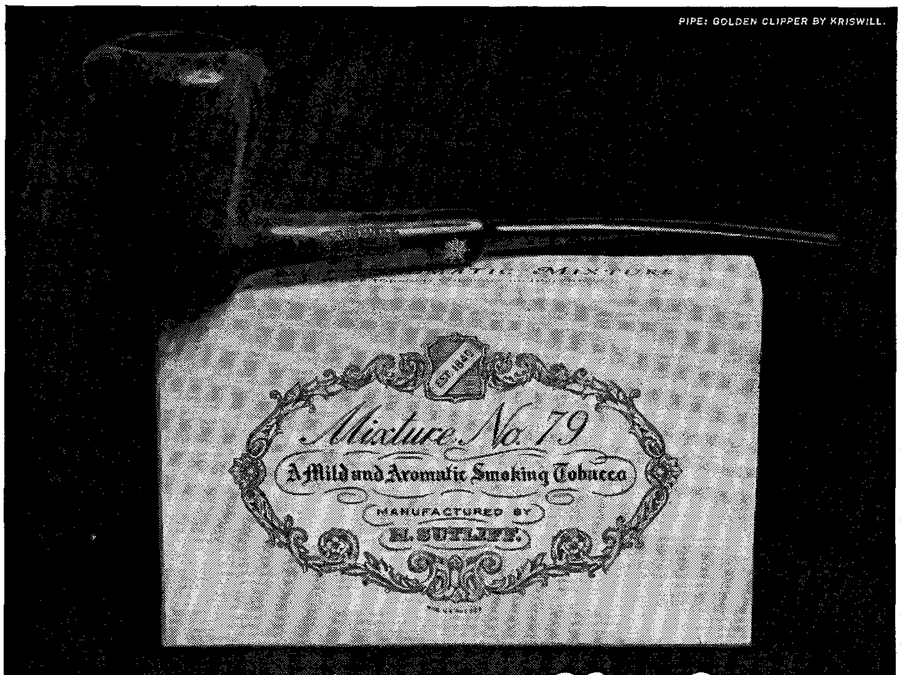
WALLABEE®
...the shoe that makes concrete feel like grass

Handmade in Ireland

Designed by an engineer for comfort. Styled by Clarks for distinctive good looks. An entirely new kind of shoe built around five exclusive features that make wearing a Wallabee a unique experience. Available in sand or brown suede; black or brown calf; $25 pair. Women's $23. Or men's boot in sand only at $26. It must say Clarks to be a genuine **Wallabee.**

EXCLUSIVELY Clarks®
568 Main Avenue, Norwalk, Conn. 06851

For name of your nearest Wallabee dealer, call this special number, 800-243-6000, any time *without charge.* In Conn., call 800-942-0655.
® REG. TRADEMARK © CLARKS


PIPE: GOLDEN CLIPPER BY KRISWILL.
Mixture No. 79
A Mild and Aromatic Smoking Tobacco
MANUFACTURED BY
H. SUTLIFF

An insidious offer from Mixture 79.

We'll send you a generous sample of our classic pipe tobacco free. But there's one thing you ought to know: once you've tried it, it's difficult to settle for less. Write Sutliff Tobacco Co., Box 4130D, Richmond, Va. 23224.

Mild and aromatic Mixture 79. One of the great men's fragrances.

aginary illness of peoples. The tyrant, disguised as a doctor, persuades them that health is not the natural state of civilized man, and the greater the danger, the more violent, of course, must be the cure. In this way, the tyrant feeds and prolongs the ailment upon the pretext of curing it." And this, Custine went on to explain, was one of the reasons—perhaps the greatest reason—that one could not accept the Russian system as a model for any other nation. "Things that I admire elsewhere, I hate here," he wrote. "I find them too dearly paid for; order, patience, calmness, elegance, respectfulness, the natural and moral relations that ought to exist between those who think and those who do—in short, all that gives worth and charm to well-organized societies, all that gives meaning and purpose to political institutions—are lost and confounded here in one single sentiment: that of fear."

Russia, accordingly, had little or no value as an example for other countries, Custine felt. To the extent that his journey had been inspired by a desire to find the model of a well-ordered society which could be held up as an alternative to the wretched Philistinism and egalitarianism of the regime of Louis Philippe in France, it had been a failure. "The society of the Russians, as they have arranged it," he concluded, with a tinge of sadness, "can serve only their own uses; *il faut être Russe pour vivre en Russie.*"

All these were reflections induced in Custine by the obviously intense reluctance of Russian officialdom to let the true image of Russia become known to foreigners and constitute a basis for comparison between Russia and the West. But there was, he realized, something even deeper and more subjective in the distaste for the truth, the preference for the façade, the insistence on the discreet silence, to which this officialdom was addicted. There was an unwillingness to recognize even before one's own people the full ugliness of Russian despotism. Dissimulation on as vast a scale as that which Custine observed in Russia could serve "only to mask a profound inhumanity," he concluded, for "it is not the good that one takes such care to conceal." And, again: "A regime whose own violence is such that it can be supported only by such means can only be a profoundly vicious regime."

In entertaining these gloomy thoughts on the nature of Russian despotism, Custine did not fail to take account of those qualities of the Russian peasant masses—the brutalization, the

A way of life. GGG

GGG
CLOTHES

Write for colorful new style booklet. GGG Clothes, 12 East 14th Street, Dept. F, New York 10003

SHERATON IN ARUBA

800-325-3535
MAKES IT HAPPEN

A sophisticated little Dutch island hidden in the Caribbean. With miles of white sand beaches – uncrowded, unbothered.

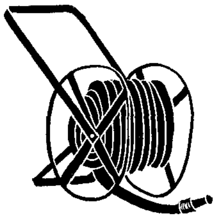
The Aruba-Sheraton. Where you can find some of the best restaurants this side of the Venezuelan coast. Like the Rembrandt Room, with its delicious gourmet meals, its orchestra and its floor shows.

Plus the Club Diablo, which dances to Latin American rhythms until 3 every night. And our sparkling casino with its games of excitement and chance. All of it to make your nights as much fun as your days.

Make it happen to you. To make reservations at the Aruba-Sheraton or at any other Sheraton in the world call free 800-325-3535. Or have your travel agent call for you.

Aruba-Sheraton
Hotel & Casino
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

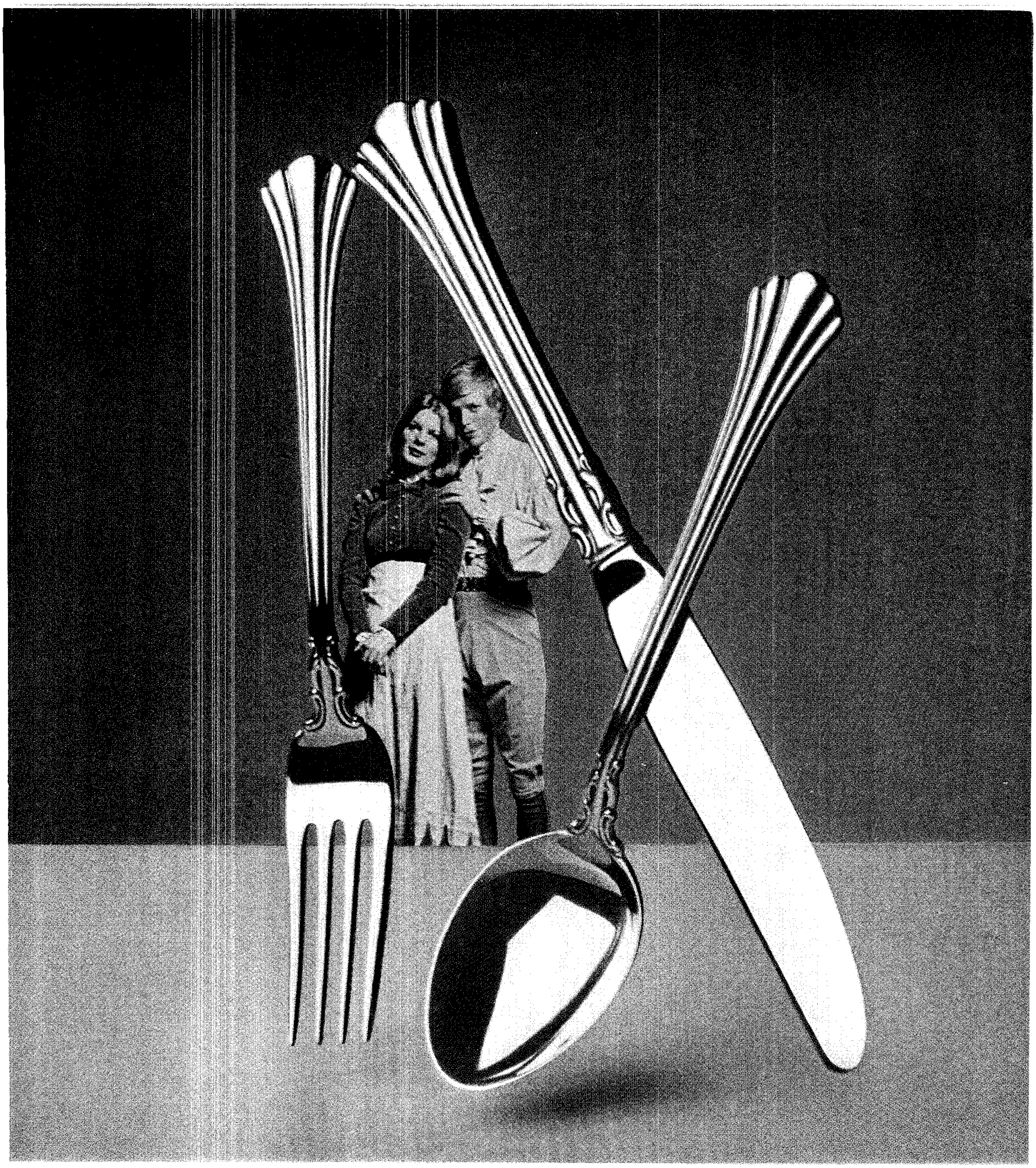
sly obstinacy, the latent anarchic trends—which called for methods of rule different from the methods that would have been effective in other countries. Like many another Western visitor to Russia, beginning with the first permanent Western diplomatic envoy there—the Austrian representative, Baron Sigismund von Herberstein—he could not avoid asking himself to what extent the rigors of the regime were an unavoidable response to the nature of the people. He was perfectly willing to recognize the psychology of the Russian masses as an extenuating circumstance, observing, "Clemency represents weakness in the approach to a people hardened by terror; nothing disarms such a people but fear; implacable severity forces it to its knees; mercy, on the contrary, causes it to raise its head; one would not know how to convince it; one can do no other than to subdue it; incapable of pride, it is not incapable of audacity; it revolts against mildness, but gives obedience to ferocity, which it mistakes for true power." But even in these bitter reflections he could find no fully adequate justification for the behavior of the regime. If this vicious circle of brutality and counter-brutality, this "struggle of deception, of prejudices, and of inhumanity between people and sovereign," as he termed it, was ever to be overcome, someone had to take the initiative, to set the example, and this could only be the government. "That is not to say that one could and should govern the Russians in this day and age as one governs other European countries," he explained. "I would simply like to submit that one could avoid a number of the evils if only the example of a certain softening of the customs and manners [*l'exemple de l'adoucissement des mœurs*] were to be given from above." Did not, after all, the barbarity of the serf "accuse," as he put it, the corruption of the master? Custine, however, was under no illusion that the leaders of the regime would concede this *adoucissement des mœurs*. Their prestige was too intimately engaged in the old policies. To modify these policies now would be to admit past error. "They fear the evil effects of a tardy justice," he wrote, "and they aggravate the evil precisely in order not to be forced to justify [past] excesses."



Like many other visitors to Russia, Custine was struck by the monumentality, the preposterous scale, the vastness and enormousness, of all that the government created. What, he asked himself, could this be designed to symbolize, to commemorate? Scarcely Russia's past—that was too shallow, too unhappy. Also not the present—that was too sordid and unimpressive. Only the future remained. Undertakings so vast in scale could be justified only if they served some grand design—some far-flung ambition, embracing more than past and present, and more than Russia alone. And what could this be? There was only one conceivable answer: World conquest. Conquest in the name of ideological proselytism. Conquest as a concealment and expiation of internal failure. This, he concluded, was the "*arrière-pensée*" behind all Russian policy. It was an *arrière-pensée* to which men deferred without even being aware that they were doing so. But the recognition of it seemed to him vital to any understanding of Russia. Without it, he wrote, "the history of Russia would appear to me an inexplicable enigma." What, in essence, was "St. Petersburg in its magnificence and immensity" if not "*un trophée élevé par les Russes à leur puissance à venir?*"

There was, of course, nothing new, even in Custine's day, about the idea of world conquest as the innermost impulse of Russian policy. For three hundred and fifty years, Western travellers in Russia had been entertaining similar thoughts and suspicions. Of this, too, Kozlovski had spoken on board the ship, and he had offered his explanation. There had been a time, he said, when Russia stood, as a Christian nation, between the Mongol hordes and the civilization of Europe. But things had now changed. Russia had herself become a semi-Asiatic country. And, having been for centuries oppressed and humiliated by the Tatar hordes, Russia's rulers were now inspired by a subconscious desire to compensate for these humiliations by inflicting them on others, both at home and abroad. Suffering, after all, did not make people humane. It was a habit of princes and of peoples to take their revenge upon the innocent; they fancied themselves strong when they created victims. Thus, the Russians had now come to occupy in relation to Europe the place that the Mongols had once occupied in relation to Russia. The role of buffer between Europe and Asia, once filled by Russia herself, had now come to be filled by the Poles.

This point had made a profound impression on Custine when he heard it from the Prince's lips. And people in



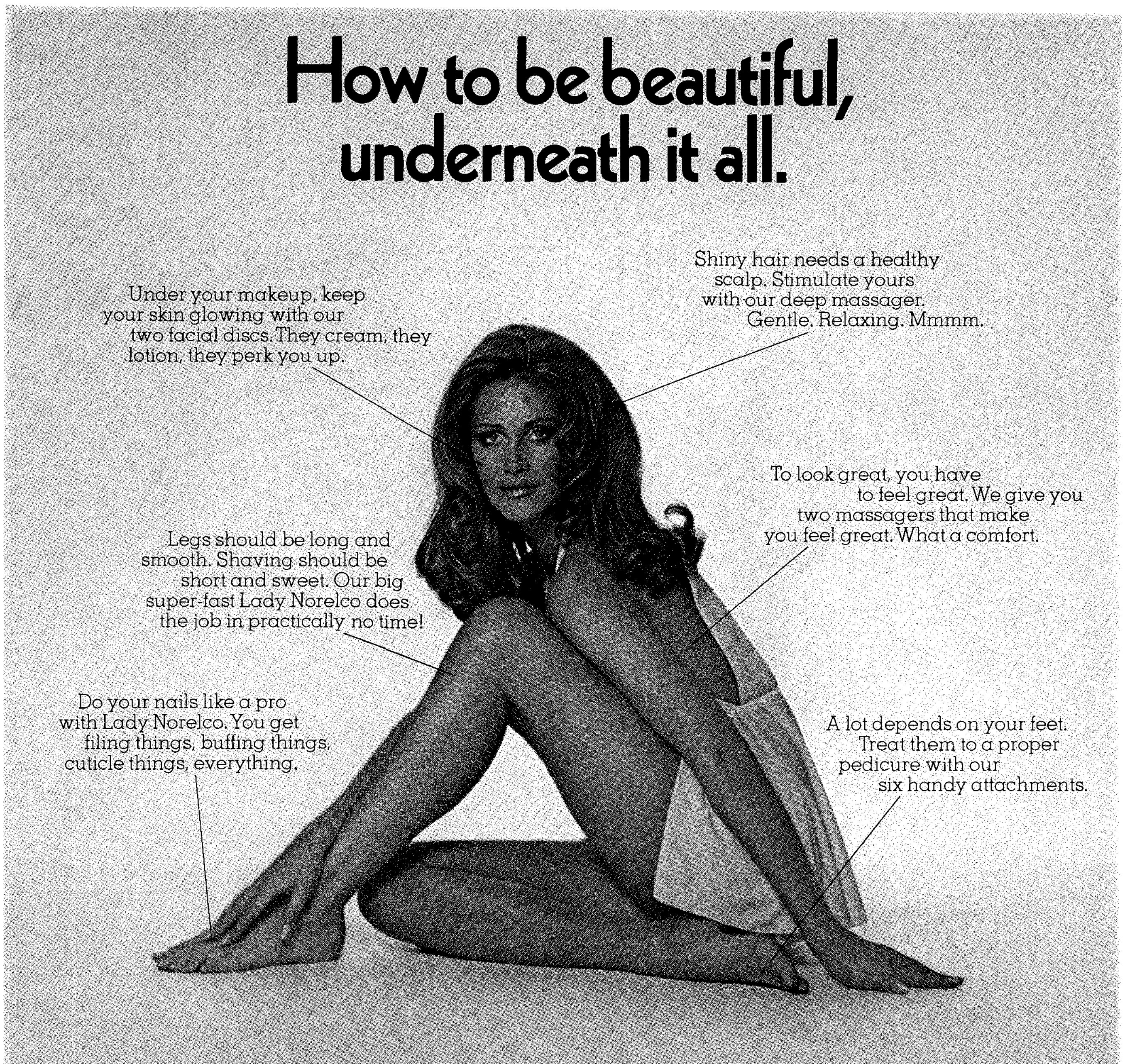
A new romantic age in sterling begins with

Eighteenth Century

by Reed & Barton

A brochure showing all our sterling patterns is yours for the asking. Write Reed & Barton Silversmiths, Dept. NY51, Taunton, Massachusetts 02780

How to be beautiful, underneath it all.



Under your makeup, keep your skin glowing with our two facial discs. They cream, they lotion, they perk you up.

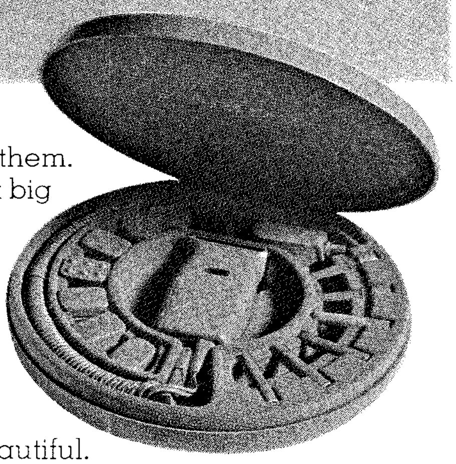
Shiny hair needs a healthy scalp. Stimulate yours with our deep massager. Gentle. Relaxing. Mmmm.

To look great, you have to feel great. We give you two massagers that make you feel great. What a comfort.

Legs should be long and smooth. Shaving should be short and sweet. Our big super-fast Lady Norelco does the job in practically no time!

Do your nails like a pro with Lady Norelco. You get filing things, buffing things, cuticle things, everything.

A lot depends on your feet. Treat them to a proper pedicure with our six handy attachments.



There are lots of little ways to make yourself beautiful.

And the Lady Norelco Home Beauty Salon 30LS does all of them.

It starts with the super-fast Lady Norelco shaver. With a great big shaving head to shave more of you at once. And a really close-shaving foil. (So it's finally easy to keep your legs and underarms perfectly smooth.)

It has eleven attachments that fit right onto the shaver and pamper you wherever you need pampering.

It gives you a real beauty salon treatment, from a massage to a manicure.

It's a rich tulip yellow. It's fun to use. And it makes you *feel* beautiful.

And that's what really counts, underneath it all.

Lady Norelco Home Beauty Salon

Norelco®

©1971 **North American Philips Corporation,** 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. Norelco consumer products include: Men's and Women's Electric Shavers, Rembrandt Square Lotions, Sun & Heat Lamps, Hair Dryer, Electric Hairbrush, Massager, Portable Room Heaters, Cordless Clothes Brush, Travel Press, Coffee Mill/Coffee Maker Combinations, Car Vacuum, Hearing Aids, Tape Recorders, Cassettes, Hi-Fidelity Components, Electronic Educational Kits.

Russia confirmed it. He quoted some of them as saying to him in St. Petersburg, “Europe is following the road that Poland took: she is enervating herself in a vain liberalism, whilst we continue powerful precisely because we are not free; let us be patient under the yoke; others will someday pay for our shame.”

The logic of this thesis, and his inability to find a better explanation for many of the phenomena with which he was faced, filled Custine with dread of the menace that Russia must one day constitute for Western Europe—and particularly for a Western Europe that seemed to be losing faith in its own ideals and traditions. It was to this thought that he addressed some of the most eloquent and significant passages in his entire work. “An ambition inordinate and immense, one of those ambitions which could possibly spring only in the bosoms of the oppressed, and could find nourishment only in the miseries of an entire nation, ferments in the heart of the Russian people,” he wrote. “That nation, essentially aggressive, greedy under the influence of privation, expiates beforehand, by a debasing submission, the design of exercising a tyranny over other nations; the glory, the riches which are the objects of its hopes console it for the disgrace to which it submits. To purify himself from the foul and impious sacrifice of all public and personal liberty, the slave, sunk to his knees, dreams of world domination.”

Did one, Custine then asked himself, have to take these dreams seriously? What was this thought of conquest, which he now saw as “the secret life of Russia”? “Is it merely a lure, designed to seduce primitive populations over one period of time or another,” he asked himself, “or must it someday be realized?” He confessed that he was obsessed with this question: “Ever since I came to Russia, I have taken a dark view of the future of Europe. This opinion is challenged, to be sure, by some very wise and experienced men. They maintain that I exaggerate Russian power. Every society, they say, suffers its reverses, and the destiny of this one is to expand to the East and then to become itself divided. . . . [But] I see the Colossus from close at hand and I find it difficult to persuade myself that the only object of this creation of Providence is to diminish the barbarism of Asia. It appears to me that it is destined chiefly to chastise the corrupt civilization of Europe, by the agency of a new invasion. The eternal tyranny of the East menaces us incessantly, and we shall have to bow before it if our extravagances and iniquities render us worthy of the punishment.”

To Custine, the danger of Russia’s strength was always, first and foremost, a function of Europe’s own weakness. “It is not for nothing that Providence is piling up these enormous inactive forces in the East of Europe,” he wrote. “Someday this sleeping giant will rouse himself, and then force will put an end to our wordy liberal confusion. . . . When our cosmopolitan democracy, bearing its final fruit, has made out of war something odious to entire populations; when those nations that are supposed to be the most civilized on earth have finally enervated themselves in their political debauchery and have fallen progressively into internal somnolence and the world’s contempt; when, swooning in their egotism, they have lost all attraction for others as allies—then the floodgates of the North [the term “North” was often used at that time to refer in a general way to Russia, as the term “East” might be today] will be opened once more in our faces, and we shall be subjected to a final invasion, no longer by ignorant barbarians but by sophisticated, enlightened masters, masters more enlightened than we are, for they will have learned from our excesses how we could and should be ruled.”

But would this, Custine asked himself, as many people were to ask themselves at a later period in history—would this be so terrible? Would it be the end? Would a Russian domination be really intolerable? He thought so. He explained—in words that recall much of the contemporary discussion of Soviet policy in Czechoslovakia—why he rejected the suggestion that a Russian domination might have its uses:

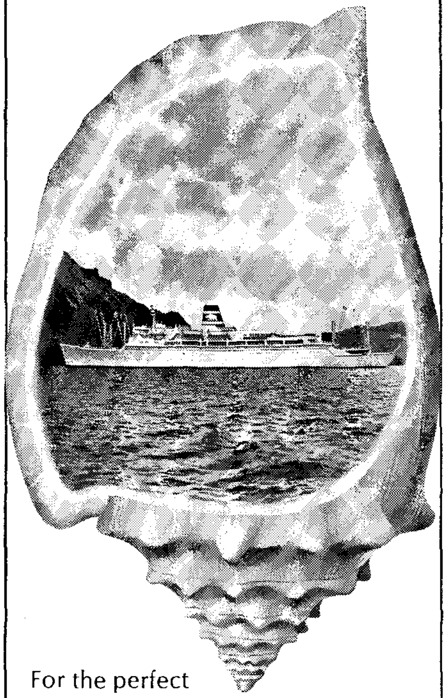
> A Russian domination, even if it should limit itself to diplomatic demands, without proceeding to actual conquest, would seem to me to be the deadliest possible thing for the world. One is deceiving oneself about the role that that country would play in Europe. By its own constitutional principles, Russia appears to represent order, but by the character of its people it would propagate tyranny under the pretext of putting an end to anarchy.

This, then, was Custine’s view of the significance of Russia for the future of Europe.

A threat? Yes. Unavoidably so, because Russia’s backwardness, the uneven rhythm of her development, and her inability to come to terms with herself forbade it to be otherwise. A na-

Enjoy the best of Hawaii

4-Island Cruises SS MONTEREY



For the perfect 10-day vacation, fly to Honolulu. And come aboard this famous cruise ship on **Sep 9, Sep 30, Oct 22 or Dec 24. Minimum fare $640.**

You'll begin with 3 fun-filled days in Honolulu; then sail to the island of Hawaii, visiting Hilo and Kona for 3 days; to Lahaina, Maui for 2 days; to Nawiliwili, Kauai for 2 days; and back to Honolulu. There's so much to see and do! And all the while, your ship is your luxurious resort hotel.

Contact your Travel Agent or mail the coupon for more information.

American Flag Cruising at its Finest

Pacific Far East Line

SS MARIPOSA • SS MONTEREY

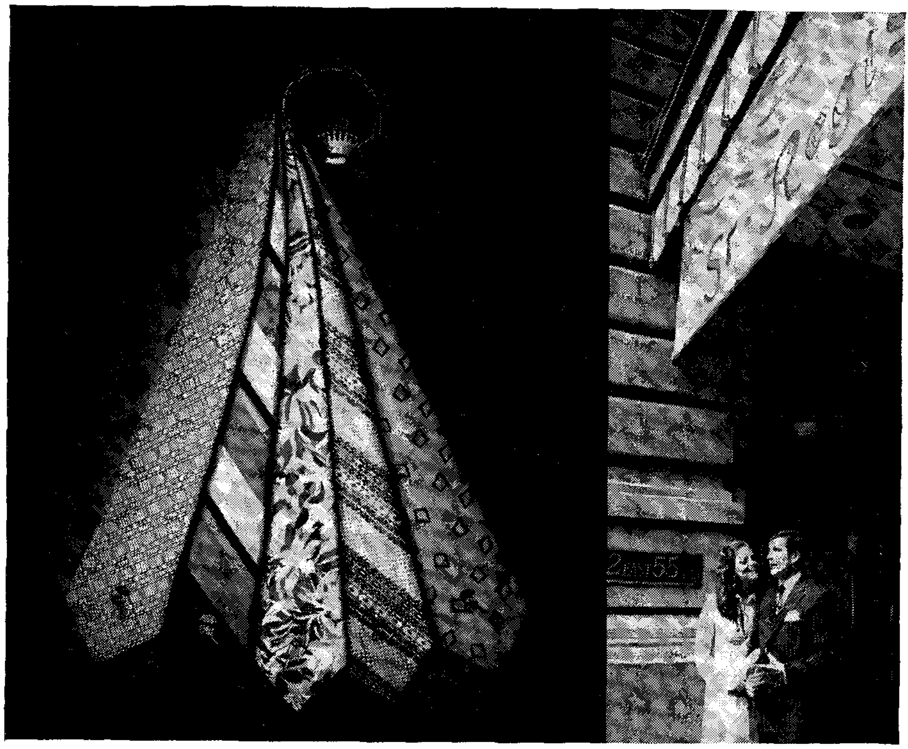
NY132-571

Paul Thompson, Cruise Consultant
SS MARIPOSA and SS MONTEREY
100 Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94105

Please send me information on PFEL's cruises to:
☐ Hawaii; also to ☐ South Seas ☐ Alaska

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ______
Travel Agent ____________

SHIPS OF U.S. REGISTRY



Countess Mara designs for "one man in a million."

Devotion to quality—ever-rarer these days—makes this new collection of Countess Mara ties a special treat. Here are original ideas for Spring, unerring in their taste. And whether priced from $10, or at $250, the workmanship of each tie is flawless in every detail. As further confirmation of its quality, each tie is discreetly embroidered with the famous CM and coronet.

Countess Mara, Inc. 110 E. 57th St. at Park Ave., New York

Countess Mara®

WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION ®

Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

Before the Hallmark goes on, it's already a masterpiece of delft. The Hallmark doesn't make it so. It tells you it's so.

This cinnamon (or sugar) shaker is one of a kind because it's handmade—the same way delft was made in Colonial days. To make sure that no one mistakes any Williamsburg Restoration delft for the original antique, we bake the date of manufacture into each piece.

The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.

For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Dept. A-8, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

® *Identifies trademarks of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*

tion that was not at peace with itself could not be at peace with its neighbors. But the menace that Russia presented was something that could be measured only in terms of Europe's weakness.

Russia was aggressive out of a desire to be something she was not. Europe, however, was threatened primarily by its failure to be all that it really was.

Russia was aggressive for lack of a quality she recognized and envied in others. Europe was threatened primarily by its failure to respect and to preserve a quality that was already its own.

Russia was a menace to herself and to others by virtue of the fact that she had no past to believe in. Europe was threatened primarily by its failure to respect the past that it had.

It will be recalled that Custine said he went to Russia "to seek arguments against representative government." Actually, this was only part of the sentence. It is now necessary to take cognizance of the remainder of it, which reads, ". . . but I return the partisan of constitutions." In various passages of the book, Custine explained in greater detail what he meant by that statement:

> I left France scared by the abuses of a false liberty; I return to my country persuaded that if, logically speaking, the representative system is not the most moral form of government, it is, practically, the most wise and moderate, preserving the people, on the one side, from democratic license, and, on the other, from the most glaring abuses of despotism. I therefore ask myself if we ought not to impose a silence upon our antipathies, and submit without murmur to a necessary policy, and one that, after all, brings to nations prepared for it more good than evil.
>
> In France, I had imagined myself in accord with these rigorous disciplinarians, but since I have lived under a despotism that imposes military rule upon the population of an entire empire, I confess that I have learned to prefer a little of the disorder that announces vigor to the perfect order that destroys life.

It is difficult to know what value to assign to these statements. Their similarity to the conclusions that Tocqueville had arrived at only shortly before on the basis of his journey to the United States is so great that one suspects Custine, as he wrote them, to have been strongly under Tocqueville's influence, and perhaps unconsciously anxious to gain for himself a bit of the acclaim that Tocqueville had won with his book. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that these words reflect truly the feelings with which Custine completed his Russian journey. And, in any case, they stand as classic statements of the effect that travel and residence in Russia have had on countless Western visitors, in reconciling them to the imperfections of the political systems of their native countries. For this, these passages need only be supplemented by the well-known sentences with which Custine ended his book: "To have a feeling for the liberty enjoyed in the other European countries one must have sojourned in that solitude without repose, in that prison without leisure, that is called Russia. If ever your sons should be discontented with France, try my recipe: tell them to go to Russia. It is a journey useful to every foreigner; whoever has well examined that country will be content to live anywhere else."

So much for Custine's reactions to Russia. It is these for which the book is famous. But the impression given of Custine's qualities of insight and judgment would not be complete if no mention should be made of certain of his judgments on broader problems of international life. The passages in which these judgments are embodied have not, as far as I know, received attention in any of the published works concerning Custine, but they deserve notice, because they appear, like so many of the judgments concerning Russia, to leap across the intervening decades and to have an actuality in the mid-twentieth century far greater than any they could have had at the time. In these passages, Custine entered the lists against concepts of romantic nationalism which were to be standard features of personality for at least three coming generations of statesmen and thinkers, not only in France but throughout the Western world. Out of a series of insights such as only the bitter experience of two world wars and the spectre of the atom were able to bring to others, he challenged the validity of the concept of national glory (to which even Tocqueville was attached); he rejected the idea of any attempt to spread power or ideology by proselytizing among other peoples; he praised the model of the small state, concentrating on the internal improvement of its own society, over that of the great state, bent on the expansion of its power; he rejected materialism, imperialism, and war in all their forms. How it was possible for a man to arrive at ideas so contrary to the entire developing atmosphere of his own century and culture remains one of the mysteries that seem always to have surrounded Custine's person and cast of mind.

With these introductory observations, the passages in question may be permitted to speak for themselves:

> However much our religious propaganda may appear to me sublime, to that same extent I find odious every sort of

WHAT FRANK BROTHERS KNOWS...SHOWS. How to create the best of all possible classics for today. Frank Brothers does it by combining two great traditional design features: the four eyelet tie and the moc toe, now subtly rounded and delineated with fine hand-stitching. A perfect merger. The look of it... The look of aristocratic. The feel of it...comfort complete. A telling example of Frank Brothers craftsmanship and pride. The shoe: "Ambrose". Walnut brown or black calf. $52.50.

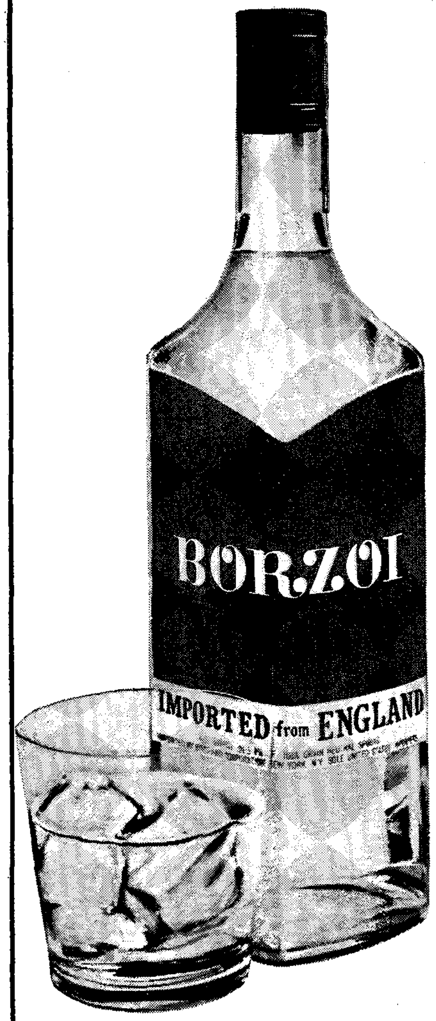
FRANK BROTHERS

The most distinguished shoe in America

Genesco Park, Nashville, Tenn. Genesco® Everything to wear.

Borzoi®
English
Vodka

Imported
for the
vodka martini man



FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y. · 91.5 PROOF · 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

political proselytism—the spirit, that is, of conquest, or, more precisely still, the *spirit of rapine justified by an over-clever* sophistry which goes by the name of glory. Far from uniting the human species, this narrow ambition only divides it.

I observe among the most civilized of the world's countries certain states that have power only over their own subjects, who are themselves small in number. These states have no weight at all in world politics. It is not by the pride of conquest or by the exercise of a tyrannical power over foreigners that their governments have won the right to a universal recognition; it is by their good example, by their wise laws, by an enlightened and beneficent administration. With such advantages, a small people can become not the conqueror of the world but, rather, its torchbearer, which is a hundred times preferable. . . . In our country, the fascination with war and conquest continues to endure despite the lessons of the God of Heaven, and despite—also—those of the god of the earth, which is self-interest.

I hope to live long enough to see the shattering of this bloody idol of war and brute force. One's power and one's territory are always sufficient to one's purpose if one limits one's courage to a willingness to live and die for the truth, to pursue error to the bitter end, to shed one's blood for the destruction of falsehood and injustice.

It is not by looking covetously to the outside that peoples establish their right to universal recognition; it is by directing their energy upon themselves and becoming what they can become under the double influence of spiritual and material civilization. This species of merit is as superior to the propaganda of the sword as virtue is preferable to glory.

That superannuated expression "a power of the first order," as it is applied to national policy, will be for a long time to come the source of the unhappiness of the world.

Custine's book, of course, reflected, and reflected unfortunately, the various influences to which he was particularly subjected shortly before and after his journey. The trauma of the suppression of the Polish uprising of 1830-31 was still felt in one way or another by almost everyone with whom he was in close contact at that time. The atmosphere of the strongly Catholic milieu in which he circulated in Paris was deeply affected by the partly distinguished and almost always eloquent figures of the new Polish emigration that now formed part of it, and these people, though they were capable of giving an informed picture of Russian society, had no interest in giving a balanced one. In his Russian contacts, on the other hand, Custine encountered the defensive edginess of previously liberal figures who had survived the Decembrist affair and had lived to experience the severe strains that the Polish uprising placed on their faith in their own country and on their fading idealism. This state of the spirit, overlaid upon the exaggerated Russian sense of prestige and the congenital Russian self-consciousness in relations with Western peoples, caused these Russian figures to overreact—made it difficult for them to discuss the problems of their own country in any relaxed and detached way, and stimulated that very combination of lofty pretension and secretive reticence which Custine found intolerable. There was, finally, the fact that Custine's questionable reputation had preceded him to Russia—unhappily for him, since Russian noblemen were, if anything, even less tolerant than people in Paris of the foibles with which his name was connected, so he was never unaware of the glances and words that were being exchanged behind his back. All these factors tended to distort his response to the confrontation with Russia, causing him to underestimate what was good, and to overstate—and to take pleasure in overstating—what was bad.

One must concede the truth of a great deal of what the unfavorable critics, and particularly the Russian critics, said about the weaknesses of Custine's book. It was, in the factual sense, dreadfully—almost shamefully—inaccurate. He blithely passed on to his readers all the anecdotes and rumors and bits of hearsay that came his way, usually without any serious effort at verification. He passed them on, I suspect, primarily to enliven the tale—as fragments of *Unterhaltungsliteratur* (light reading), designed to ease the burden on the reader of the more serious philosophical reflections and psychological observations with which the account is studded. He let them stand, that is, as examples of the sort of gossip that might meet the ears of any Western traveller as he moved through Russia; they were brought forward (and this is what the Victorian critics missed) not really to substantiate or illustrate the more serious reflections among which they were interspersed but, rather, to spare the reader the strain and tedium that he would have been subjected to if these reflections had been served up only in their pure form. Yet this was never explained, and in the absence of an explanation the presence of these hundreds of poorly verified and often easily disprovable items could not fail to damage the effectiveness of the work, provoking serious misunderstandings and playing into the hands of ill-intentioned critics. It

You'll love the exciting Dutch/Caribbean flavor of Curaçao's Holiday Inn. We've created a totally international resort on this enchanting island. Fact is, our Inn is so much of a resort that it's a Holiday Island in itself.

Our international management staff has brought refreshing ideas to Curaçao. They combine Holiday Inn hospitality with the famous Dutch warmth . . . to assure you a fun-filled Holiday Island vacation.

You'll relax on your own balcony . . . overlooking a lush tropical garden. You'll luxuriate in our huge freshwater pool under our warm, tropical sun. You'll play island sports. And you'll shop in our in-the-inn arcade.

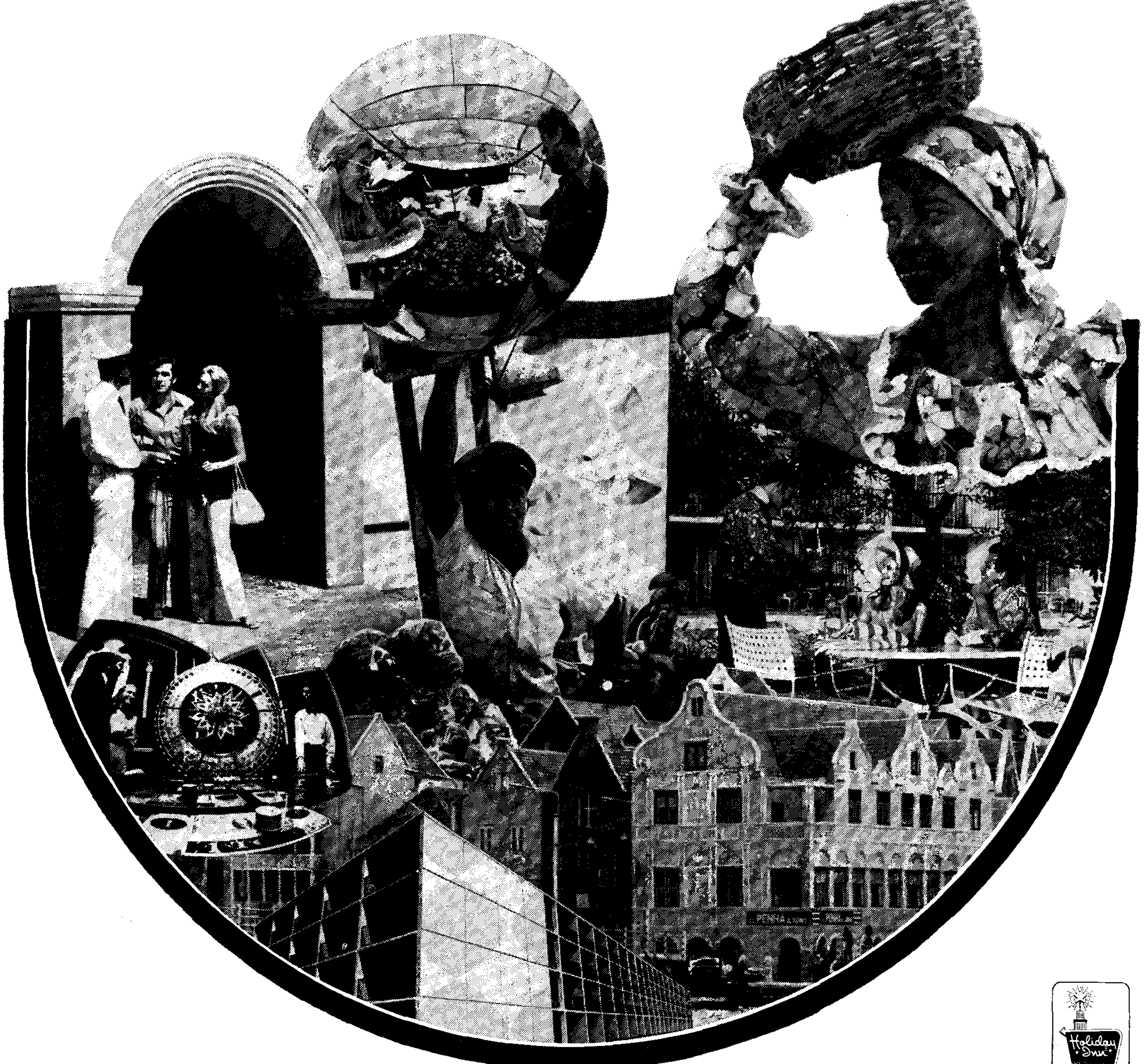
Your island evenings will find you feasting on international and tropical cuisine in elegant surroundings. Or on prime beef in our Kunuku Steak House – the only one in Curaçao. We've even got poolside luau facilities. Later, you'll drop in to our own lively nightclub for an evening of dancing and international entertainment. And for the games people play, there's always our elegant Casino Royale.

All this makes your Holiday Island vacation totally enjoyable in the Dutch tradition. And in the Holiday Inn tradition.

Ask about our Midi-Curacaon Tambu 4 day–3 night holiday for as little as $68.25 per person.*
This is only one of the almost 70 special holiday packages available in the Resort Travel Directory at your travel agent.

For reservations, contact any Holiday Inn, any Holiday Inn reservations office, or your travel agent.

Curaçao. A "Holiday Island" in the Dutch tradition.



*dbl. occ./air fare not included.

Curaçao. A "Holiday Island."

Holiday Inn

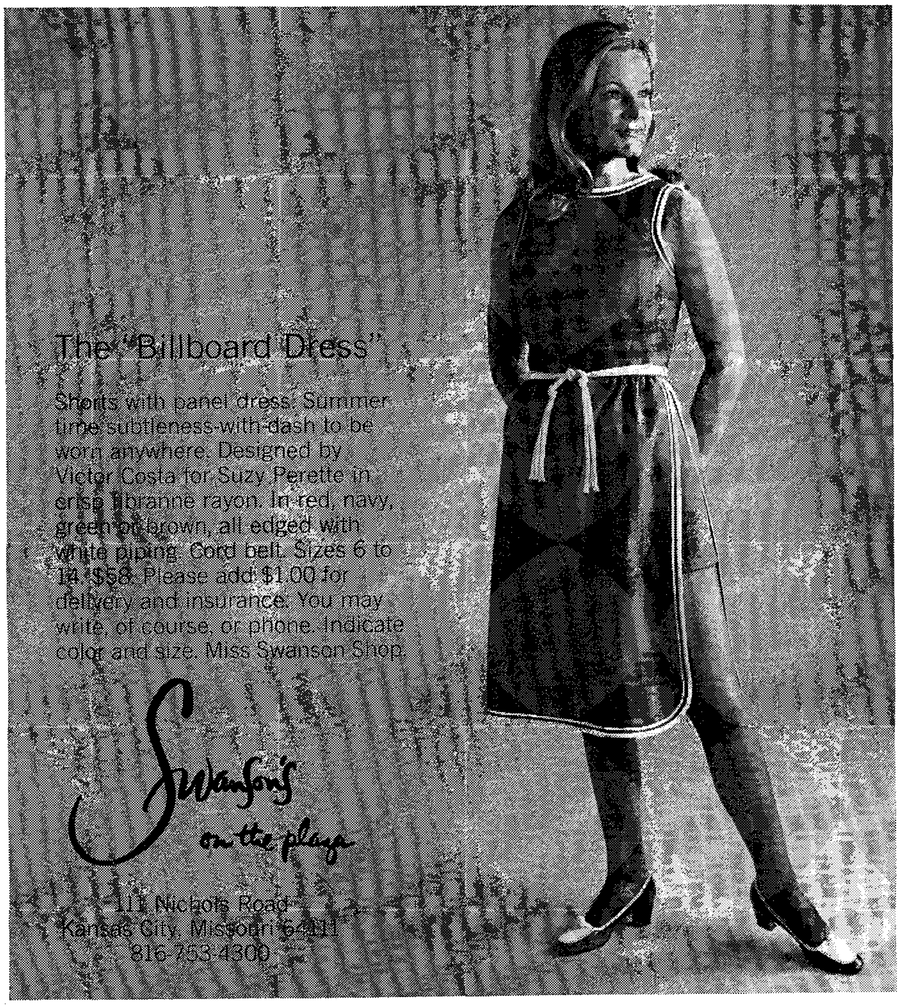
You know what you ought to do tonight?

You ought to sit down at a hibachi table and treat yourself to hibachi steak, hibachi shrimp or hibachi chicken—that's what you ought to do tonight.

BENIHANA of TOKYO

Benihana Palace 15 W. 44 St., 682-7120
Benihana East 120 E. 56 St., 593-1627
Benihana West 61 W. 56 St., 581-0930

Chicago, Beverly Hills, Encino, Seattle, Las Vegas, San Francisco, Harrisburg, Fort Lauderdale, Portland, Ore., Puerto Rico, Honolulu, Tokyo.



The "Billboard Dress"

Shorts with panel dress. Summer time subtleness-with-dash to be worn anywhere. Designed by Victor Costa for Suzy Perette in crisp fibranne rayon. In red, navy, green or brown, all edged with white piping. Cord belt. Sizes 6 to 14. $58. Please add $1.00 for delivery and insurance. You may write, of course, or phone. Indicate color and size. Miss Swanson Shop.

Swanson's on the plaza

111 Nichols Road
Kansas City, Missouri 64111
816-753-4300

may well be argued that if Custine was going to bring forward what purported to be factual material, and not label it as gossip and hearsay, then he owed it to his readers to see that it was really factual.

Nor were these the only weaknesses of the book as a commentary on the Russia of Nicholas I. The glimpse of Russian life that Custine had during his brief journey was, of course, wholly inadequate to the formation of any rounded view of the qualities of the Russian people or the nature of Russian society. Once again, if he had made this plain to his readers, and had refrained from judgments on aspects of Russian life that he was not really qualified to judge, his case would have been stronger. The resulting errors and weaknesses in the book were partly those of commission, which is to say, of *things* he saw and interpreted wrongly, but they were more often those of omission, which is to say, of things he did not see at all. In reality, he saw only the social and official crust of Russian society. This, to be sure, was one Russia. There was another Russia—several other Russias, one is tempted to say—which he did not see.

Take just his view of Russian literature. He saw something, it is true, of the embittered older literary intelligentsia, remnants of the period of Alexander I—and even these he greatly underrated—but he saw nothing of the new literary intelligentsia that was coming along to take its place. He had no idea of those resources of moral earnestness and artistic vigor which would give to that budding coterie of great writers its eventual power. One could not expect Custine to know that there was such a student as Fëdor Mikhailovich Dostoevski in the School of Military Engineering in St. Petersburg at the time he visited that city; or that there was developing, in the person of a distant relative of that Alexander Turgenev who gave him his letter of introduction, one of the really great writers of the nineteenth century; or that on a country estate a hundred miles south of Moscow there was growing up a bright-eyed boy, full of fun and vitality, who was destined to become very nearly the greatest, if not the greatest, novelist of all time. Custine naturally could not know these things as facts, but if his knowledge of Russia had been deeper and more many-sided, he could have recognized them as possibilities—and this he did not do.

What he failed to understand about the Russia of his day, then, was not the hypocrisy and pretentiousness of the bureaucracy and the high society, particularly in its relationship to the West, and not the backwardness of a people that had come late to the experiences of Western civilization—these things he understood remarkably well. What he failed to understand was the intensity of the awareness of these weaknesses, the reaction against them, and, in some instances, the very shame of them that existed in a great many sadder, wiser, more modest, and more sensitive Russian minds. Not understanding this, he also failed to understand that the Russia he saw represented not the unopposed predominance of those tendencies and traits which so aroused his dislike—not the triumph of a heartless, arrogant autocracy over a dull-witted, spiritless people—but, rather, a momentous struggle, tragic in its implications, between two Russias: the Russia of power and cynicism, and the Russia of the spirit and faith.

It was this—not the recognition of much that was unworthy in Russian officialdom but the failure to recognize the intensity of the unhappiness over it in other echelons of Russian society—that caused so many Russians to cry out indignantly against what Custine had written. These feelings were stated very well in an unpublished article by Prince Vyazemski, the poet and critic to whom Custine was introduced by Alexander Turgenev's letter. "I am not saying that everything is for the best with us," Vyazemski wrote. "We know our own faults—know them much better than do our critics and detractors. We see all that we still lack as a daughter nation of the great European family. We know that we have a great deal of work to do on ourselves and much more to achieve before we arrive at the point toward which our efforts and our aspirations are directed. We do not propose to place ourselves, on our own initiative, at the head of civilization; we do not claim to be the tutors or the regents of other nations. But we, too, have our place in the sun, and it is not M. de Custine who is going to deprive us of it."

If, then, the question be posed in the form in which it was indeed posed by so many of the contemporary critics—that is, "Could one have gained from Custine's book an informed and fair picture of Russian society and of the strengths and weaknesses of the Russian people as of that time?"—it would have to be answered in the negative.

THESE demands were, perhaps, the only ones that many people of that time were able to make—or could have been expected to make—of Cus-

We made our first bottle of Brolio around the turn of the century. The tenth century.

Not only is Brolio nearly a thousand years old, but it's the world's original Chianti wine.

Chianti made now, as it was then, from the choicest grapes of the "classico" district. At Castle Brolio. In the very heart of the Chianti country.

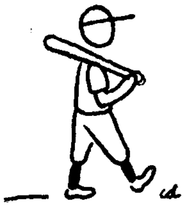
And it's here that all the accumulated knowledge of ten centuries goes into our every bottle. To make the Chianti that is Brolio. Deep garnet in color. Velvety. Full-bodied.

Today, we no longer have the original Chianti bottle. But we can still give you the original Chianti.

Brolio Chianti

IMPORTED BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

tine's book. But they are not the only ones that must be made by people of the nineteen-seventies. For even if we admit that "La Russie en 1839" is not a very good book about Russia in 1839, we are confronted with the disturbing fact that it is an excellent book—probably, in fact, the best of books—about Russia in 1939, which is to say, the Russia of Joseph Stalin, and not a bad book about the Russia of Brezhnev and Kosygin.



Does this fact require demonstration? Very little, surely. It is something that has been recognized by practically everyone who has any knowledge of Stalin's Russia and who has, in the light of that knowledge, read even the recent condensations of "La Russie en 1839." Here, as though the book had been written yesterday (but in better and more striking language than most of us would be able to command), appear all the familiar features of Stalinism: the absolute power of a single man; his power over thoughts as well as actions; the impermanence and insubstantiality of all subordinate distinctions of rank and dignity, leading to the instantaneous transition from lofty station to disgrace and oblivion; the indecent association of sycophancy upward with brutality downward; the utter disenfranchisement and helplessness of the masses; the nervous punishment of innocent people for offenses they might be considered capable of committing rather than ones they had committed; the neurotic relationship to the West; the frantic fear of foreign observation; the obsession with espionage; the secrecy; the systematic mystification; the guarded silence; the preoccupation with appearances at the expense of reality; the systematic cultivation of falsehood as a weapon of policy; the tendency to rewrite the past. In the phenomenon of Stalinism, all these features of the Russian scene—features that had impressed themselves only indistinctly on Custine's consciousness in 1839, like the fragments of an evil nightmare—emerged, a hundred years later, in full and visible reality, no longer to be semi-concealed, no longer to bring blushes to the faces of their authors when attention was called to them, but now to be held brazenly aloft in the daylight as favored principles of political leadership, indispensable means of leading the Russian people, or any other people, down the broad vistas of utopian Socialism. And along with these features there went the semi-religious Messianism—the pretension to universal validity for an official Russian faith—and the suppression of the liberties of neighboring peoples (the Poles in 1831, the Czechs in 1968) in the alleged interests of the internal security of the Russian state.

What are we to make of this anomaly—that the *nightmare* of 1839 should have become the reality of 1939, and the semi-reality of 1969? The answer to that question must be sought, surely, in the span of Russian history that linked the time of Custine with the time of Stalin. For three-quarters of a century after the appearance of Custine's book, the development of government and politics in Russia was destined to be determined primarily by the competing efforts of three forces: first, the diehard reactionaries, who wanted no change at all, and who were to be found largely within the framework of governmental bureaucracy but partly also within the ranks of the landowning gentry and the senior military and police officials; second, the liberals and democratic Socialists, who wanted gradual reform and peaceful, organic progress, and who were to be found in small part within the government but mostly outside it, among the provincial gentry and the cream of the new intelligentsia; and, third, the revolutionary Socialists and anarchists, people entirely outside the government, who wanted violent, sudden change—change by revolution, not by evolution. It must be noted that between the first and the third of these forces there existed a certain bond of common purpose: neither wished to see the regime adjust to the demands of the modern age and evolve peacefully in the direction of greater liberality or a greater degree of popular representation and participation. It was the liberals alone who pursued this objective.

Of these three forces, Custine was able to see the first very clearly, and this, in the main, is what he described. He was also able dimly to sense, if not to see, the third. There are interesting passages in his book about the forces working toward revolution in Russia and the prospects for the success of their efforts. He was quite aware that there were, present though concealed, in the Russia that lay before him, revolutionaries, conspiracies, secret societies, subterranean efforts to prepare for the unseating of the regime. Such things, he thought, were in the nature of Russian society and would long continue to exist. The great distances of the empire were favorable, he astutely observed, both to revolt and to

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE
DROPPING ANCHOR
AT "NEW YORK'S BIGGEST LITTLE HOTEL"

THE TUSCANY . . . ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV • ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations:
EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too!
Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

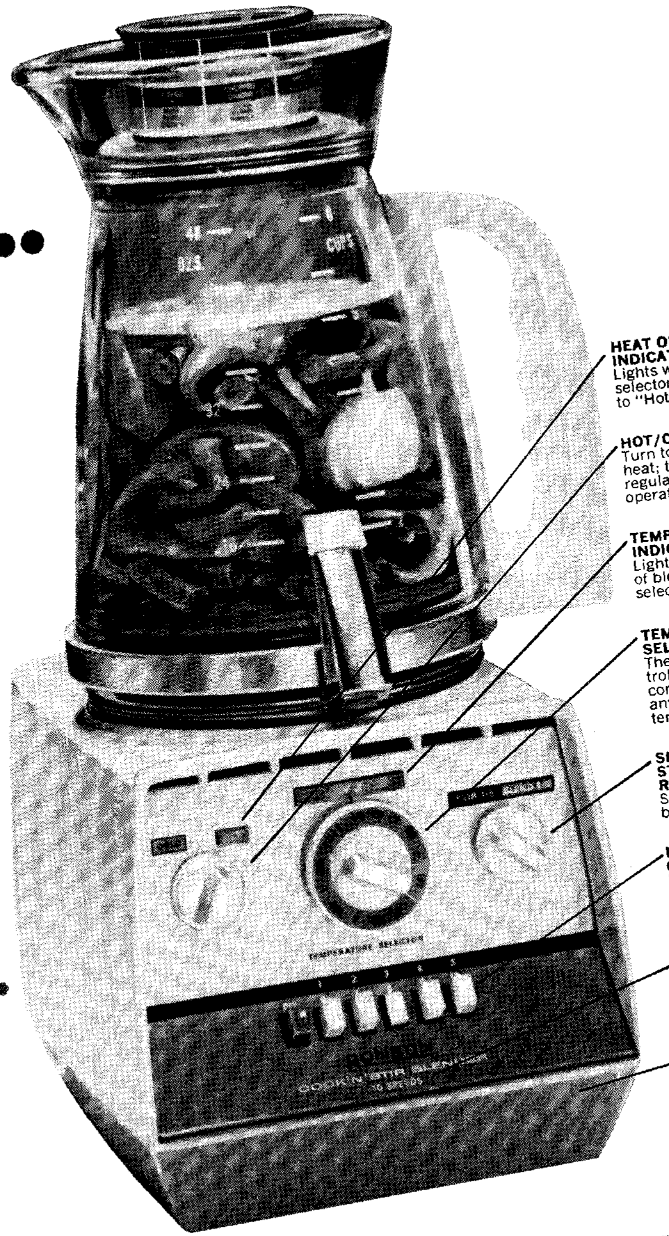
May we send you a brochure?

the Tuscany
39th St. just east of Park Ave., N.Y. 10016
Tel. (212) 686-1600

SALZBURG
BAYREUTH
MUSIC FESTIVALS TOUR
For new folder, see your Travel Agent or Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.
Maupintour
20th year of quality tour operation

Ronson Cook'n'Stir... the only blender that heats!

It also does everything other blenders do, and does it better. It stirs, whips, chops. It even crushes ice.



HEAT ON INDICATOR LIGHT. Lights when Hot/Cold selector knob is turned to "Hot."

HOT/COLD SELECTOR. Turn to "Hot" for cooking heat; to "Cold" for regular blending operation.

TEMPERATURE INDICATOR LIGHT. Lights up when contents of blender carafe reach selected temperature.

TEMPERATURE SELECTOR. Thermostatically controlled to hold constant, correct temperature at any setting from "room" temperature to 375°.

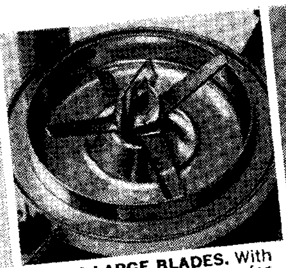
SELECTOR FOR STIR RANGE/BLEND RANGE. Selects either stir or blend speed ranges.

PUSHBUTTON CONTROLS. Modern, convenient pushbuttons make speed selection simple and sure.

TEN SPEEDS. Speed ranges from 1 to 5 in Stir Range and 1 to 5 in Blend Range for a total of 10 speeds.

EXTRA-POWERFUL 1/3 HP MOTOR. Powered to blend or stir at any speed, without stalling. Blends whole vegetables, even crushes ice.

WIDE-MOUTH DESIGN. Takes whole fruits and vegetables without pre-slicing. Easy-pour spout.



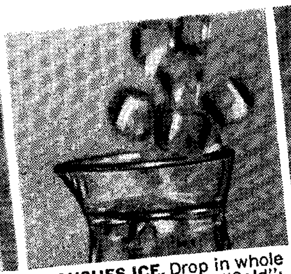
EXTRA-LARGE BLADES. With bigger base, there's room for bigger blades—driven by Ronson's extra-powerful ⅓ HP motor.

HEATING ELEMENT. Only blender with a heating element. Heats quickly and evenly.

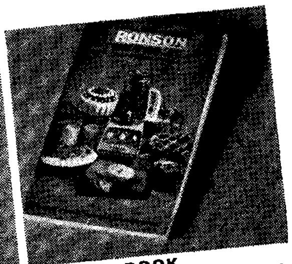
TRIPLE-PURPOSE LID. It's (1) a lid, (2) a two-ounce measuring cup, and (3) has stirring/blending speeds imprinted around it.

ATTRACTIVE CARAFE SERVES AT TABLE. Big 1½ quart carafe detaches for table service, with easy-pour spout, slim handle, high temperature heat-resistant glass.

TOROIDAL ACTION. Unique flow within the blender provides self-feeding action, smooth blending.



CRUSHES ICE. Drop in whole cubes, set blender on "Cold"; ice is crushed in seconds.

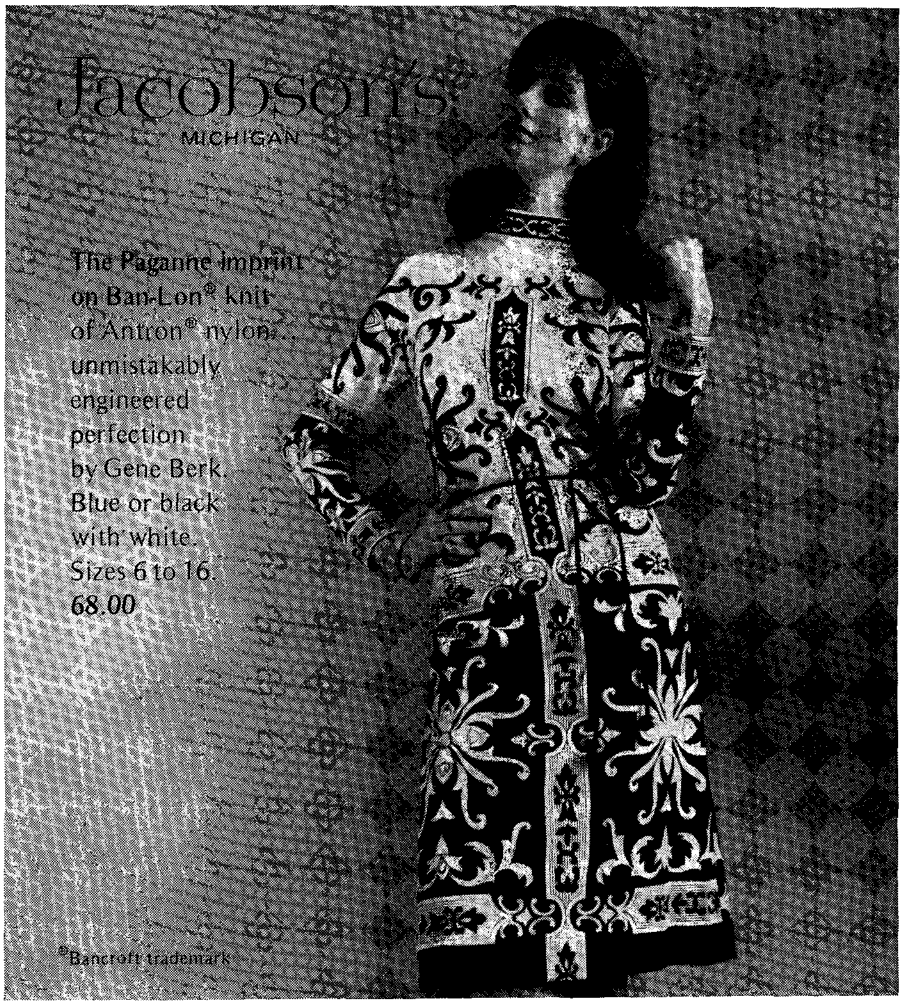


RECIPE BOOK. Over 100 pages of illustrated instructions. Hundreds of recipes

RONSON®

DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N.J., U.S.A. Available in Canada.



The Paganne imprint on Ban-Lon® knit of Antron® nylon: unmistakably engineered perfection by Gene Berk. Blue or black with white. Sizes 6 to 16. 68.00

®Bancroft trademark

Imagination rewarded

Think of what your imagination did for you all winter. Think of the grey days you survived because of its promises of summer.

And then come. Come to where the Berkshire Hills give you solitude or activity to your heart's content. Where the sailboats in Gloucester Harbor have a magic agreement with the wind. Where Boston will steal your heart, and give you a mindful of memories in return. Where the Plymouth anniversary reteaches you of pride. Think of the dreams that got you through winter. And then come to Massachusetts for your imagination's reward.

Massachusetts
Box 1775, Boston,
Massachusetts 02105
Please send me a free full-color Summer Vacation Kit.

Name ______
Street ______
City ______
State ______ *Zip* ______

Department of Commerce and Development, Division of Tourism, Carroll P. Sheehan, Commissioner, Dept. NY5/1

THE BEAUTIFUL STATE OF MIND
Massachusetts

oppression. He thought, too, that he could see something of the nature of these future revolutionaries. He pointed to a number of what he thought would be features of their position and personality: their classless status, or their lack of social rootedness (many, he thought correctly, would be the sons of priests); their spotty and unfinished education; their lack of religious faith and ethical discipline; and the great moral and philosophical confusion of mind—the illusion of a total personal freedom, an absence of all ethical restraint, in the pursuit of utopian objectives—that would inform and poison their activity.

He thought that the government would never be overthrown by popular revolt—by an uprising of the people en masse—or not, at any rate, as long as it remained consistently ruthless. One will recall his melancholy conclusions to this effect:

> Nothing can really discredit authority in the eyes of a people where obedience has become a condition of life.... Clemency represents weakness in the approach to a people hardened by terror; nothing disarms such a people but fear; implacable severity forces it to its knees; mercy, on the contrary, causes it to raise its head; one would not know how to convince it; one can do no other than to subdue it....

But a popular uprising was not the only way a regime could be overthrown, and Custine also sensed the ultimate approach of revolution. He viewed it as the inevitable product of the abdication by the Russian nobility of its true function—that of serving as the principal bulwark against tyranny. He could not predict when the revolution would come. He doubted—and, as it turned out, was right to do so—whether even the grandchildren of people then alive would witness it. But its eventual occurrence was something that seemed to him to be in the air.

Custine looked for no good to come of such a turn of events. It would be, he said, a revolution more terrible than the one (the French Revolution) that Europe had so recently witnessed. And it would be all the more terrible, he thought, because it would be brought about in the name of religion. It would end with the confounding of Church with State—of Heaven with earth. He was not entirely wrong in this judgment. He was wrong, of course, about the identity of the religion. It would be, in the final event, not the Christian orthodoxy of the Eastern Rite, the one he so mistrusted, in whose name the Revolution would be brought about but the new secular orthodoxy called Marxism-Leninism, decidedly different from the prerevolutionary Russian Orthodox Church in its philosophical inspiration but very little different from it in its relationship to the secular power. For it based itself, like its predecessor, on a claim to be the executor of a species of scriptural revelation; it created its own population of saints, angels, martyrs, and devils; it surrounded itself with a largely similar iconography, even down to the mummification of saints; and it was distinguished from its predecessor primarily by its concentration on the material aspects of existence here below—by its attempt, that is, to remove from the next world to this both the promise of Heaven and the reality of Hell.

Such was Custine's dim apprehension of the revolutionary tendencies in Russian society, and it was, as we see, not without its elements of accuracy. But we must note, at the same time, that if he had some idea of the first and third of the forces that were destined to shape Russia in the decades following the publication of his book, he was wholly oblivious of the existence and the future power of the second—Russian liberalism. No wonder his book fell into oblivion or disrepute as the nineteenth century ran its course. The power of liberal feeling in Russia, and the success it would have in moderating the autocracy, had no place in his view of the Russian future. Yet in the seventy-five years that elapsed before the outbreak of the Russian Revolution enormous changes were brought about in Russian life under the pressure of liberal impulses—such changes as he himself could never have dreamed of. Serfdom was abolished, and a promising beginning was made—if only at the end of the period—in correcting the evils of the organization of the agricultural process that followed serfdom. A foundation was laid for the development of proper organs of local self-government—something that Russia had never known. The judicial system was reformed. Extensive civil rights were established. A promising program of universal primary education was undertaken and to an impressive degree completed. Eventually, even a parliament was established—a parliament limited, to be sure, in its powers, and in the scope of the suffrage that gave it its composition, but not wholly powerless, not negligible as a modification of the autocracy and as a factor in Russian life. And, on top of all this, Russian culture—particularly literature, music, and the drama, but also science and the intellectual life generally—flourished as it had never flourished before and has not since, achieving for

No matter how much you like your Bourbon, there's a good chance you'll like Benchmark more.

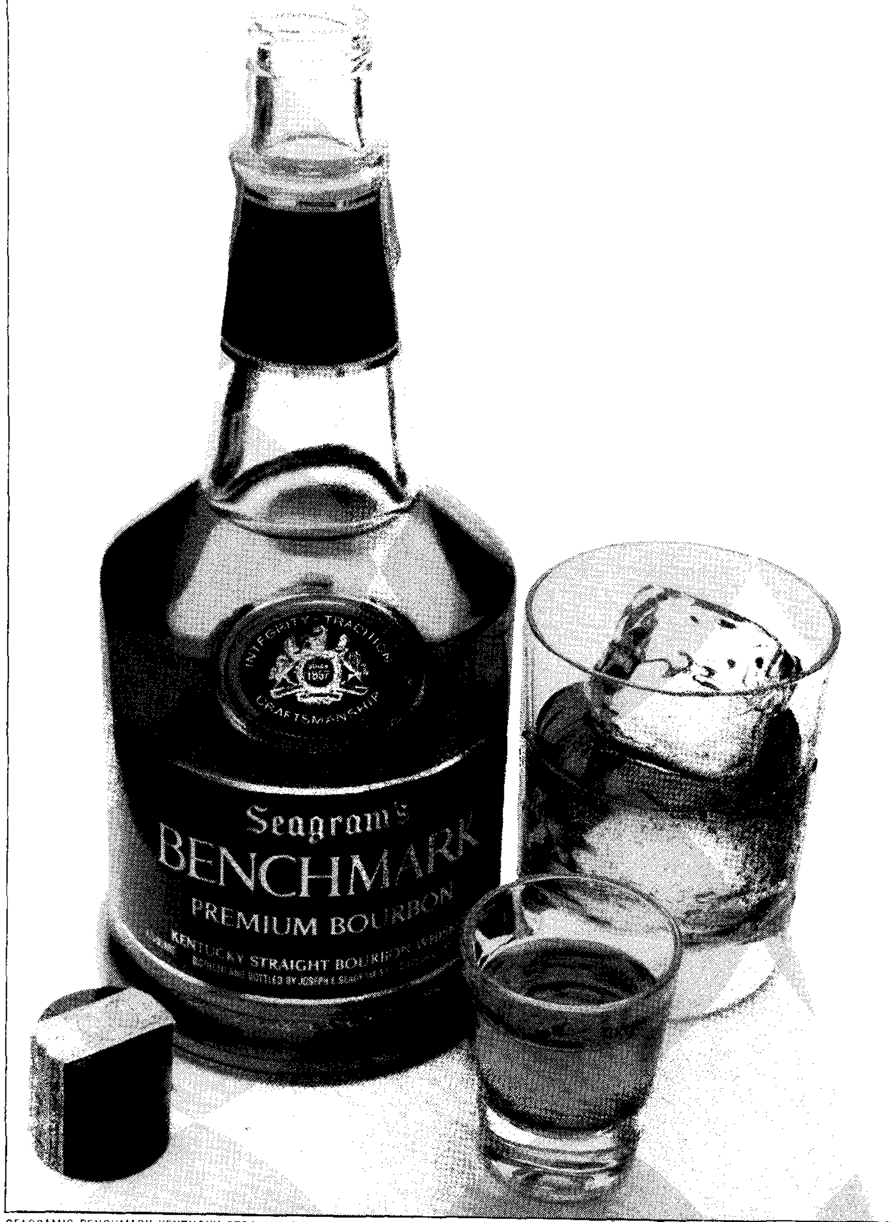
As a Bourbon drinker, you probably know a whole lot about the subject.

And have picked the Bourbon you call your own very, very carefully.

That's why, with all due respect, we'd like you to know just one more thing: The taste of Seagram's Benchmark. The taste of craftsmanship.

When you know that, you'll know why so many Bourbon drinkers who thought they had found their Bourbon, have now found ours.

Benchmark. Seagram's Premium Bourbon.
"Measure your Bourbon against it."

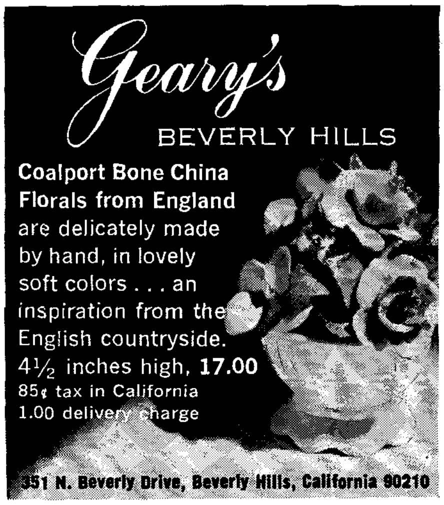

Seagram's
BENCHMARK
PREMIUM BOURBON
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
INTEGRITY TRADITION CRAFTSMANSHIP
1857

SEAGRAM'S BENCHMARK KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

TERRY SHIRT 'N SHORTS Here's the perfect playsuit—all in one piece. So easy to slip into with white pearl buttons up the front. Terry belt is banded in red and blue. In easy care **white terry**. Small (8-10), Medium (12-14), Large (16-18). **$10.95**
Add 50¢ each for shipping. *Send for color catalog.*
THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

Tourists don't come here. Perhaps, then, you should.

It's not for the crowd.
It's for people who want to tee off at will. Who like their swimming, skiing (in season), tennis, and fishing uncrowded. Who can appreciate excellent food in gracious surroundings.
Hound Ears, you see, is not a resort hotel. It's more like an intimate club. With chalet, lodge, or private home accommodations.
And it's all in a mountain setting that is deliberately uncommercial.
For information and reservations, call us at (704) 963-4321. Or write Box 277, Blowing Rock, N. C. 28605.
Hound Ears Lodge and Club



Geary's
BEVERLY HILLS
Coalport Bone China Florals from England are delicately made by hand, in lovely soft colors . . . an inspiration from the English countryside.
4½ inches high, **17.00**
85¢ tax in California
1.00 delivery charge
351 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210

Russia in these fields a place not inferior to that of any of the great advanced Western nations.

None of this, of course, had any place in Custine's view of Russia, and some of his critics—Vyazemski, for example—if they had lived down to 1914, could have pointed then to this intervening span of Russian history as a refutation of the validity of Custine's view, at least insofar as it related to the prospects for Russia's future. They could have argued plausibly that those features of Russian life which had impressed themselves so unfavorably on Custine's consciousness were recessive ones, destined to be progressively weakened and overcome as Russia advanced into the modern age, and that those others, which were really to shape Russian life most significantly over the coming decades, were ones he had not seen at all. All this would have been true, and if no change had occurred after 1914 to alter this liberal trend, we, at the turn of the seventh decade of the twentieth century, could have dismissed Custine's book as a minor curiosity—an engaging false start in the effort of Western observers to understand the Russia of Nicholas I.

But 1917 and its consequences reversed this pattern. The most abnormal of circumstances—an exhausting war; a weak and foolish Czar; the impact of modern romantic nationalism on the non-Russian portions of the empire—converged to produce a virtual collapse of the Czardom. The liberals found themselves paralyzed by their commitment to a war effort that was embittering the peasantry, demoralizing the armed forces, playing at every point into the hands of the extremists on both right and left. They thus found themselves in effect without popular support at the crucial moment. The radical revolutionaries, as we all know, seized power with ease. Of their two adversaries, the reactionaries and the liberals, these revolutionaries had regarded the former with envy and contempt, the latter with real hatred. They now destroyed them both, with an impartial callousness. In destroying the liberals, they also rejected everything the liberals stood for. But in destroying the reactionaries they did not entirely reject what these stood for; a great deal of it they appropriated for themselves, reëstablishing, but in an even more extreme form, many of the attitudes and methods of rule that had characterized Russia long before Nicholas I. In more ways than one, the removal of the center of power from St. Petersburg to Moscow restored the spirit and the practices of the Grand Duchy of Muscovy: the defiant, xenophobic sense of religious orthodoxy, the breakdown of communication with the West, the Messianic dreams of Moscow as the Third Rome, the terrible punishments, and the sultry, intrigue-laden air of the stuffy chambers of the Kremlin.

It is, of course, precisely these archaic traits of the Russian political personality that stand out in Custine's view of Russia. It was the pale, fading afterglow of old Muscovy that he sensed in the Russia he saw before him. To be sure, at the time he made his visit many of these traits were already dormant in Russian society. Others were still to some extent active. But whether they were active or dormant, he sensed and recorded them all, and it was to them that he reacted. Now, in the wake of 1917, but, above all, with the triumph of Stalin in the late twenties, Bolshevik fanaticism, intolerance, and self-righteousness would awaken these archaic trends to life and would enthrone them once again as fundamental principles of Russian government. And in doing so they would unwittingly give Custine's fevered reactions and apprehensions a reality and a validity they had never enjoyed when he was alive.

Now, it is a reasonable view (this writer, among others, adheres to it) that the Russian Revolution was fortuitous, in that it was the product of a number of factors in whose sudden coming together no logical pattern can be discerned. One can think of a number of individual circumstances any one of which might very easily, but for the hand of chance, have been quite different from what it actually was—and different in such a way as to obviate the second Russian Revolution of 1917, if not the first. It is conceivable that if this had happened, the advance of Russia along liberal-democratic lines would have continued successfully, with the features of Custine's nightmare receding even further into the past—receding, in fact, to the point where they would have appeared wholly and irrevocably archaic, and the very thought of reviving them as principles of government in the modern age would have appeared absurd. This, I reiterate, *might* have happened. It was a possibility. And since it was only by action of the hand of chance that it did not happen, one could say, I suppose, that Custine's posthumous triumph is itself fortuitous,

Polaroid Corporation's magic number.

We taught it everything we know.

The 450 puts more into one minute than any Polaroid Land camera we make.

It starts with Focused Flash. Our new flash system that throws exactly the right amount of light on your subject, automatically. (As you focus the camera little louvers open or close in front of the flashcube.)

As close as 3½ feet you get a soft, flattering light. As far back as 10 feet you get enough light for the whole gang. Anywhere in between, you get something precisely in between.

(Focused Flash uses the new GE Hi-Power Cube that was made especially for this system. It's more than twice as bright as standard flashcubes.)

The 450's electronic shutter and electric eye control all other exposures for you, automatically.

Take candid shots of your family some sunny day. (This camera can shoot at 1/1000th of a second.) Or indoor black-and-white shots without flash. Or color time exposures up to 10 seconds. All automatically.

An electronic development timer built into the back even keeps track of your picture while it's developing, then calls you ("Beep") the second it's ready.

Focusing? Bring together the two images in the double-image Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder and you're precisely focused.

There's a three-element lens. Four film-speed settings. Black all-metal body. And brushed chrome finish. The entire camera sells for under $175. (Without Focused Flash, under $165.)

The 450 also comes in a special deluxe kit. Focused Flash, snap-on attachments for head and shoulder portraits and a self-timer so you can even get into your own pictures.

The 450. Our finest minute.

The 450

POLAROID
FOCUSED FLASH
AUTOMATIC
450
LAND CAMERA
POLAROID

Polaroid®

Our desk could be an island.

Our English desk is surrounded on all sides by rare yew wood veneer, spindle turnings, and has a gold-tooled leather top. It stands out as a special place a man can call his own. To see more of our collection of 18th century designs for 20th century living, send $1.00, for The 18th Century Portfolio, to Henredon, Dept. NY 5-171, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

Henredon

FRASER'S WMF stainless 18/8

CONTEMPORARY elegance in stainless steel: Serving accessories from *the Fraser's Collection of distinctive tableware. Write for free catalogue.*
WMF FRASER'S. 236 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10001 • **WMF CANADA.** 2350 Midland Ave., Agincourt, Ont.

and is therefore no great credit to his perspicacity.

There is something to be said for this view—but not everything. It was, after all, Russia, and no other country, about which Custine made these observations, and it was again Russia, and no other country, in which, a century later, they found their fulfillment. Whatever else may be said about Custine, and whichever of his many weaknesses may be held against him, his readers of the present age must concede that he detected, in the glimpse he had of Russia in the summer of 1839, traits in the mentality of Russian government and society, some active, some latent, the recognition and correction of which would be vital to the future success and security of Russian society—not just its security against those external forces by whose fancied heretical will Russians of all ages have so easily seen themselves threatened but, above all, its security against itself.

THERE are one or two afterthoughts that require attention.

It was, as we have seen, a reproach that could justly be raised against Custine in his time that whereas a great deal of what he had seen in Russia really existed, especially in the psychological and philosophical sense, a great deal also existed that he had not seen. There was, after all, "the other Russia"—the opposite pole to all the brutality, the callousness, the meanness of spirit that offended him. I must emphasize that just because the negative pole has become superficially predominant in the Russia of 1971 does not mean that the other pole does not also still exist somewhere in the great, mute depths of the Russian population. It is true that the Bolsheviks have succeeded, over these fifty years, in destroying, or in driving out of Russia, a great deal of what was liberal and humane and hopeful in the human material of which Russia consisted at the time of the Revolution. The forces of Russian liberalism, insofar as they have survived, have been largely drained off into other countries, to enrich the lives of other peoples as they impoverished, by their disappearance, the life of Russia herself. It would be idle to suppose that the positive forces in Russian life have not been weakened by this reckless and savage prodigality on the part of the regime. If the negative pole of Russian life is stronger than it was in Custine's day, the positive pole, alas, must be presumed to be correspondingly weaker. But it is not wholly absent. And it is not beyond the possibility of restrengthening. We must remember that the constructive forces that manifested themselves in Russia's late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century life had emerged, and fairly recently, from tyranny and squalor and degradation. They had their roots in what one would have thought was unhopeful soil. That they survived and eventually established themselves and grew was the reflection of a certain ineradicable, defiant faith in the value of the human individual and the meaningfulness of the human experience: a faith that has been reflected at a thousand points over these past two hundred years—and continues to be reflected regularly today—in what is the true medium of the Russian conscience; namely, the literary word.

It is not the Russian people as a whole on whom it is incumbent to respond to the challenge Custine made, although it would be useful for all of them to reflect upon it. It is also not the ghosts of the rulers of 1839, to whose faults and virtues history has accorded a sounder—and, in general, more favorable—appraisal than Custine was able to give them. It is, rather, the present rulers of Russia—men who had their political origins in that Stalinist system which first gave reality to Custine's bad dreams, and who have not been able to muster the courage or the enlightenment to reject this morbid heritage. They continue, by implication, to accept a moral responsibility for the conditions of Stalin's day as well as of their own. It is they, above all, who must face the question as to whether Custine's strictures were or were not—are or are not—justified.

—GEORGE F. KENNAN

◆

NANCY HANKS, MEET MARLO THOMAS!

"You can't computerize the happiness of a child with a box of crayons who draws a picture. Art touches hearts as well as minds."—*Marlo Thomas, of the TV series "That Girl," quoted in the Dallas Morning News.*

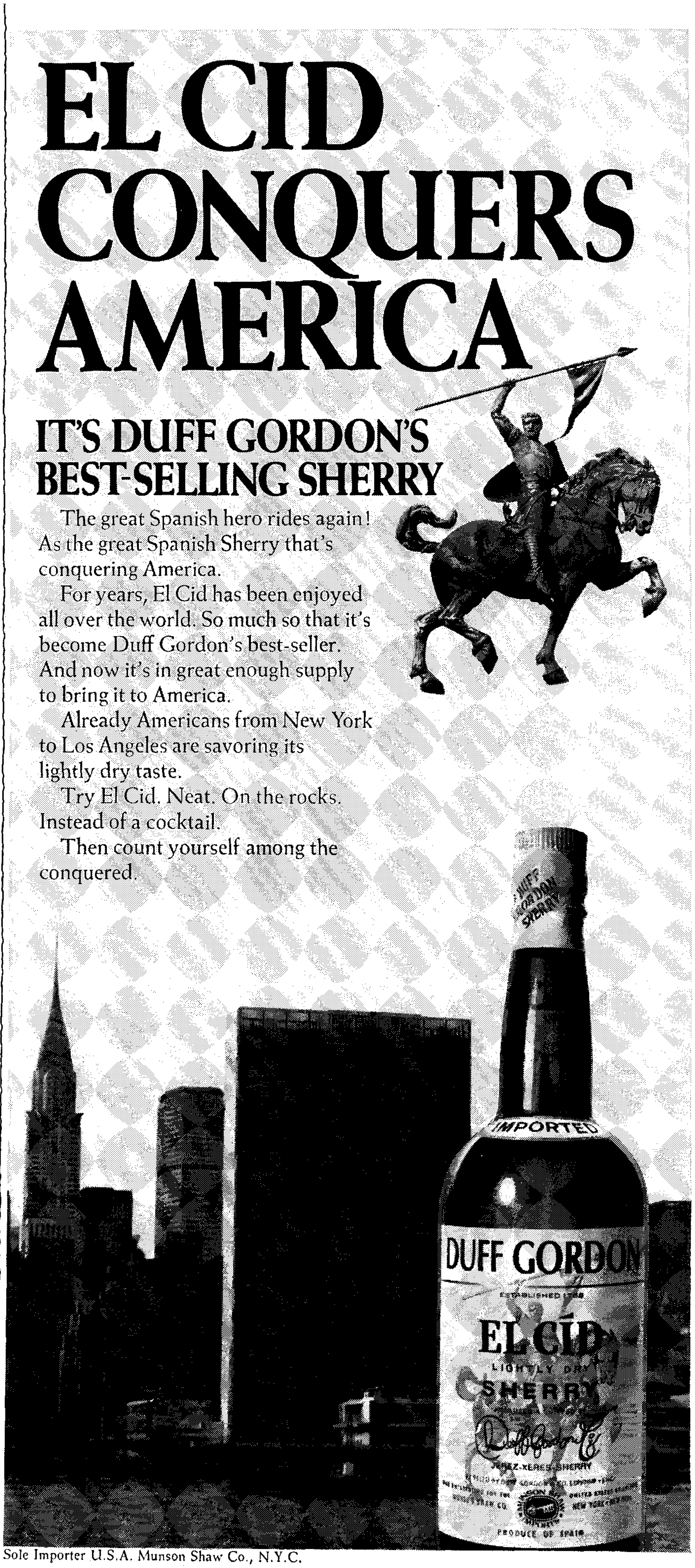
"You can't computerize the happiness of a child with a box of crayons who draws a picture. Art touches hearts as well as minds."—*Nancy Hanks, chairman of the National Council on the Arts, quoted in the same news story.*

◆

Innerspace is also offering a deluxe model, "Pleasure Island," which for $2,500 to $2,800 gives you an 11-foot square water bed complete with stereo, color television and water pillows.

But most customers like the $200 to $300 models with frame, heating unit, patching equipment and host.—*Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

Is there one with a hostess?



EL CID CONQUERS AMERICA

IT'S DUFF GORDON'S BEST-SELLING SHERRY

The great Spanish hero rides again! As the great Spanish Sherry that's conquering America.

For years, El Cid has been enjoyed all over the world. So much so that it's become Duff Gordon's best-seller. And now it's in great enough supply to bring it to America.

Already Americans from New York to Los Angeles are savoring its lightly dry taste.

Try El Cid. Neat. On the rocks. Instead of a cocktail.

Then count yourself among the conquered.

Sole Importer U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.C.

THE THEATRE

ON THE CATASTROPHIC OMISSION OF THE CITY OF NEW HAVEN AND A SEAT OF LEARNING THERE FROM A WORK WHOSE SUCCESS WAS WHOLLY DEPENDENT UPON THEIR PRESENCE

THE ineptitude of the inventors of "Frank Merriwell," a musical that closed at the Longacre almost as soon as it opened, can be measured by the fact that Merriwell, the most celebrated Yale man, real or imaginary, of all time, was never shown at Yale. Instead, he was a student at an institution called Fardale, in the town of Fardale, which is to say Nowhere, and though we heard that Frank, thanks to his heroism rather than to his grades, was being recommended for a scholarship at Yale, he failed to get to New Haven before the final curtain rang down. Now, this is Hamlet without Denmark, Clarissa Dalloway without London, Gatsby without West Egg, and it will not do. I was perhaps especially upset by so peculiar a mishandling of the Merriwell memorabilia because I was immersed in it from the cradle; my father was at Yale in Frank's day, and it has not yet occurred to a male member of my family to seek admission to any other college. Frank and the villainous Bart Hodge and the winsome Inza Burrage were the people I looked for on Chapel Street when I was an undergraduate. They would have been in their sixties by then, but I was a believer in Dunne's theory of serial time and I knew that they were still young somewhere; often I had the impression that they had just turned the corner into leafy High Street and that I had only to quicken my pace to catch up with them. If a musical celebrating a past that is itself a fiction is to succeed at all, it must be grounded on verisimilitude; we should have had on the stage of the Longacre a saturation of authentic turn-of-the-century Yale matter, most of which was surely accessible to the authors of the book (Skip Redwine, Larry Frank, and Heywood Gould) and capable of being translated into musical terms by Mr. Redwine and Mr. Frank. But Frank Merriwell at Fardale! The Boy Allies might as well be seen in the service of the Kaiser.

Larry Ellis played Frank Merriwell, Linda Donovan played Inza Burrage, and Peter Shawn played Bart Hodge; let "so-so" in this instance pass for praise. Bill Hinnant amused himself and the audience by his broad playing of Manuel, a Spanish spy of incomparable transparency. Scenery by Tom John, costumes by Frank Thompson, lighting by John Gleason, and direction by Neal Kenyon. For all of them, one more entry in the record book.

—BRENDAN GILL

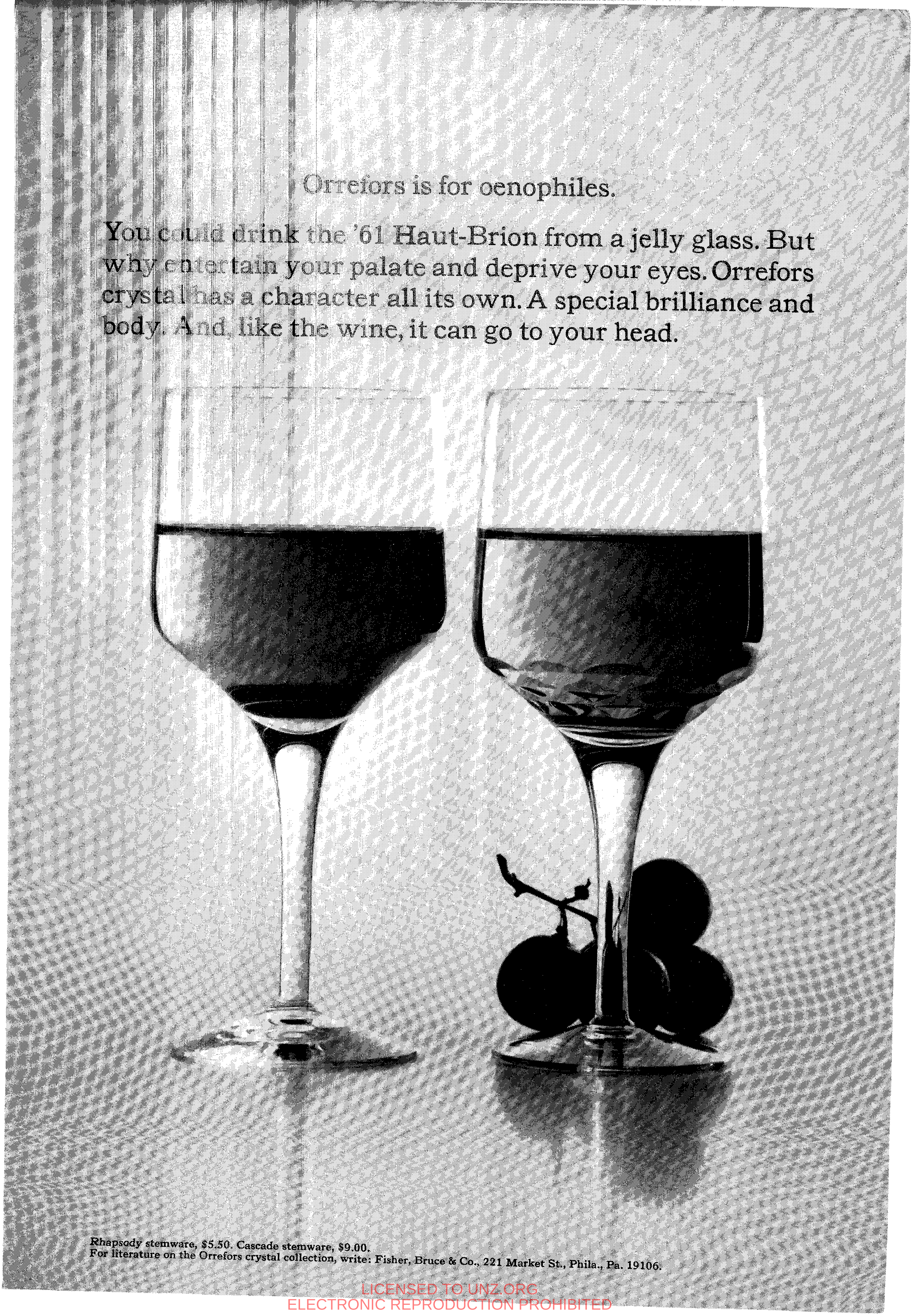
OFF BROADWAY

Return Journey

ARVIN BROWN, the artistic director of the admirable Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, has directed a first-rate revival at the Promenade of Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night," and it seems to me better than the original production. (I liked the play better, if that is a test.) Never have three and a half hours—the approximate running time of the show—gone more quickly for me. The first three acts, which fifteen years ago seemed an endless prologue to the tremendous fourth, are now completely absorbing. There is no star performance of the calibre of Fredric March's or Jason Robards', but the company, under Mr. Brown's deft, unobtrusive direction, is very good. Along with greatness in performance, much of the portentousness has gone; the steam has evaporated and the characters emerge life-size and human.

The day's journey, as I probably needn't tell you, is O'Neill's own into the night of his tortured spirit and memory. The action takes place (presumably to observe the dramatic unities of classical tragedy) in the summer cottage of his family, here called the Tyrones, on the single day and evening in August, 1912, when O'Neill (Edmund Tyrone) learned that he had tuberculosis, and when his mother was finally defeated by the morphine addiction that had trapped her and—as woeful spectators and victims—her husband and two sons. The father, James Tyrone, Sr.—a great popular actor and pathological miser—has denied his wife proper medical treatment, and is about to deny it to young Edmund, intending to send him instead to a state-run sanatorium in the belief that he will probably die anyway. The older son, Jamie Tyrone, an unsuccessful actor, is a profligate alcoholic whose hatred of his father is so fierce it is almost palpable. In the fourth act, his drunken, agonized confession to his younger brother and lifetime crony, and his warning that there is as much hatred as love for Edmund in what is left of his heart, makes the most striking passage in the play. All the characters are plagued and tortured by the past, except for young Edmund—it is the future that haunts him—and when the evening is over there is nothing that they do not know about one another, or about what they have done to one another, and there is more to the calm at the end than just exhaustion.

In performance, every moment is believable, which takes some doing with O'Neill. In spite of the underlying tension throughout, there are light, even casual, scenes, and those high-flown lines that Wolcott Gibbs rightly objected to in his review of the original production for this magazine have had much of the stuffing taken out of them by the sense and sensibility of the actors speaking them. I don't know whether the play has been cut or not, but I was not nearly so aware of repetitiousness as I was the first time. As James Tyrone, Robert Ryan, his face pinched with worry but his eyes bright with intelligence and humor, is better than I have ever seen him. Tyrone is as quick to tenderness as he is to resentment, and Ryan's guilt-ridden speech, in which he acknowledges his stinginess and its consequences and then traces it back to the ghastly poverty of his childhood as an Irish immigrant, is very moving indeed. As his wife, Geraldine Fitzgerald is considerably more than just touching and pathetic as her nerves tighten and then as she slips further and further out of focus, babbling, babbling, babbling. We also realize that she has inflicted as much damage as she has received, and not only because of the morphine; the loneliness for which she reproaches her husband without letup is partly the result of her priggish refusal to make friends with his theatrical troupe and of her outsize devotion to her father. As Jamie, jaunty in his straw boater, cynical, self-hating, and in utter despair, Stacy Keach is, as always, a fascinating actor to watch, and James Naughton, making his New York début as the younger brother and dramatist's surro-



Orrefors is for oenophiles.

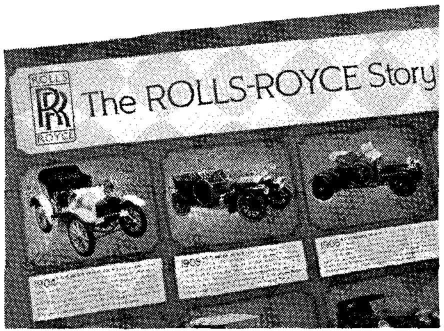
You could drink the '61 Haut-Brion from a jelly glass. But why entertain your palate and deprive your eyes. Orrefors crystal has a character all its own. A special brilliance and body. And, like the wine, it can go to your head.

Rhapsody stemware, $5.50. Cascade stemware, $9.00.
For literature on the Orrefors crystal collection, write: Fisher, Bruce & Co., 221 Market St., Phila., Pa. 19106.

To Africa and back in a Rolls-Royce.

Just one of the fascinating facts in this poster-history of the Rolls-Royce car, 1904 to the present. 30 full-color pictures, each with a detailed caption. 23" x 35" big, a handsome and interesting decoration for any room.

Enclose a check or personal money order made out to Rolls-Royce Inc.



Rolls-Royce Inc., Dept. E-15, Box 564
Paramus, New Jersey 07652
Please send ______ copies of the
Rolls-Royce poster @ $5 each to:

Name ....
Street ....
City..............................
State.................Zip.........

IN CENTRAL LONDON
THE CHURCHILL
PORTMAN SQUARE
A NEW HOTEL.
CLOSE TO EVERYTHING IN LONDON.
But nothing in London can come close to it!
A LOEWS HOTEL

JAMAICA MEANS MORE AT

Half Moon

Montego Bay's only complete resort. Our own 18-hole Robert Trent Jones golf course. Gorgeous beach. 4 Laykold tennis courts. Sailing. Major, free form, fresh water pool. Luxury accommodations, all beach-front, include 17 cottages with 15 private fresh water pools. Honeymoon Plan from $297.00 per couple, from April 16th, 1971. See your travel agent. Represented by

Hetland & Stevens, Inc.
211 E. 43rd St.,
New York, TN 7-1450;
Boston, Chicago, Dallas,
Miami, Toronto.

George R. Smith Co.:
Beverly Hills, Seattle,
San Francisco, Sydney.

HALF MOON
HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY
Heinz E. W. Simonitsch
Managing Director

gate, is so strong—so attentive and vulnerable—that he almost shifts the balance of the two roles. Mr. Naughton is quite a discovery. Mr. Brown has also had the good sense to cast delightful Paddy Croft in the part of the family's Irish maid. The character is a stereotype, but Miss Croft makes her a person. The setting, by Elmon Webb and Virginia Dancy, is appropriately shabby, and Ronald Wallace, the lighting designer, has conjured up summer sunshine and summer fog.

THE OTHER STAGE, the most experimental of all the theatres at the Public (and, incidentally, the birthplace of "No Place to Be Somebody"), is now host to "Underground," the portmanteau title of a couple of one-acters written by black dramatists and performed by a substantially black company that calls itself the Corn Bread Players. The second, and by far the stronger, of the two is "Jazznite," which announces the presence of its author, Walter Jones, as clearly as "Clara's Ole Man" announced the presence of Ed Bullins several years ago. Like "Clara's Ole Man," its illusion of spontaneity is maintained throughout, and it appears to be going its own way with no hand at the helm. There is no plot to speak of. A man called Dudder, a professor of art history, comes back for a visit to the black slum in a Northern city where he grew up. He is the one who got away, via a scholarship to Yale, and the play, in a sense, is what he got away from. The action takes place in the living room of his sister Leola, a chain marijuana smoker, whose husband has deserted her and her six children, and whose courage has ebbed away in grief and pot, although there are still flashes of it from time to time. At one point, after she has almost passed out, she suddenly wakes to sing a blues song, which becomes more personal and poignant as she goes on, until she breaks down and then drifts back to sleep. Also on hand is the slick young dude and recent jailbird who is the lover of Leola's daughter. (Perhaps "lover" is the wrong word, since it implies feeling, and there is no evidence of that in the character, although there is edginess aplenty.) Dudder's and Leola's uncle staggers in—a drunken wreck of a man but with some spirit and humor left—and tells a terrible and funny story about a saloon brawl before he, too, passes out. His son, who also makes a brief appearance, is an icy hood and pusher. Of the younger generation, only Leola's son Eligah has survived life in the slum. His heart, intelligence, and sense of responsibility intact, he is his uncle's counterpart, and both know it.

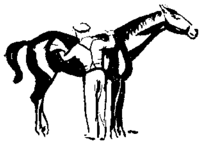
"Jazznite" is as seemingly free in form as the music it is named after. The texture of its conversation—the highs and lows, the slowdowns and accelerations—is wonderful. Dudder, its leading character, spends much of the time just listening and watching as the others drink beer and smoke and scrap and chatter. Refusing to be drawn into the kidding around, he insists on being serious with all of them. Fire engines stop at a burning tenement across the way, and one police car after another goes by, sirens blaring. No one else pays much attention, but Dudder—subtly and sensitively acted by Demond Wilson—misses nothing, and when bad news comes at the end, only he does what has to be done. For all the misery, seen and unseen, in the play, there is also a great deal of comedy, and, for all its tragic undertone, it is not hopeless. Dudder and Eligah have come through, but the human damage on display is shocking. Mr. Jones directed his own show—usually a poor idea but one that works well in this instance. Besides Mr. Wilson, Robin Braxton as Leola, Walter Cotton as the uncle, Lennal Wainwright as the girl's lover, and Sam Singleton as Eligah are exceptionally good.

Edgar White's "The Life and Times of J. Walter Smintheus," which opens the evening, and which was also directed by Mr. Jones, is baffling—or, at least, remote. It begins in a mental hospital, where the title character, an amnesia victim, sits enshrouded in a hooded terry-cloth bathrobe. We are then told, episode by episode, the story of what brought him there. Smintheus comes from a well-to-do black family in the South. He is determined to lead an austere, intellectual life, refusing to become emotionally close to anyone or to have his emotions disturbed in any way, even by a white classmate at Cornell who wants to marry his sister, or by the girl he himself eventually marries, or by a friend of his—a drug addict in prison—with whom he carries on an extremely formal correspondence. The only person to break through and brighten his drab life is a cheerful whore named Margie (Miss Braxton is young and very pretty in this role), who also infects him with syphilis. When the news comes that his addict friend has died of an overdose, he goes into shock and loses himself entirely. The closing scene is the hospital room, with an empty chair rocking.

—EDITH OLIVER

THE RACE TRACK

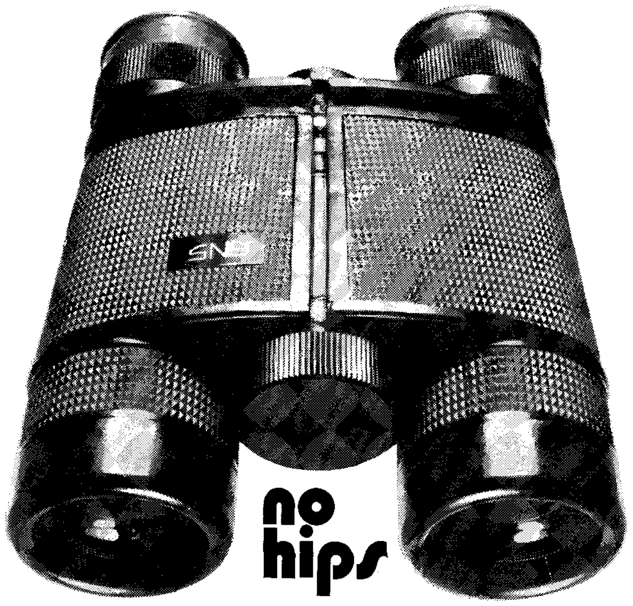
No Selections



THIS department's tip on the Kentucky Derby at Louisville this weekend is, it won't be dull. As this is written, nobody knows just how many three-year-olds are going to run their hearts out and their legs off for a mile and a quarter at Churchill Downs. It's my guess there will be all that the track and the starting gates will hold, which is twenty-two. There were that many in 1928, Reigh Count's year. And if it comes up mud, as they say (there has not been that kind of footing since 1958, and the weather birds think it's about due), there may be a spate of entries and scratches. In any case, the race won't be split and run in two divisions; it's a tradition of the management to have only one Derby.

As for picking the possible winner: When the members of a generation keep beating each other, as they did last year and have continued to do this season, it is hard to make a case for any one of them. Thirteen ran for the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, which is looked on in some quarters as giving a good line on the Derby, because seven of its winners have gone on to win the big one, not counting Forward Pass, who won the Blue Grass and then finished second to Dancer's Image in that still disputed Derby. Well, in this year's Blue Grass, Impetuosity, who had no more form than Dust Commander, who brought off the double last year, beat Twist the Axe, winner of the Arkansas Derby; Dynastic, who lost the Flamingo Stakes by a head; Northfields, winner of the Louisiana Derby; and nine others. Dynastic, who tired toward the end of the nine furlongs, has gone back to Belmont to be pointed for the Withers Stakes a week from Saturday. (It seems that Baeza had expected to ride Dynastic in the Blue Grass, but Shoemaker was given the mount. So that afternoon Baeza rode the first three winners at Aqueduct.) Another dropout after the Blue Grass was Northfields.

You could say that the Stepping Stone Purse at Churchill Downs last Saturday also complicated rather than clarified the outlook. Calumet Farm's Bold and Able rolled home an easy winner, with Eastern Fleet, his stablemate and winner of the Florida Derby, sixth, fifteen lengths behind. In the



You won't find those familiar bulges on our 8x28 wide-angle binoculars. Their streamlined roof-prism construction makes bulges obsolete. But looks are just the beginning. Ultra-modern lightweight design gives you a field of 446 ft. at 1,000 yds., remarkable in a glass of this size. Optics are superb—just what you would expect in top-grade Japanese binoculars. Center focus, retractable rubber eye cups for eyeglass wearers. Weight: just 24 ozs., size: 4¼" x 5¼", in soft carry case with strap. If you want the best and don't want to spend $250 (or more) for a pair of great roof-prism binoculars, try ours. **They are just $89.** And you won't be able to tell any difference...now or 5 years from now. Unquestioned refund in 2 weeks if not delighted. One year guarantee on optics, parts and workmanship. Mail and phone orders invited. Please add $1 for post. & ins. (Calif. res. add tax.)

haverhill's 584 Washington, San Francisco 94111
NY0501

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Angled for town. Three pieces, three layers of ribbed polyester knit: no-sleeve shortsuit in navy, skirt and jacket in pin-striped white-and-navy. The complete look, 8 to 16 sizes, $95. Dress Collections.

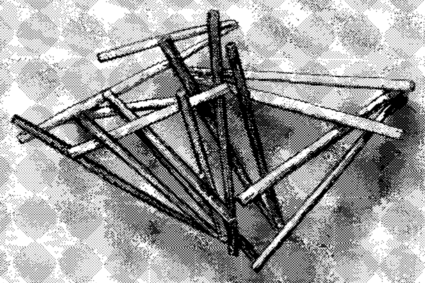
Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders.

Partners Desk—one of many unusual new designs for library or office in the comprehensive Baker collections.

Baker Furniture Co.
CABINET MAKERS
306 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

Division of The Magnavox Company



WEAR A MASTERPIECE

This elegant pin in 14 karat yellow gold is a masterpiece in free form design. $50. Let us create your own original by adding a diamond accent.

Inquiries invited: call (212) 838-6000
Add Sales Tax Where Applicable.

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Fine Jewelers Since 1877
545 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York
Also Smith Haven Mall • Smithtown

Wood Memorial a week before, Eastern Fleet was second most of the way, while Bold and Able, after a flash of high speed in the first quarter, wound up seventh. It would be interesting to know the orders that Reggie Cornell, who trains both colts, gave to his riders in the Stepping Stone. I have a notion that the Calumet pair will wind up favorites for the Derby; horseplayers like to back something they've seen win. Besides, the stable is something of a Derby idol, having won the race seven times. And here's Wrong Horse Harry's prediction: Jim French will finish third.

JUDGABLE, who loves to run in front as far as he can, did it again in the Grey Lag Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend. This time, he held on to the lead long enough to win by a length and a half from Never Bow. Knight in Armor was third, a head behind. Loud, on the outside of horses all the way, didn't seem to have the zip he had in the Excelsior. No doubt Judgable's advantage in the weights helped him. He carried only 112 pounds—the lightest ever for him.

RACING in the Los Angeles area has moved to Hollywood Park, and if money makes the mare go—and I say it does—the Track of the Lakes and Flowers, as they call it, will have a super meeting. Mervyn LeRoy and Jim Stewart, who run it, always put on a good show. And, not incidentally, the prize money offered during the meeting ending on July 26th will be $100,000 a day, which should bring out the horses. The Hollywood Gold Cup, on July 17th, will be worth $175,000. Last year's Gold Cup Day was more fun than the Prix de l' Arc de Triomphe.

A MEMO for stay-at-homes: This weekend, you can have a flutter on the Kentucky Derby at your favorite betting shop and then see the race on TV at the Big A.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

In the corner, a low garden bench will give the area instant liability.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union & Journal.*

What's the matter with a folding chair?

•

SCULPTORS WORKSHOP
Studio space available, A.M. or P.M. for sculptors working in lost way.—*Adv. in the Times.*

The town is loaded with them.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

BURIAL IN VENICE

VENICE, APRIL 17

A NUMBER of those who saw the procession of gondolas, each rowed by two gondoliers and each bearing five passengers, crossing the Venetian lagoon early in the afternoon of April 15th behind the funeral barge carrying the body of Igor Stravinsky to the island cemetery of San Michele remarked that it must have resembled that other procession of gondolas, chronicled in biographies of Stravinsky's friend and patron Sergei Diaghilev, impresario of the Ballets Russes, which on an August day in 1929 followed Diaghilev's body to the same resting place. Physically, no doubt, the two corteges were similar—the black file of gondolas silhouetted against a background of total blue (for even in these days of pollution the blue of the Venetian sky can be so intense as to dye the water that reflects it), the casket on the barge flower-covered—and probably as the first of the Diaghilev gondolas approached the San Michele landing stage there arose in it, as there did in the leading gondola this time, a figure in vestments and tall black headdress with an acolyte holding up a cross: a priest of the Greek Orthodox Church. The bodies of both men were destined for a remote corner of the cemetery separated from the rest by a gate, usually locked, marked "Rito Greco," and for the rare burials there an Orthodox priest must cross the lagoon, all the clergy attached to the funeral church on San Michele itself being Roman Catholics. The Greek enclosure is far less formal in appearance than the rest of the cemetery—something of a tangle, in fact. An overgrown garden shaded with cypresses and laurels, it is at the outer edge of the island; and the lagoon, lapping its wall, is visible through arched grilles. Here one may wander among stones that bear the names Troubetzkoy, Potëmkin, Bagration. Both Diaghilev and Stravinsky had long been self-exiled from their native Russia, and both had drawn inspiration from Venice. Although the Ballets Russes never performed here, Diaghilev spent many of his summers on the Lido, usually with Nijinsky or Lifar or some of his other favorites and principal dancers, planning future ballets. Stravinsky dedicated one of his works, the "Canticum Sacrum," to Venice and St. Mark; he chose the Venetian summer music festivals for its première and that of several other works, including "The Rake's Progress;" and he conducted many concerts here and often spoke of the city with love.

And yet the contrasting circumstances of the Venetian burials of those two Russian friends are at least as striking as the obvious similarities. Diaghilev was devoted to the art of the dance, and his genius as impresario lay in his inspired exploitation of artists (he was quick to appreciate the early Stravinsky—the Stravinsky of "The Firebird," "Petrouchka," and "The Rite of Spring"); he was not an artist himself. Nor was he deeply religious—rather, superstitious. Warned by a fortune-teller that he would die on the water, he dreaded even taking his dancers from France across the English Channel, and he did die "on" the water—died while vacationing at the Lido-Bains Hotel, and his burial in Venice was somewhat fortuitous.

Stravinsky, who was a profoundly religious man, died in New York, early on the morning of April 6th, after several years of bad health. And here in Venice the large posters that very soon thereafter appeared in profusion on walls and in other public places throughout the city told the story, in an Italianate proclamation printed in black and purple on a white ground, of his carefully considered wish:

> THE CITY OF VENICE DOES HOMAGE TO THE REMAINS OF THE GREAT MUSICIAN IGOR STRAVINSKY, WHO IN A GESTURE OF EXQUISITE FRIENDSHIP ASKED TO BE BURIED IN THE CITY WHICH HE LOVED ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

What the Venetian municipal authorities had done on learning of Stravinsky's wish was to offer for his funeral service the immense Church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo (known locally by the contraction "San Zanipolo"), which is even larger than St. Mark's, and is perhaps more suitable than St. Mark's for such a rite, because of its historic role as a burying place of the doges (also, of the largest Venetian churches it is the closest to the cemetery), and they offered as well, for the performance of whatever music might be chosen, the orchestra of the city's beautiful Fenice Theatre and the Polyphonic Choir of Radiodiffusione Italiana. Such elements, combined and elaborated with the Italian gift for splendor and drama, could scarcely

AMARETTO:
DI SARONNO
hauntingly
delicious
AMARETTO
DI SARONNO
Discover the indescribable delight of this rare almond of apricot liqueur—imported from Italy.

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 56 proof.

The First Retrospective
Exhibition in America
of Paintings by
CHARLES DUFRESNE
Through May 22

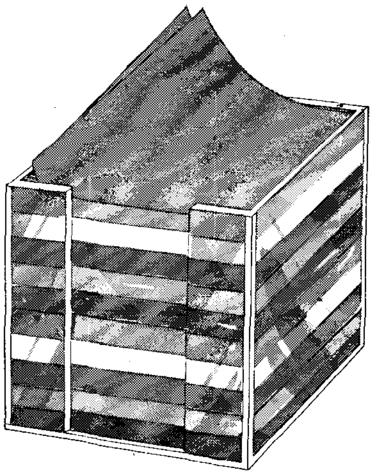
A comprehensive catalogue with 10 color illustrations
$3.00 post paid

In the American Section: An Exhibition of
Recent Paintings by William Woodward

Hirschl & Adler Galleries inc.
21 E 67 New York 10021 535-8810

The Pierre
is a world of its own.
A very cordial world of beauty and charm
for your private entertaining
5TH AVENUE & 61 STREET • TE 8-8000

VERY Saks
Fifth Avenue



Cube of color

Rainbow-hued jotting papers are squared up and ready in our 4-inch cube of Lucite. Clear or smoke-colored, sent with two self-sticking initials, $8. Refills, $2. Small Leather Goods Collections.

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders.

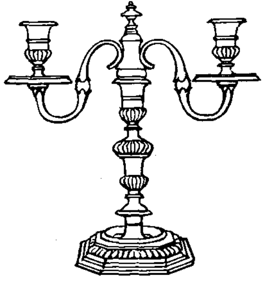
NEW YORK

The Regency Hotel

The most celebrated address in New York.
Park Avenue at 61st Street,
New York, N.Y. 10021
(212) 759-4100.

A LOEWS HOTEL

EXEMPLAR GEORGE II



Wyler
EST. 1890
713 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y.C. 10021

fail to result in something impressive, and it was, in fact, after a religious ceremony of great magnificence and singularity that that file of gondolas crossed the lagoon to San Michele.

Santi Giovanni e Paolo, beside a canal, is a towering Gothic church, best known to tourists for the commanding fifteenth-century equestrian statue of the *condottiere* Bartolommeo Colleoni by the sculptors Verrocchio and Leopardi that stands in the square just outside; within, along with its stained glass and countless monuments to the doges, it is scarcely less than a museum of paintings, by Giovanni Bellini, Lorenzo Lotto, and Paolo Veronese. The several Veroneses are on the ceiling of a large chapel off the main body of the church, and it was here that Stravinsky's coffin was brought on the fourteenth, after being transported from New York to Fiumicino Airport in Rome and thence by hearse and ferry to Venice. The black-and-purple posters spelled out for the citizenry the exact time of its arrival; as a result, all afternoon and evening lines of Venetians of all ages—there were many children, perhaps brought in order to be told later what they had seen—filed through the chapel, where four tall tapers flickered at the corners of the bier. Before the principal ceremony, at noon the next day, there was brief early-morning prayer while the bier was brought before the main altar of the church; this was attended by family, friends, and a few others. Among the mourners was a gray-haired ancient who, sitting with a woman companion, did not leave at the end but remained, almost motionless, in his seat throughout the morning as the church gradually filled to overflowing. Not everyone recognized him as Ezra Pound.

THE piece of Stravinsky's religious music chosen for the occasion by the conductor Robert Craft, the composer's much younger American friend and associate, and co-author with him of a series of pungent volumes of reflection and conversation, was (after a brief choral requiem by Alessandro Scarlatti) the "Requiem Canticles," Stravinsky's last considerable work, completed in 1966, when he was eighty-four. It was shortly after the première of the "Requiem Canticles" that what proved to be Stravinsky's long final illness began, and it has often been suggested that in writing the "Canticles" he was more or less consciously composing his own requiem. (In conversation, however, Stra-

ENTERTAINING IN TERRY

Striped Aba

A smashing way to look entertaining at-home or enjoying the leisurely life. Our new multicolor stripe combines red, navy, gold and sky-blue on white terry. Buttoned front, side pockets. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18), X-lg (20). **$19.95**

Add 50¢ each for shipping.

Send for our new 80-page color catalog featuring fashions in terry for men and women.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

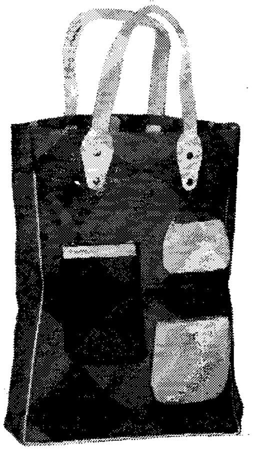
Spring now, for
Outer Cape Weekends

Relax at Wequassett Inn, Cape Cod's home for gracious, leisure living. Enjoy boating and tennis, or golf on superb courses nearby. Or simply sip 'n' sun by the pool in restful seaside surroundings. So, come on Friday, stay 'till Sunday, and unwind! Off season rates.

Write or phone for more information

Wequassett Inn
Route 28 E. Harwich, Mass. 02645
Tel.: 617 - 432-1740
European Plan available

DORADO BEACH DUCK TOTE



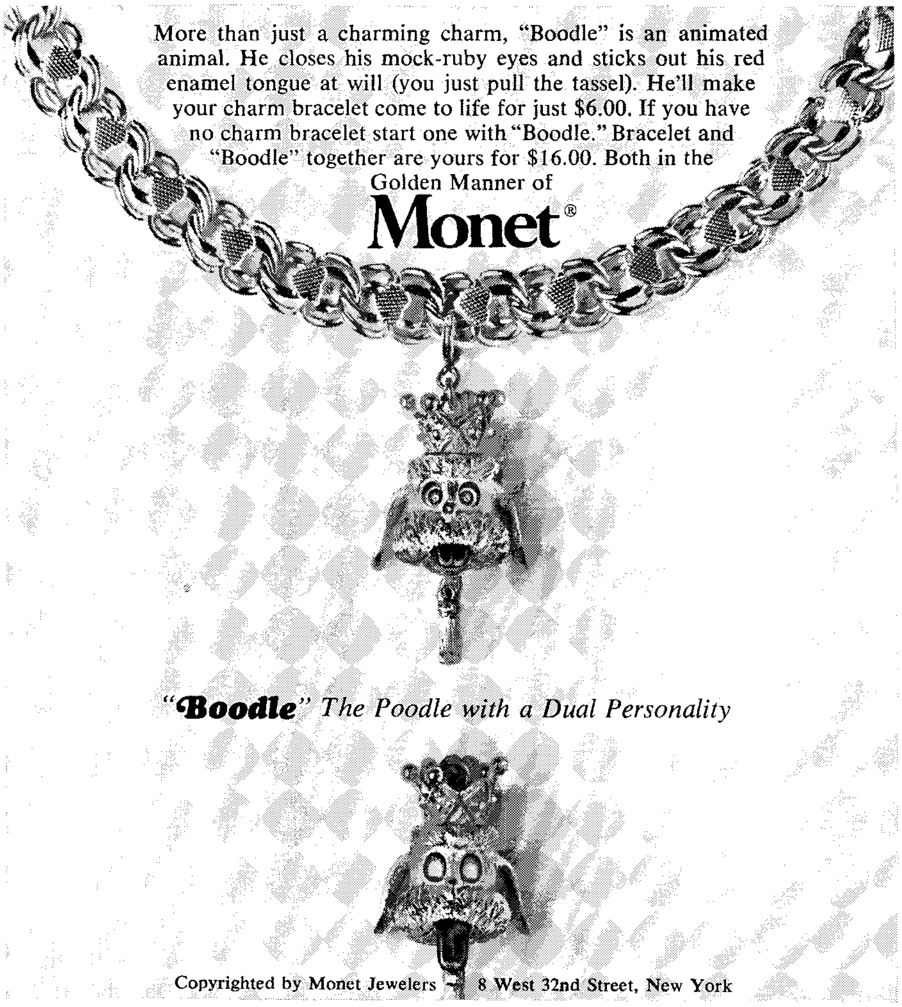
A colorful carry-all that's a way of beach life at world-famous Dorado Beach Hotel. Bright blue sturdy duck with rubberized lining and three outside zipper purses in red, yellow and white. 16" x 12", with ample room for miscellany. $8.50 incl. postage. Send orders to Dorado Beach Hotel, Dorado Beach, Puerto Rico 00646.

vinsky's friends recall, he always tended to speak more of life than of death. A few years ago, when a young interviewer asked him if he found inspiration "less fluent in old age," his genial reply was "I suppose for you I am in old age. For me, I just happen to be in my eighties." And at bad moments during the past year or two when he sometimes called for his wife or another member of his household and was asked, "What is it you need?" he would reply, "To be assured of my own existence." The assurance might take the form of a kiss, a handclasp, or merely the playing of a favorite record.)

The "Requiem Canticles" is a moving but difficult work, with much soft playing by strings, whose sounds emerged thinly from the deep apse of Santi Giovanni e Paolo, where orchestra and choir were placed, and the spoken portions came forth less resonantly than those parts scored for singing. One suspects that even Craft himself, who conducted the "Requiem Canticles" out of admiration and piety, discovered the day's greatest musical effectiveness—owing in large part to the church's architecture, and as contrasted with intrinsic musical greatness—in what came after the "Requiem Canticles" ended: the Orthodox Requiem.

Down the center aisle from the basilica's great front door, which was left open to the sunny day, there appeared, flanked by acolytes, a theatrically handsome ecclesiastic: young, olive-skinned, black-bearded, with finely cut features, almond eyes, and an expression of scarcely credible serenity, wearing a tall black headdress and brilliant gold vestments—the Archimandrite of Venice, leader of the city's Greek Orthodox congregation. Everyone recognized his presence as officiating priest in this church, which was founded by Dominicans and is still in their charge, as an ecumenical event: he had been invited by the Cardinal Patriarch of St. Mark's, one of whose auxiliaries, a Roman Catholic bishop, with a violet zucchetto on his head, sat near the altar as host.

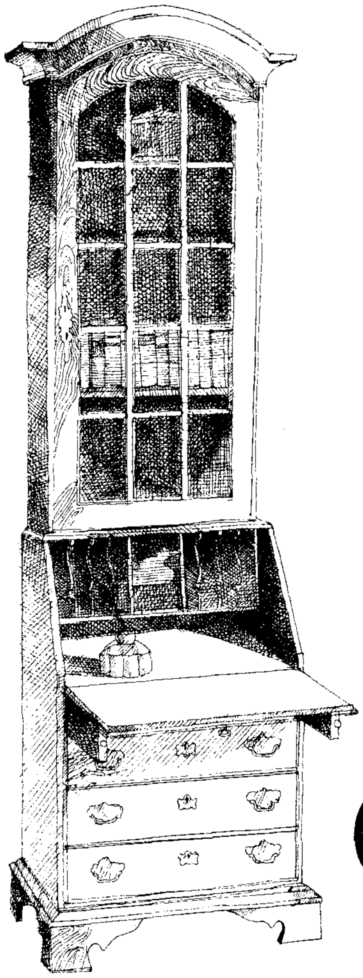
The golden Archimandrite blessed the congregation from the steps of the high Gothic presbytery; standing there against the background of the massed, now silent musicians ranged in tiers before the altar, the altar rail itself guarded by a pair of bicorned, red-pomponed carabinieri, each with hand on sword, he began to chant in Greek. For half an hour, he chanted almost uninterruptedly to the three thousand



More than just a charming charm, "Boodle" is an animated animal. He closes his mock-ruby eyes and sticks out his red enamel tongue at will (you just pull the tassel). He'll make your charm bracelet come to life for just $6.00. If you have no charm bracelet start one with "Boodle." Bracelet and "Boodle" together are yours for $16.00. Both in the Golden Manner of
Monet®

"**Boodle**" *The Poodle with a Dual Personality*

Copyrighted by Monet Jewelers • 8 West 32nd Street, New York



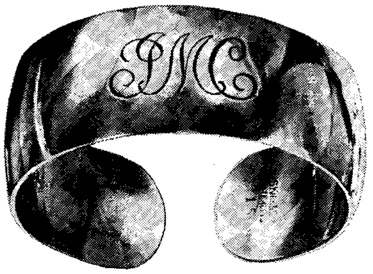
A
thin
taller
secretary.
The look…
very English.
Just 22 inches
across the
bookcase front.
An impressive 84 inches
tall.
In oak.
As only Cushman
can work oak.
See our entire
exciting Stone House
collection for living
room and dining room.
Our portfolio of
designs, just $1.50
to Cushman Furniture,
Dept. NYS571,
205 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N.Y.

Cushman
&you
GENERAL INTERIORS

Copenhagen is a paradise for shoppers. Silver, furniture, antiques, porcelains... all to be found on Strøget, the world's longest pedestrian mall. Most heavenly of them all...the Birger Christensen fur collection now to be found at Sakowitz.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court



FOR THE 1971 GRADUATE OR BRIDESMAID
Pitt Petri's classic sterling silver braclet by Kirk, America's oldest silversmith. $9.00 in silver, $100 in 14 kt. gold.
3 letter monogram as shown $3.50 (date on inside $1.00).
Allow 14 days for delivery. Postage for one or more $1.25.

pitt petri
378 DELAWARE AVE./BUFFALO, N. Y. 14202

SEAMEN'S INNE
MISTICK CT. 1817

For fine dining at
MYSTIC SEAPORT
Tel 203-536-9640 or 536-9649
Route 27 Mystic, Connecticut

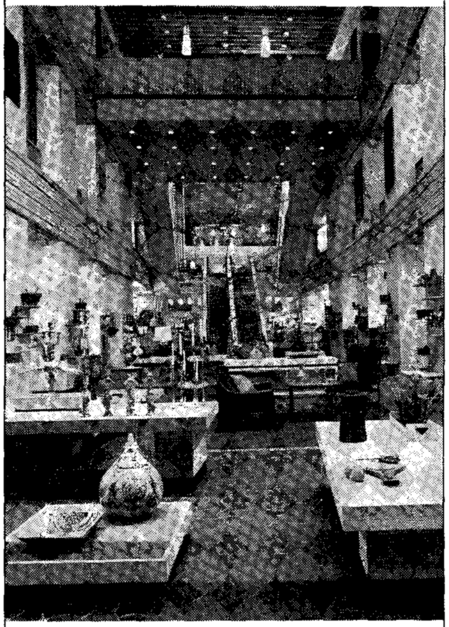
in the church and those standing outside the doors; those in the church stood, too, as is the Orthodox way. The many musicians present were unanimous in finding the Archimandrite an astonishing virtuoso in the art of sacred chant, extraordinary in his refinement of modulation and phrasing; there was unchanging, ineffable calm in the arresting face as he chanted the service, which contained, we were told, psalms and beatitudes as well as Epistle and Gospel, moving without apparent effort from deep tones to falsetto, from pianissimo to forte, occasionally signalling by a glance to the organist above. He chanted still as he descended the steps, walked entirely around the bier, swinging his smoking censer, blessing Stravinsky, the Stravinsky family, and all the congregation, and finally beckoned the members of the family to come from their seats to kiss the coffin.

Preceded by the Archimandrite, the bishop, the coffin, and the inevitable outsize floral pieces, family and friends walked up the center aisle and out to the waiting gondolas. The scene without was like one of Carpaccio's pageants, with accents of today. Every window in the old houses lining the square and the canal and every bridge was filled with watching Venetians, and the floral pieces standing in the sun against the base of the statue of the haughty Renaissance warrior bore inscriptions ranging from a red-ribboned salute from the artists of the Soviet Union to the Stravinsky grandchildren's "*À Grandpère bien aimé.*"

ONE of the floral pieces had been contributed by the Municipality of Venice, and during the preparation and execution of the ceremonies there were a few moments when one was aware of the bureaucratic hand. Venice, which, as everyone knows, is at present existing precariously, threatened with destruction by pollution and tides, owes much of what prosperity it has to tourism; and although it may sound ungracious to say so, the municipality was scarcely unaware that a last great tribute to the world-famous composer could not fail to bring to Venice, if only for a day or two, a large number of visitors from abroad—journalists, musicians, and others—during the slack season following Easter.

The city-sponsored concert and Requiem in Santi Giovanni e Paolo were open to the public, and for a few moments between the Scarlatti and the "Requiem Canticles" the mayor of

THIS IS
ILLUMS BOLIGHUS



Temple Fielding writes in his Travel Guide:
"Illums Bolighus comes closest to being the dream shop of any American hostess or host that we've found in all Europe. It is loaded with the latest, newest, most stunning things for the house and for party-giving that are possible to imagine..."

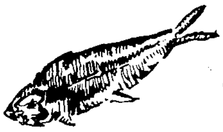
ILLUMS BOLIGHUS
PEDESTRIAN STREET · COPENHAGEN

do-it-yourself redcap

Porter vanished? Relax—the Baggage Master puts four sturdy wheels under your luggage and a stout leash in your hand, allowing you to pull everything along with very little effort and no loss of dignity. Packs neatly in zipper bag, fits in purse or brief case. ppd. $10.95

CASUAL LIVING, 6 Stony Hill, Bethel, Ct. 06801

40 MILLION YEAR OLD FOSSIL FISH
(DIPLOMYSTUS HUMLIS) $45.00

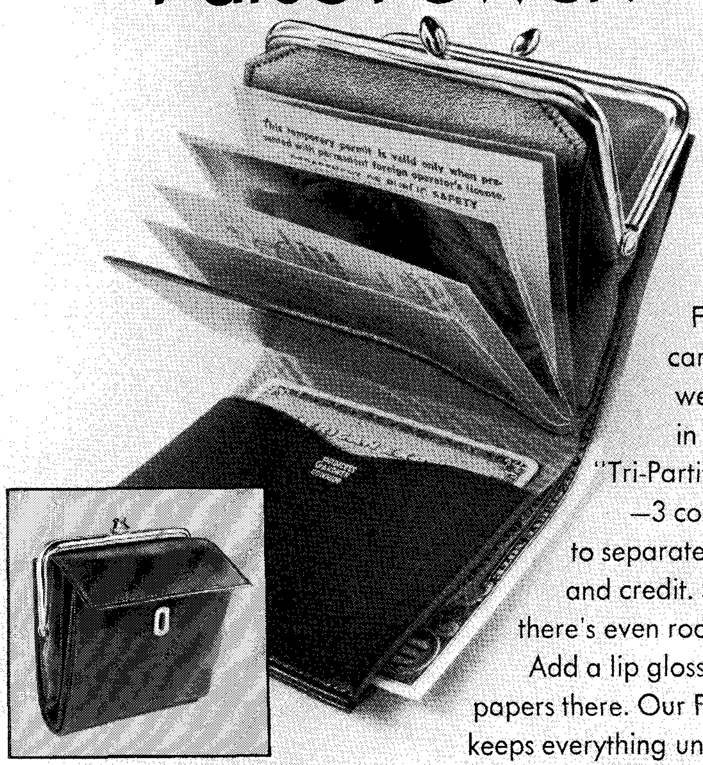


500 MILLION YEAR OLD TRILOBITE
(ELRATHIA KINGI) $3.25
DOVER SCIENTIFIC
32-58 30th Street
Long Island City, N.Y. 11106
Send 25c for Illustrated Catalog of Shells, Minerals, Fossils, Indian Artifacts & Books

Venice read a brief official tribute. But the invitations to that event, mailed to a certain number of Italians and foreigners, contained a few words that the municipality omitted from its widely distributed posters: the final events—the ceremony of absolution that was to take place in the Orthodox chapel in a remote corner of the cemetery and the burial itself—were to be performed only "in the presence of members of the family and intimate friends." As a result, Venetians and tourists who had seen the posters but not the invitations and had come to the cemetery had to be turned away. In the tiny Orthodox chapel, the marvellous calm Archimandrite himself assumed bureaucratic guise for a few moments, when the waiting and tired family found him, in his black cassock, combing his hair and beard behind a curtain instead of proceeding with the absolution; supported by a municipal official who had accompanied him, he protested, with flashing eyes and in voluble Italian (his name is Cherubino Malissianos), that it would be unthinkable to absolve Igor Stravinsky of his sins without the presence of the mayor (whom the family had not invited to this private ceremony, but who, it seems, had announced his intention of coming anyway, somewhat later). The family prevailed, however, and the prelate resumed his golden vestments and, with marvellous simultaneity, his full archimandrital personality. Absolution was exquisitely intoned. And at the grave among the trees members of the family sprinkled earth on the coffin to the accompaniment of final chanting.

BEFORE returning to the landing stage, some paid a visit to the grave of Diaghilev, a few yards from Stravinsky's. That morning, the Venetian newspaper *Il Gazzettino* had contained an article by the Italian composer Gian Francesco Malipiero, a man not noted for subtlety, who wondered in print why Stravinsky had chosen to be buried in Venice: "Was it perhaps to forget Hollywood? Or to be reconciled with Diaghilev?" (Collaboration between composer and impresario had not always been smooth.) On Diaghilev's gravestone there are incised a few words in Russian that seemed to provide a sufficient retort to Malipiero's foolishness. They are Diaghilev's own words, quite simple, and might apply equally to the two famous men: "Venice, ever our inspiration and fulfillment."

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER



Purse Power!

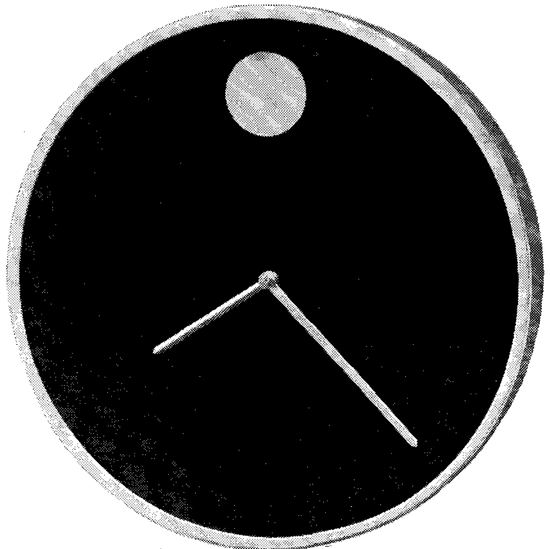
When it comes to purse power, our French Purse carries a lot of weight. It's all in the Princess "Tri-Partite"* feature —3 compartments to separate cash, coins and credit. So compact there's even room to spare. Add a lip gloss here, some papers there. Our French Purse keeps everything under control.

Available in a variety of styles, colors & leathers. From $5.00.

*Patented

PRINCESS GARDNER®

Prince Gardner, St. Louis, Mo. A Division of SWANK, INC.



Odd ball

Time told by a dot. Beautifully. From the design collection of the Museum of Modern Art. Designed by Nathan George Horwitt. At fine stores everywhere.

Battery Wall Clock. 12¾" Diameter

Howard Miller Clock Co.
Zeeland, Michigan 49464

U.S. JOURNAL: FLORIDA

SOME QUESTIONS THAT OCCUR TO AN OLDIE TAKING THE SUN

Are We Oldies at the Point of Being Cheered by the Sight of a Phi Delta Theta Sweatshirt?

WHEN I was visiting Yale last fall, I naturally felt somewhat uneasy in the presence of modern undergraduates, many of whom are said to go for days without passing out from the effects of alcohol. One evening, a dean I know tried to make me feel more at home by telling me about a disciplinary case he had just handled—a case with circumstances so rare at present-day Yale that he referred to it as a "throwback."

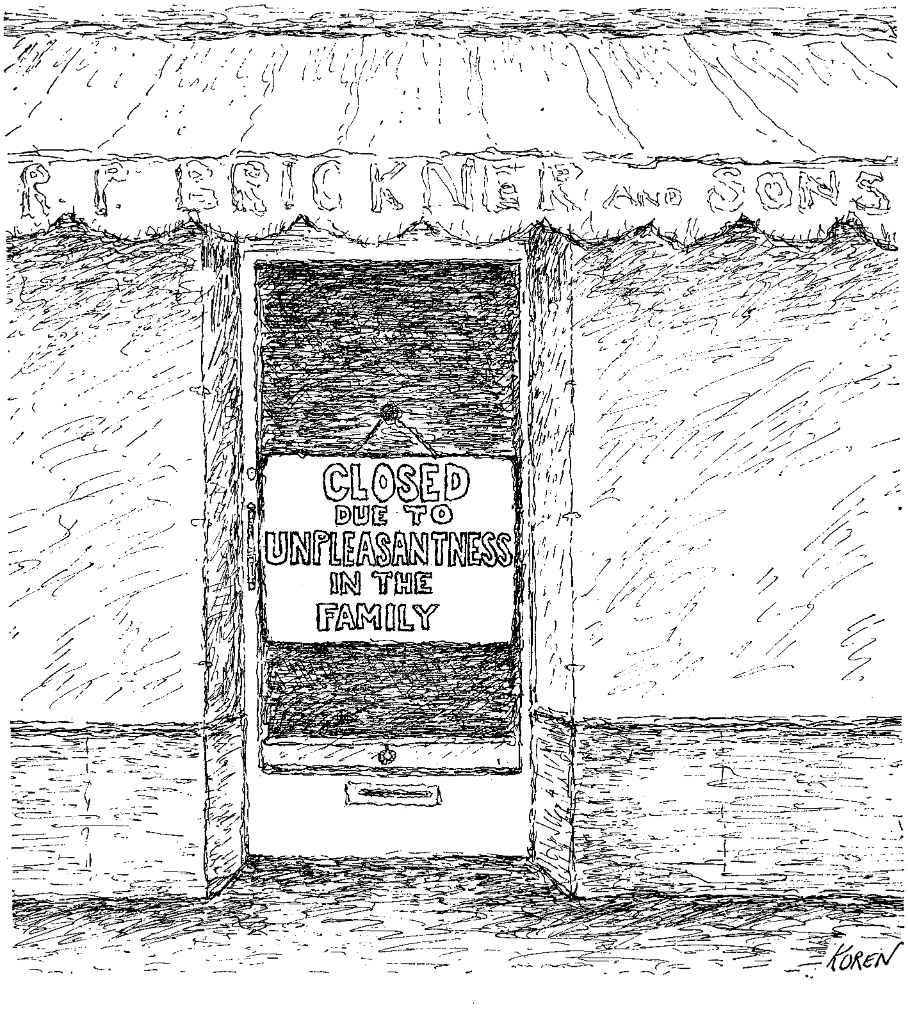
"It seems that a drunken jock was walking down York Street," he began.

I felt better immediately. A drunken jock. Now there was something I could understand. Probably listened to jazz. Thought drugs were used only by people in the ghetto, if there was one.

"And apparently someone leaned out a window and threw water on him," the dean continued. Pausing for a moment to permit me to digest that fresh morsel of nostalgia, the dean then went on to describe how the jock had rushed into the nearest dormitory, picked out a room that seemed in about the right place to have been the scene of the offense, and pounded on the door. The door was answered by a young man who specialized in playing the violin. "The jock hit him right in the face," the dean said.

Right in the face. Ah, the good old days!

It occurred to me at the time that if Yale had at least one drunken jock left, some Midwestern colleges might still have entire beer halls full of the old-fashioned college boys whose supposed passing everyone professes to lament—the good-natured fraternity brothers who tossed footballs around on the front lawn and drank beer from kegs and chased coeds they were resigned to not catching. Fashions in student behavior, after all, are among those fashions that seem to move from the coasts toward the middle of the country. At the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena this January, a lot of people along the parade route commented on the remarkable difference between the Stanford band and the Ohio State band. The Ohio State bandsmen swept by looking like the American version of the Queen's Own Guard—wearing traditional band uniforms and blaring out traditional band music. The Stanford band, outfitted in slacks and blazers, included some people with long hair and a few people who were out of step, and it had arrived in Pasadena with an arrangement of "The Star-Spangled Banner" that was ruled too unconventional to be played in front of respectable ticket-holders. Yale, fulfilling its traditional role as a pacesetter in American higher education, has a half-time band show that looks much less like the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace than like the changing of the light at St. Mark's Place and Second Avenue.


R. P. BRICKNER AND SONS
CLOSED DUE TO UNPLEASANTNESS IN THE FAMILY
KOREN

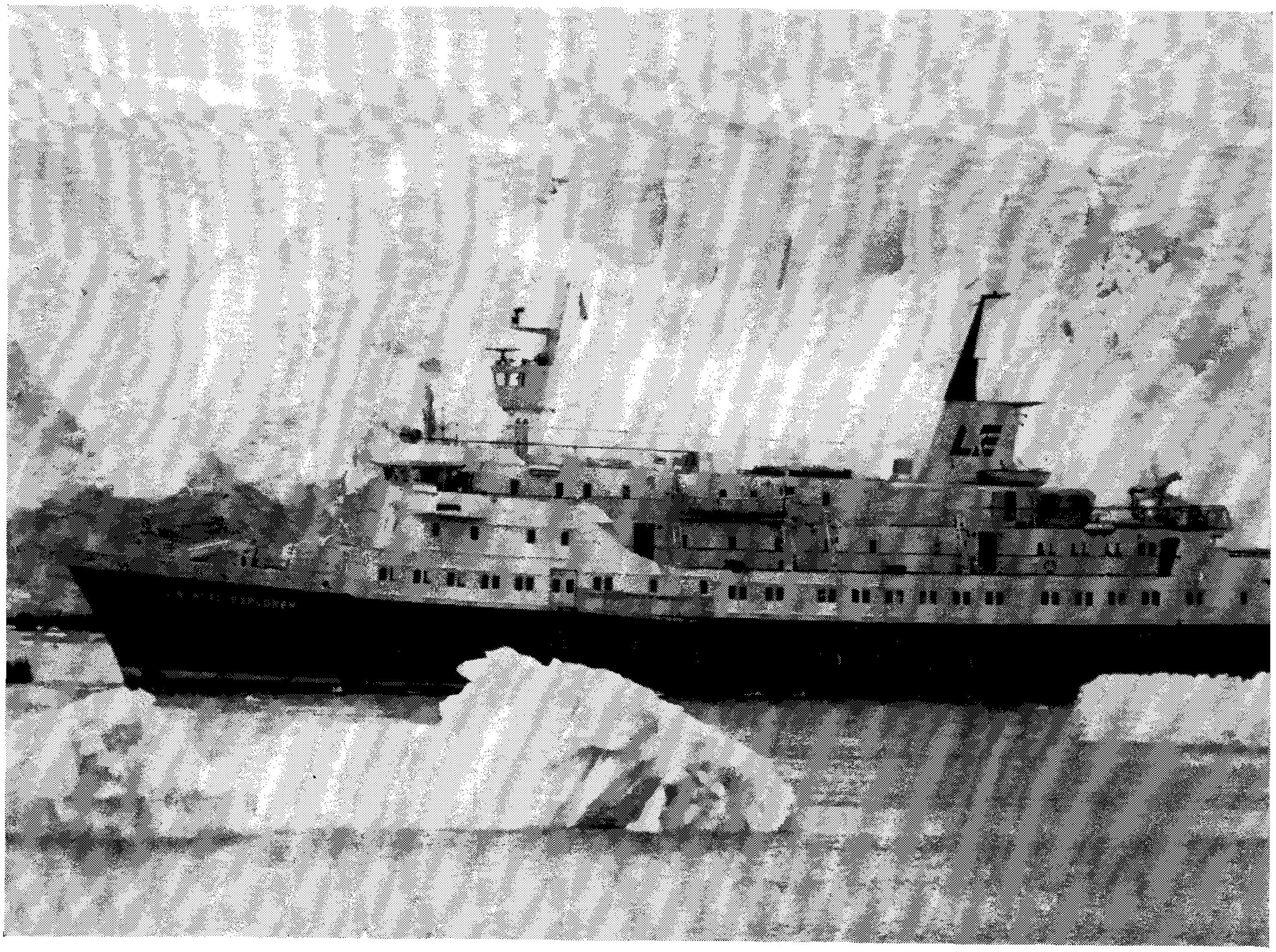
According to my theory, the kind of students I was looking for would identify themselves by showing up in Fort Lauderdale for spring vacation. They do. They toss footballs around on the beach. They get in trouble more often for drinking beer than for smoking marijuana. Those who wear longish hair and bushy sideburns and mustaches are also likely to wear sweatshirts that say "Kappa Sigma" or "Wisconsin State University at Whitewater" or "Indiana University." The boys, faced with the unfavorable boy-girl ratio that has always afflicted college boys in places like Fort Lauderdale, spend a lot of time leaning up against storefronts and trying to slow down passing girls with lines like "Haven't I seen you someplace before?" The girls keep going, just as they did in the good old days.

Are the Policies of Florida Resort Towns Toward College Students Meant as a Takeoff on the Policies of Most American Towns Toward Black People?

FOR years, Fort Lauderdale did nothing for the students spending spring vacation there except relieve them of their money. Then, in 1961, the usual crowd having been swollen by the effects of a film called "Where the Boys Are," there was a student riot that brought Fort Lauderdale the kind of publicity it would not have wished even on Miami Beach. In 1962, the city furnished a thirteen-thousand-four-hundred-dollar recreation program for visiting students.

In 1962, college students also started going to Daytona Beach in great numbers—the sternness of the Fort Lauder-

THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD TRAVEL



M/S Lindblad Explorer in Antarctic waters

This year, come with Lars-Eric Lindblad into the world of the next century.

Mr. Lindblad has arranged what promises to be two unforgettable expeditions; to Antarctica and to the "Forgotten Islands of the Indian Ocean."

1. Antarctica. Lars-Eric Lindblad has planned two thrilling expeditions to Atlantic Sub-Antarctic islands together with Antarctica this coming year, as well as one shortened cruise into Antarctica only. These expeditions promise to be very exciting and Mr. Lindblad would be pleased to have you aboard. The new M/S Lindblad Explorer, of Norwegian registry, was designed for leisurely cruising in the ice packs and constricted waters. The ship offers excellent accommodations and has an auditorium especially equipped for scientific lectures, where world-famous scientists will lead discussions during your voyage. Shore excursions will afford the opportunity to view these unique regions which until recently have been reserved for scientists and explorers only.

Landing party with Zodiac on Cousin Island in the Seychelles

2. The "Forgotten Islands of the Indian Ocean." You'll enjoy a journey to the Indian Ocean, with its exotic islands called the Seychelles. Relax, swim or snorkel along beaches which have seen few men since the days of Vasco da Gama. You will be tempted to pick from the fantastic varieties of sea shells, but we know you will leave them there for your grandchildren to enjoy. The M/S Lindblad Explorer will serve as your "floating hotel." Relish its wonderful continental cuisine, inviting bar and relaxing lounge where you will enjoy the company of interesting passengers from all corners of the world. For spacious comfort we have limited each cruise to 92 passengers.

Dept. NY5171
LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
133 East 55th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

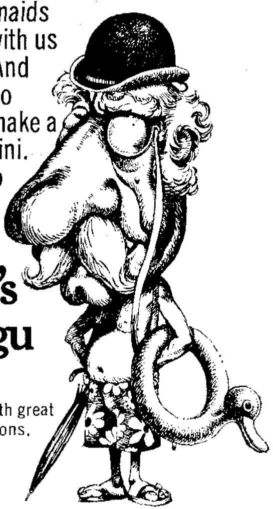
Please send brochures. *I am seriously interested in:*
☐ Antarctica
☐ The Indian Ocean
Miss
Mrs.
Mr.____________________
PLEASE PRINT
Address____________________
City________State________Zip________
Telephone (Area Code)________________

Think of us as somewhere between a European castle and an American hotel.

On an island somewhere between London and Tahiti.

An island within an island. With little pubs. And lost lagoons. And large pool. And cabanas. And gardens. And gourmet restaurants. And four championship tennis courts. And resident professional.

With bellhops who smile as though they mean it. Because they mean it. And chambermaids who've been with us for 20 years. And bartenders who know how to make a bone-dry martini. And chefs who live for compliments.



Nassau's Montagu Beach

A 37-acre castle with great hotel accommodations.

Represented Internationally by Robert Reid Associates

The Castilian

Finest for Spanish Foods

LUNCH · DINNER · LATE SUPPER
OPEN 7 DAYS 12 to 1 AM

303 East 56th St., N.Y.C.
(Corner 2nd Avenue)
Tel. 688-6435

Carroll Reed

Cork 'n Canvas Comfort

Ladies' canvas shoe has cork sole and heel. Toe is trimmed with ship's wheel. For land or sea, Navy 5 - 9½, $5.00. Add .90 for postage and handling.

Send for Free Catalog.

Carroll Reed Ski Shop
503 MAIN STREET, NORTH CONWAY, N. H. 03860

dale police having inspired a Daytona Beach motel owner to visit college campuses with speeches that conjured up visions of Daytona Beach as the true site of Florida's legendary Fountain of Beer. After a couple of peaceful and profitable spring vacations, a rowdy one caused the Daytona Beach city manager to name eleven citizens to a College Student Evaluation Committee, which recommended that the city ban beer drinking on the beach. As many Southern legislatures learned during court tests of segregation statutes in the fifties, the proper way to enact such a law is to avoid mentioning the people it is meant to control, so the city commission prepared to adopt a year-round drinking ban for people of all ages.

When the proposal was discussed by the commission, just before spring vacation, the police chief, according to a report in the local paper, expressed some reservations about the timing. "I don't believe you want the students to think we are aiming this at them," the chief said.

"How far-reaching would this be?" one of the commissioners asked. "Remember, we have summer people who come here and don't bother anyone."

"I think that those who are discreet won't be bothered in any way," the mayor said. "You know all of our laws are left to the discretion of the police to enforce."

The commissioners waited until after spring vacation to pass the law—opposed only by the beer dealers, who were splendidly costumed for the occasion as an organization called Citizens for a Progressive Daytona Beach—and it is generally agreed that spring vacations have been more peaceful ever since. The Chamber of Commerce is able to tell visitors that college students are only asked to follow the laws that everyone must follow, and local citizens understand that nobody is going to quibble about a family picnic on the beach that happens to include a few six-packs of beer.

Is It Possible That There Are College Students Who Will Obey the Law Laid Down by Lum's Hot-Dog Restaurant?

Non-Motel-Owning adults who live in Fort Lauderdale sometimes talk about the annual springtime arrival of college students in the same tone of voice Midwesterners use to talk about the annual summertime arrival of chiggers. But even after a couple of riots the kind of young people who come to Fort Lauderdale and Daytona Beach inspire irritation rather than fear and hatred in their elders. When beer drinkers in fraternity sweatshirts started to dominate the French Quarter of New Orleans during Mardi Gras a few years ago, there was some grumbling from families that had been accustomed to putting in a French Quarter appearance during Mardi Gras and from local homosexuals who had previously been able to wear lavish costumes that day without fear of having beer cans thrown at them, but only the advent of thousands of "hippie types" last year brought concerned articles in the local press and widespread talk about how Mardi Gras had been ruined. (The hippie types, being free spirits, had been sucked in not by an old-fashioned Hollywood movie like "Where the Boys Are" but by a modern Hollywood movie, "Easy Rider.")

"Do you know why these people hate the hippies?" I was once asked by Corky Gonzales, a Chicano organizer in Denver. "It's not because the hippies have long hair. It's because they don't buy anything." The fraternity boys have not only a traditional American love of purchasing but a traditional American respect for the proprietor. Some hotels in Fort Lauderdale and Daytona Beach demand "damage deposits" in advance, and greet their student guests with a sheet listing offenses for which they may be thrown out or jailed, or both. One motel in Fort Lauderdale has a huge spring-vacation sign that says, "Invited guests must register in office. Others will be prosecuted as trespassers." The office of the Grand Bahama Development Corporation, which offers strollers along the Fort Lauderdale beachfront a trip to Grand Bahama Island for $9.95, lunch and sales pitch included, has a sign in the window saying simply "No Students." Lum's, an outfit that specializes, appropriately, in hot dogs steamed in beer, and is strategically situated on the Fort Lauderdale beachfront, displays a large sign that says, in part, "During the Easter season we find it necessary to institute the following policies: A guest check will be given as you enter. There will be a $2.00 charge for missing checks. Food minimum: you must order food, one beverage per order of food, no reorders, no loitering." The students do not boycott particularly rude hotels or picket the office of the Grand Bahama

Development Corporation or enter Lum's in large groups and gobble up their guest checks with their hot dogs steamed in beer.

Is the World's Most Famous Beach Actually the World's Most Famous Highway?

WHEN I arrived in Daytona Beach, I went directly to talk with the local publicity man about what is known locally as the World's Most Famous Beach. The beach at Daytona Beach is exceptionally wide, twenty-three miles long, and, because of an unusually high quartz content, hard enough on at least half its width to have served as the scene of early stock-car racing—a sport that was later transferred in Daytona Beach to a more conventional racing oval. The beach is totally public, uninterrupted by fences or private property. The publicity man told me that years ago the State of Florida, recognizing the beach's special quality, preserved it from private development by declaring it a public highway—which struck me as a rather ingenious stroke of early public-land preservation until I arrived at the beach and found that it's *used* as a public highway. There is a belt of soft sand at the inland edge of the beach, then a couple of rows of parked cars, then lines of traffic moving in both directions, and then the water. In Daytona Beach, college students who are tired of walking aimlessly up and down the beach can always ride aimlessly up and down the beach. It occurred to me that one of those carefree vacationers we always see in the Florida tourist ads could jump up from his beach towel, take his carefree wife by the hand, dash joyously toward the inviting surf, and be done in by a Dodge Polara.

Are Fort Lauderdale and Daytona Beach Demonstrating an Un-Floridalike Failure to Exploit a Spectacular Tourist Attraction?

DURING the nine years that Daytona Beach has been in the student-vacation trade, local businessmen have approved both an advertising campaign to lure students and a Chamber of Commerce resolution denouncing those who did anything to lure students. Businessmen can't make up their minds about whether the annual visit is a blessing or a curse. How much money do the students spend? Do they drive away the regular clientele? Do

Lord & Taylor

Our picture rug

is 20"x32" of wonderful color in sculptured, washable nylon-rayon-polyester pile for bath, kitchen, playroom. Blue butterfly, gold owl or bee, 7.00 each. Bath Shop, Ninth Floor, Lord & Taylor and all Lord & Taylor stores except Manhasset and Boston.

The no-motor whirlpool bath.

If product or performance defective, Good Housekeeping guarantees replacement or refund to consumer

New Hydro-Whirl from Kohler.

Relax . . . Quiet Hydro-Whirl has no motor. Uses no electricity, just water. Bubbly swirls that soothe away aches and tension . . . massaging . . . stimulating circulation. Hydro-Whirl directs its flow where you desire.

Sturdy, non-corrosive unit includes handsome replacement bathtub spout. Costs much less than any motor whirlpool bath. Approximately $70, in chromium. Installs in minutes to virtually any bathtub.

See your Kohler plumbing contractor or distributor. Or write Kohler Co., Kohler, Wisconsin 53044.

THE BOLD LOOK OF KOHLER

De Busschere
Hand made
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes

For him
MR. CASUAL
$40
☐ Black Calf
☐ Brown Calf
☐ Brown Calf/trim black
☐ White Buckskin
☐ Patent Leather

Soft-soled casuals for men known the world over. Available in America only at our salons or by mail.
Color brochures on request.
My regular shoe size is________
Send________pairs @ $40. each.
Add 75c per pair mailing charge.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice________
Name________
Address________
City________State________

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

Now in colors. Our famous Greek stevedore's woolen undershirt now comes in your choice of navy, orange, red, green, chocolate, blue, yellow or purple. As well as natural beige. One size fits all. Beige: short sleeve shown, $12.75; sleeveless, $10.75; long sleeve, $15.25. Color, add $1.00 to above prices, give 2 color choices. All postpaid.

Only at:
Greek Island Ltd. 215 E. 49th St.
NY NY 10017 EL 5-7547

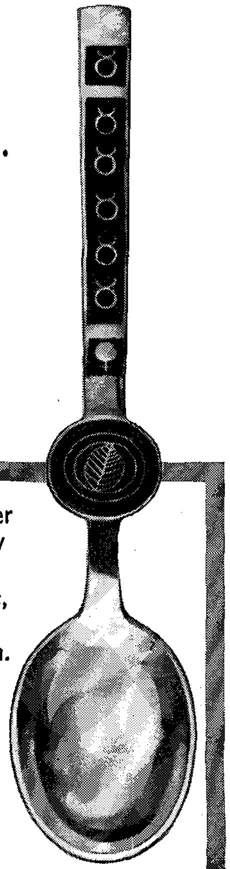
What Makes ***ME.*** *Great?*
The scent of pine—a breeze from the sea—a beauty spot 'neath friendly mountains.
Asticou Inn
Renovated this year.
Also new guest cottages.
Late June—Labor Day
Write for folder
NORTHEAST HARBOR, MAINE 04662
A Treadway Resort

they establish a familiarity with Daytona Beach that might someday make them part of the regular clientele? Sitting on the World's Most Famous Beach one day, watching the cars slowly drive up and down, I suddenly realized that I could settle the argument. I realized that, with the proper merchandising, the presence of the students could be a force for attracting other tourists rather than for driving them away. I could almost write the brochure myself: "Grownups! Threatened by the Youth Culture? Terrified of your own kid? Haunted by visions of youths in casual orgy? Come to Daytona Beach and see thousands of students bored to a stupor on the World's Most Famous Beach. Stroll along the famous boardwalk and listen in while college boys have just as much trouble picking up college girls as you used to have. Only a short two-hundred-and-thirty-six-mile drive from Fort Lauderdale, where you can see college students being cowed by Lum's hot-dog restaurant."

Can a Fraternity Man, Like, Invite Christ Into His Life and Still Be Cool?

Nine hundred of the college students in Daytona Beach this year were part of the Campus Crusade for Christ movement, participating in Operation Sunshine. Many of them arrived in chartered buses and stayed in large groups—an arrangement that resulted, according to the director of Operation Sunshine, in a package rate per day that was "less than they would pay for motel alone on a secular basis." The Crusaders spent part of their vacation trying to interest other students in Christianity—or, as they would put it, "sharing Christ's claims and asking people to invite Christ into their lives." Afternoons, they walked up and down the beach armed with a religion survey they used as an opener and with a little yellow book that explains the four spiritual laws they believe to be the basis for a personal relationship with Christ. With the Crusaders around, no college student could be completely lonely in Daytona Beach, since anyone standing alone for more than a few minutes was likely to have someone sidle up to him and ask, "Have you had a chance to see the four spiritual laws?"

The Crusaders are militantly with it. The place where interested students could come to talk about Christ was called the Rap Room. Some Crusaders wore T-shirts that said "Spirit Power" or "Spiritual Revolution" or "Jesus



—spoon of the month...

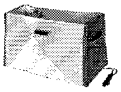
One spoon for every month of the year.
Shown: May.

These sterling silver spoons, beautifully enameled with the signs of the Zodiac, were designed by Paul Rene Gauguin.
6" long, $22 each.

DANISH SILVERSMITHS INC.
573 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Help stamp out soft crackers

ELECTRIC
BRISKER® Keeps crisp foods dry and oven-fresh indefinitely, even in the most soggy atmospheric conditions. The only appliance of its kind, the Electric Brisker applies the principle of dehumidification to protect the flavor and crispness of such foods as crackers, potato chips, cereals, nuts and pretzels. Keeps salt shakers free-flowing. It's the "in" thing . . . a welcome asset in any home, boat or camper. U.L. approved; 115 volt AC for home; 6, 12 and 32 volt DC for boats and campers. 18¾" x 11" x 11". Polished chrome or satin copper finishes. At fine gift shops and hardware stores, or order now by mail. Literature free on request. Write:
BRISKER® PRODUCTS $24.95 POSTPAID
2343 Gilbert Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206



JAMAICA AT ITS VERY BEST

- luxurious club atmosphere
- 2 golden beaches
- all rooms private balconies overlooking the sea
- terrace dining; dancing nightly
- superb cuisine
- golf, tennis, sailing, fishing, all water sports

Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.
Plantation Inn
See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc. (212) 586-4800.

Said: I Am The Word." Some of them wore pendants in the shape of a fish. They had a rock group. Crusaders dig what they're supposed to dig; what they're supposed to find outta sight they find outta sight. When I heard on television one day that undercover agents of the Daytona Beach police force were working the beach disguised as hippies, I realized that if an oldie came upon two people talking in youth jargon so thick it was totally unfathomable he would probably be in the presence of a narc and an evangelist.

One afternoon, I went to a weight-lifting demonstration the Crusade sponsored on the beach. Each weight lifter, after conquering whatever task had been set for him, told the crowd that Christ had come into his life or that Christ was his best friend or that he wanted to put his athletic ability on the line for Christ. When the show broke up, the Crusaders started circulating among the other students to talk about Christ. A Crusader I had met—a recent college graduate who is on the Crusade staff at Purdue—approached a student who was wearing an S.A.E. fraternity sweatshirt and asked him if he had had a chance to look over the four spiritual laws. The S.A.E.—a burly young man with a mustache and long sideburns—shook his head, and then nodded when the Crusader asked him if he had a few minutes to go over the laws. He followed the Crusader's presentation from the little yellow book about how God had a wonderful plan for his life. After a while, the Crusader asked the S.A.E. if he would join him in a prayer. The S.A.E. said he would. When asked by the Crusader whether Christ had come into his life, the S.A.E. said that he had already thought of himself as a committed Christian and that he regularly attended church. I couldn't help thinking of the brochure I had been planning for the Daytona Beach publicity people: "See a student with a mustache and sideburns stand quietly while being given a sermon. Hear, on the World's Most Famous Beach, an S.A.E. admit to regular church attendance." —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

OTTAWA (AP)—The Canadian government invited five U.S. oil company executives to Ottawa Wednesday, gave them lunch and discussed prospects for a cross-Canada pipeline for crepes suzettes.
—*Dallas Times Herald.*

Things are looking up.

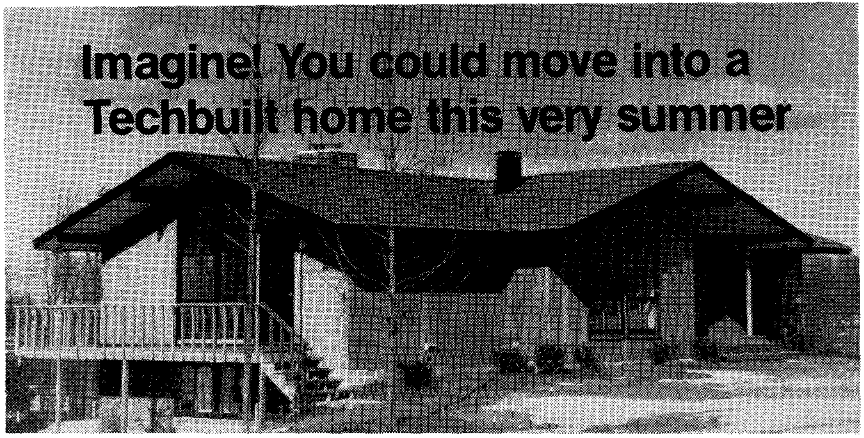
celebrity
"Furniture that cares for itself"

Made of Alumaloy®, it's strong and lightweight. Indoors or outdoors, It won't rust—*ever!* Through fine stores or your interior designer.

Showrooms: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Miami, Ft. Lauderdale, Chicago, Grand Rapids, Dallas and San Francisco.

alumaloy molla FURNITURE

Send $1 for your 56-page catalog. Molla, Inc., D&D Bldg., 979 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022



Imagine! You could move into a Techbuilt home this very summer

Yes, a Techbuilt home can be ready when you are. But speed of assembly is just one of the great features Techbuilt offers. Designed by a well-known architect, the Techbuilt method of building allows room for your personality ... your own ideas. And, of course, the price is fixed before you build.

If you'd like to get started now on your beautiful new Techbuilt home, send this coupon today for our brochure with more than a score of fascinating designs plus floor plans.

Techbuilt has offices and representatives from Maine to Florida.
Another business of the Riegel Paper Corporation.

TECHBUILT

You can visit a Techbuilt exhibit house on the first fairway of Hobbits Glen Golf Course in Columbia, Maryland

Techbuilt Dept. NY-51, 51 Weaver St., Greenwich, Connecticut 06830
I enclose $2 for a photo-book of Techbuilt homes.
I own a homesite. Yes __ No __ Location ________
Desired Occupancy Date ________
Name ________
Street ________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________

MUSICAL EVENTS

Ballet Allemand

THE Stuttgart Ballet came to town on Monday night of last week and opened its engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House with "Eugene Onegin." This company, whose previous appearance here I missed, is a fine one, with an excellent corps de ballet and solo dancers of outstanding quality, quite comparable in its way to the Bolshoi, the Kirov, and the Royal Ballet of London. It does things with a big style, and is fully equipped for the evening-length ballets that are all the rage nowadays. Its chief choreographer, John Cranko, who has built the company practically from scratch, is among the world's most skillful and resourceful, and its productions are, in general, a delight to watch. Having said this, I might go on to say that I find "Eugene Onegin" a slightly unsatisfactory ballet. Its main character is almost unbelievably proud and pompous—indeed, an almost insane figure. (Perhaps such men existed among the Russian aristocracy of Pushkin's period, but it's hard to believe it.) Tchaikovsky, of course, put him into an opera, and the opera has been reasonably successful. But it, too, suffers from the offhanded sadism of Onegin, who kills his best friend, Lensky, over a mild flirtation that he himself has provoked. The music of the ballet has nothing whatever to do with that of the opera. It consists of bits and pieces from other Tchaikovsky works, stitched together to form some sort of continuity. Granted these faults of plot and music, the ballet that Mr. Cranko has devised has its brilliant points. The duel scene, in which Onegin kills Lensky, is dramatically presented behind a scrim at the back of the stage while the appalled Tatiana and Olga, each in love with one of the participants, look on from the audience's perspective. There is a scintillating ballroom scene during which Onegin rejects Tatiana's love letter and later flirts with her sister, Olga, bringing on the duel, because Olga is Lensky's inamorata. Onegin was danced the other night by Heinz Clauss, who gave an impression that was stiff and proud enough. Olga was danced by Susanne Hanke, who did beautifully with such small episodes as were given her. But the dancers who struck me most were Marcia Haydée, the Tatiana, and Egon Madsen, the Lensky. Miss Haydée exhibited a beauty of line and a feminine style as an actress that were very appealing, and Mr. Madsen showed himself to be a dancer of sterling qualities—lithe, athletic, and capable of skillful leaps and turns.

I went back to the Metropolitan on Thursday evening to see "Romeo and Juliet," which turned out to be much more satisfying. This was, of course, the "Romeo and Juliet" ballet, with music by Prokofieff, that we have seen presented by both the Bolshoi Ballet and the Royal Ballet, and it differs from their productions only in matters of choreography. Unless I am mistaken, the creation of this ballet by Mr. Cranko preceded the Royal Ballet's production by a few years. It is, as a whole, a lighter production, less monumental, and with a dash of humor that the others lack. Friar Laurence lives in the woods, not in a basement apartment in the city. There is a group of acrobats or clowns that adds a bit of slapstick to the market scene in Act II. And the general air of the place depicted is that of a small town, with peasants bringing in their produce and making a holiday of their visit. There were a couple of scenes that didn't seem to me quite as effective as those in other productions. They were the feigned death of Juliet and its aftermath of grief, which I found rather perfunctory, and her burial, which looked a bit as though she were lost down a manhole during a procession. But generally this was a handsome and affecting affair. Birgit Keil was utterly delightful as Juliet, dancing and acting her part with the utmost skill and grace. I thought that the Romeo of Richard Cragun lacked personality, though his dancing was brilliant. Again, Mr. Madsen showed himself to be an exceptional dancer, this time in the role of Mercutio. The rest—including Jan Stripling as Tybalt, Vladimir Klos as Paris, David Sutherland as Benvolio, Marcis Lesins and Ruth Papendick as the elder Capulets, Kurt Specker and Fiona Fairrie as the elder Montagues, Hella Heim as Juliet's nurse, and Ulf Esser as Friar Laurence—were excellent. Ashley Lawrence conducted both performances competently, and while I think of this I must add that practically every great ballet has a great score, and that Prokofieff's magnificent music for this ballet is one of the reasons

The Country Store Look.
Something to come back to.

Country Store of Concord Clothes for men, women and children.

The Country Store of Concord

Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Edgartown, Nantucket, Mass., Guilford, Greenwich, Ct., Far Hills, N.J.

Basin Harbor Club.
700 gorgeous acres on Lake Champlain.
Find out about all of them.

For information or reservations, write, phone 30 Rockefeller Plaza W., N.Y. 10020. Tel. (212) 581-6595. Or call Robert H. Beach, Mgr. Tel. (802) 877-2961 in Vergennes.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB

VERGENNES, VERMONT 05491

Evening Grosbeaks

An original sculpture in walnut, carefully feather detailed and exactingly painted in life colors. Leaves and branches are of hand formed copper for delicacy, strength and resilience, and painted. An altogether lovely piece. Overall, about 8" x 11", $265. Birds 2/3 life size. Other bird subjects similarly mounted from $115.

Horse and Dog portrait sculptures from your photos.

32 page catalog of animal sculpture, $1.

M. E. BRASHER Dept. CD
Route 341, Kent, Conn. 06757

for its effectiveness and also for its staying power.

MAHLER'S Eighth Symphony is seldom performed, because of the enormous resources it demands—wind instruments in fours, two trumpets and two trombones offstage, eight solo singers, two mixed choruses, a children's chorus, and some more additional forces. Not for nothing is it called "The Symphony of a Thousand," for more than a thousand people are always involved in its performance. Last Friday night, the Hartford Symphony, under Arthur Winograd, brought it to Carnegie Hall, along with the Hartford Symphony Chorale, the Worcester Chorus, the Worcester All Saints Boys Choir, and the Worcester Youth Concert Choir. The vocal soloists were Uta Graf, Barbara Blanchard, Janis Peri, Corinne Curry, Jean Kraft, James Clark, Thomas Jamerson, and David Ronson. The choruses performed wonderfully well, the soloists variably but adequately, and Mr. Winograd seemed to have the vast army of performers under such good control that he could elicit drama and expression as well as accuracy. In a long career as a critic, I had heard this symphony only three times before—once under Leopold Stokowski, who gave the American première; once under Eugene Goossens, in Cincinnati; and once under Leonard Bernstein, in Philharmonic Hall. So I am really still getting acquainted with it. Its first part, the Hymn: "Veni creator spiritus" has always struck me as curiously unlike Mahler. The most pessimistic of composers here suddenly finds himself in an optimistic mood, and the result is a large poem of joy reminding one now and then of Bruckner and sounding altogether out of character. It is not my favorite Mahler movement. But the second part, which sets to music the final scene (Act V, Scene 7) of Goethe's "Faust," is back in character again, and the other night I realized for the first time that it is one of the composer's most eloquent and moving creations. The typical Mahler orchestration, with its sometimes weird and seemingly incoherent passages, is back, and so is Mahler's marvellous pathetic inspiration in vocal melody. This movement is unquestionably great music, and it is also a wonderful personal communication on Mahler's part. There was a rather unsatisfactory program note that night, which seemed bent on explaining the futility of program notes. Actually, that last scene of "Faust" is a complicated one. Mephistopheles has

To keep it torrid or icy...for hours

Double-walled, thermal insulation to keep things hot or cold; encased in Gorham's heavy silverplate. King-size mug holds 12 oz. of coffee, toddies, beer or whatever, $20. Beverage server doubles as desk-top carafe; 8-cup capacity, $29.95. Ice bucket holds a full gallon of ice cubes, $39.95. (Also serves as wine cooler.) At finest jewelry stores and silverware departments.

GORHAM DIVISION OF TEXTRON,
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

GORHAM
Do you own a Gorham Original?

How to make beautiful happen in your windows.

We have a book for you—full of beautiful (and helpful) ideas on what to do with windows. Compiled by top decorators, it tells all: about measuring, lighting, blinds, valances, drapes, colorful shades—and our spectacular new 1-inch Riviera blinds. It's all there. Send for your copy today.

Levolor-Lorentzen Inc. NY5
720 Monroe St., Hoboken, N.J. 07030
Please send me a copy of your idea book, "Window Magic". I enclose 25¢ for handling and mailing.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________ Zip__________

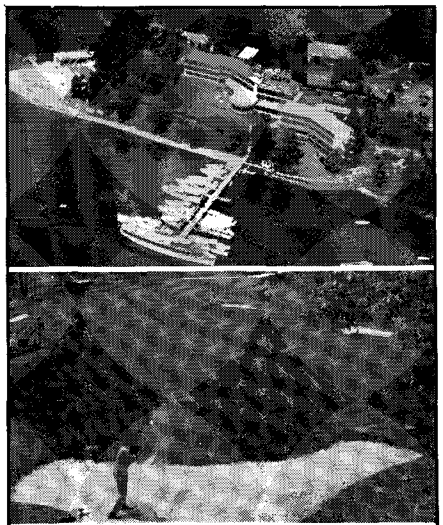
FREE FROM LEVOLOR

WINDOW MAGIC

Free illustrated guide for lovers

Virginia is for lovers.
History lovers,
sports lovers,
antique lovers,
garden lovers,
wonder lovers,
mountain lovers,
beach lovers.
And our free 100-page booklet on Virginia is yours for the asking. Visit, write or call:

Virginia State Travel Service
Richmond 23219, 911 E. Broad St., (703) 770-4484. New York, 10020, 11 Rockefeller Plaza, (212) 245-3080. Washington 20006, 906 17th St., N.W., (202) 293-5350.



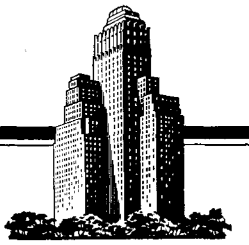
THE TIDES INN
&The Tides Golf Lodge
Yachting, golfing, tennis and all the rest in an unsurpassed rural Virginia atmosphere of luxurious informality, within a day's drive of much of the South and East.
Box 400, Irvington, Va. (212) 586-4500 (703) 438-2611

IS YOUR ALLIGATOR TIRED?
Dull, Worn And Soiled Alligator & Leather Handbags Cleaned, Redyed, Reglazed . . . Like New Again! Petit Point & Beaded Bags Also Repaired & Relined. Free Estimates!
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, Inc.
54 West 56th Street, N.Y.C. • JUdson 6-3737

disappeared after being thwarted, and Faust's soul ascends, by various stages, to Heaven. Basically, the whole scene is an essay about death, which Goethe regarded as a transition to something else, and much of the scene's nobility arises from its preoccupation with the final mystery of man's existence. The essay is expressed in symbols and mystical metaphors that are admittedly difficult to unravel, but I think an audience is entitled to a few hints as to what it is all about. The performance was, altogether, an impressive one, and it left the audience cheering.

IT *is always a pleasure to welcome* the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, which made an appearance in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday night. It is a thoroughly European orchestra, in the sense that it preserves its own discipline and traditions no matter who is conducting it, and its uniquely mellow tone reminds one of aged and polished oak. This time, as last time, the conductor was Bernard Haitink, a more gesticulative maestro than either Mengelberg or van Beinum, the previous leaders under whom I have heard it. The program began with Brahms' "Tragic Overture," Opus 81, which was given a fine, robust reading, and continued with Stravinsky's Symphonies of Wind Instruments. This showed off the virtuosity of the orchestra's wind players to some extent, but I find it a tricky and trivial piece, with very little genuine musical appeal. The main work on the program, which came after the intermission, was Mahler's Ninth Symphony, and it was rather interesting to hear it the same week that the Eighth came along. The Ninth is Mahler's last completed symphony (the Tenth exists only in fragmentary form and has been completed by various scholars), and it represents the gloomy Mahler with almost a catalogue of his previous symphonic motifs. There are places in the first and second movements in which his inspiration seems to me to run a bit thin, and the Rondo-Burleske is probably the most grotesque movement Mahler ever wrote. But the nobility of the final Adagio makes up for any previous disappointments. I have heard better performances of this symphony, in which the impression of thin inspiration was not as striking. Mr. Haitink is, I think, too much of an extrovert to make an ideal Mahler conductor. On this occasion, his ability to penetrate the profound depression that the work expresses seemed limited.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

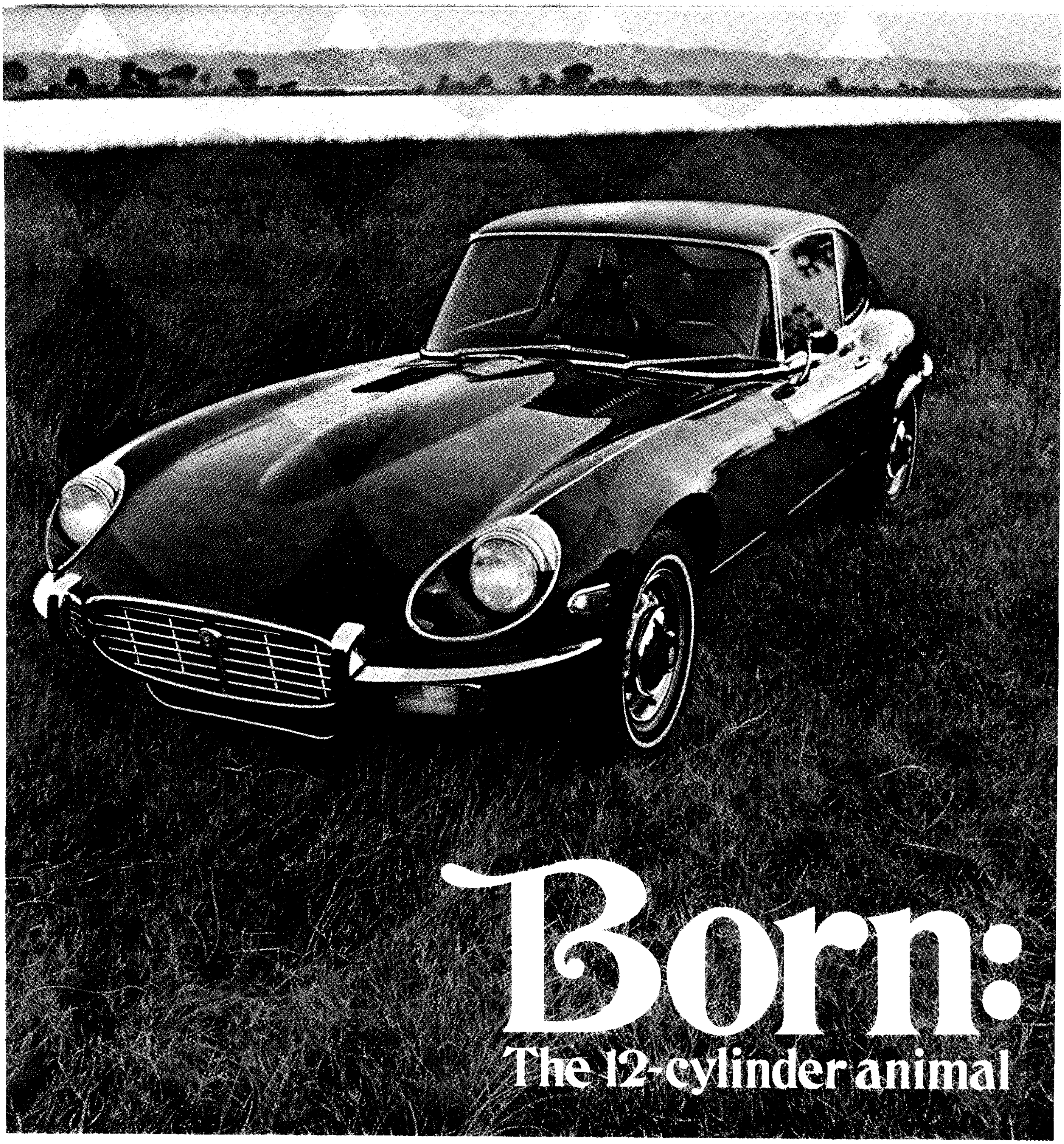


Enjoy New York at a Prestige Hotel Address at Moderate Rates... overlooking Central Park!
The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.
. . . renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.
RESERVATIONS AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles.....$19.00 to $26.00
Choice Doubles ...$26.00 to $34.00
Tower Studio Suites $34.00 to $40.00
Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $25.00.
Doubles from $33.00.
Includes one pick-up and one delivery.
WRITE FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50. Color from $150.
Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

FOR LIVING IN THE WOODS
Could we supply your needs for outdoor recreation and enjoyment while our trees are growing? We have two to twenty acre cottage tracts for sale in Southern New Hampshire and in Central Maine, prices $1500 to $15,000. Recreational rights to private ponds and surrounding forests with covenants to protect the natural scene are included.
Tree Growers, Inc., Box 217, Wayland, Mass. 01778

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
• Vitello al Saltimbocco
• Shrimp a la Livornese
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY



Jaguar, a breed of cat rarely considered timid, announces the most exciting automotive development in years—an aluminum V-12 engine.

The logic of the V-12 configuration: The V-12 is inherently balanced. Its smoothness is almost uncanny.

Significance: This 12-cylinder engine idles in near-silence. Its virtual absence of vibration may take some getting used to.

Some specifics: Jaguar's V-12 displaces only 326 cubic inches and yet develops 314 horsepower. The cylinders have a very large bore and the pistons have a short stroke, to attain higher potential power and longer engine life. And the power is delivered through an exceptionally wide range of engine revolutions.

An eye-opener: The ignition system is transistorized. It employs a new electronic distributor that eliminates all contact points. With no contact points to wear or foul, a major cause of engine tune-ups is eliminated. (Incidentally, an out of tune engine is a major cause of air pollution.)

Finally: Jaguar has a fully-independent suspension system with "anti-dive" front-end geometry. New disc brakes, power-assisted on all 4 wheels. And rack-and-pinion steering, also power assisted, with 3.5 turns lock-to-lock and a turning circle of 36 feet.

Incredibly, the Jaguar 2+2, with this revolutionary V-12 engine, costs only $7,325.*

See the 12-cylinder animal at your nearby Jaguar dealer. Study the engine. Because it's the one you'll be hearing about for many years to come.

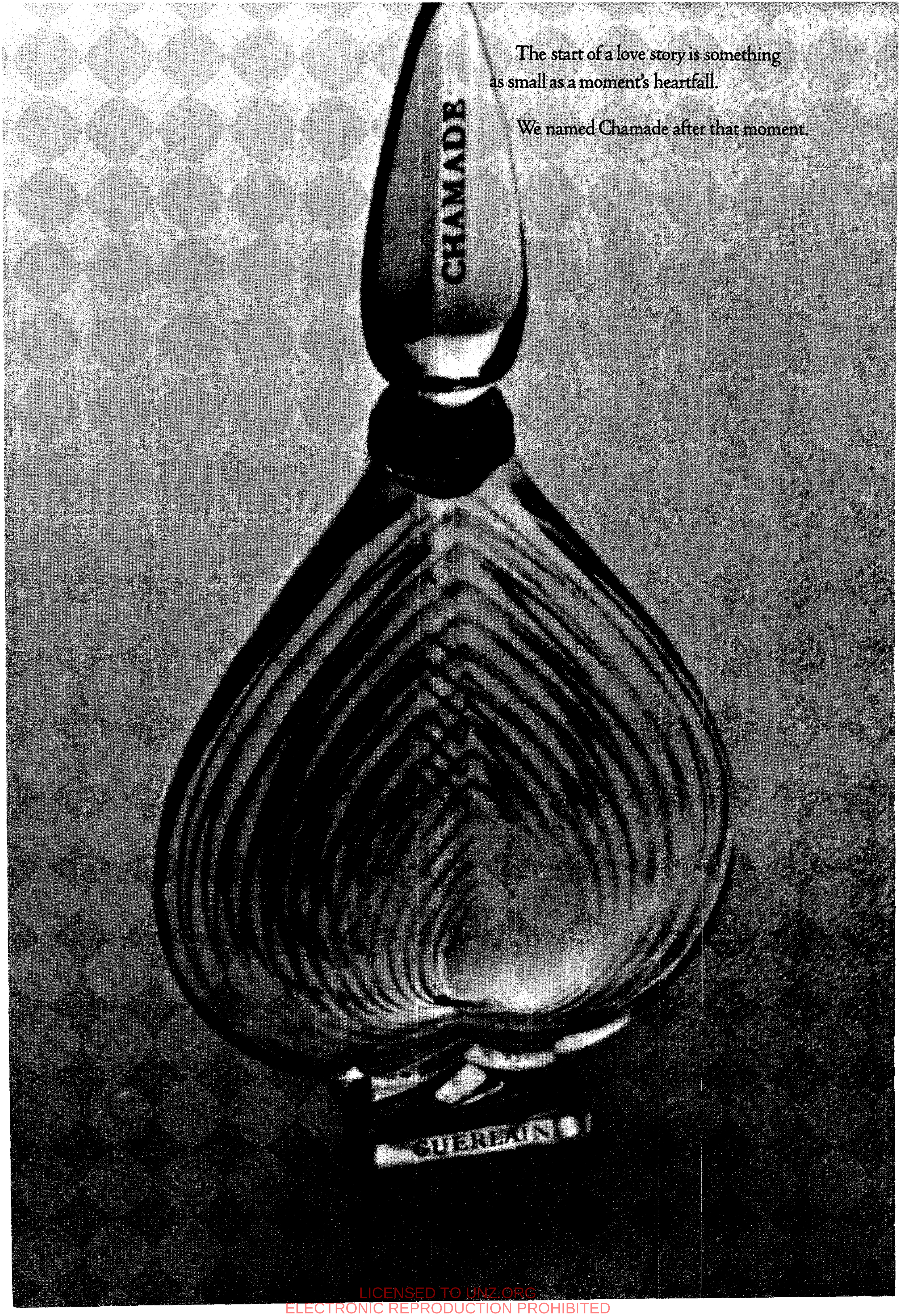
For the name of your nearest Jaguar dealer, dial (800) 631-1971 except in New Jersey where the number is (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll-free.

British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

BRITISH LEYLAND

Jaguar V-12

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, P.O.E. Destination charges, dealer preparation charges, state and local taxes (if any) not included. Whitewalls optional extra.


The start of a love story is something
as small as a moment's heartfall.
We named Chamade after that moment.
CHAMADE
GUERLAIN

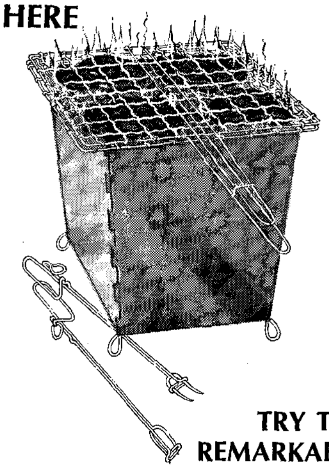
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 24

A WASHINGTON-PEKING axis is a possibility, and merely by keeping the possibility alive the Administration and all of us can benefit in large ways and small. A China pledged to its own "containment" strengthens the case for the Nixon Doctrine and Vietnamization, and might even do wonders for President Thieu. The tour of the ping-pong players is an early dividend of the new Administration policy, as well as, perhaps, of the older one that used to be called, when we had fewer missiles and China had none, our "position of strength." There was a time when Richard Nixon would have cried treason if a President had talked about China as he has been talking lately or had accepted the humiliation of American paddles on Communist soil. The only survivors of that time are a brace of Vice-Presidents—Spiro Agnew of the United States, and Anna Chennault of the Flying Tiger Airline. As far as can now be seen, the main political impact of a rapprochement would be on young American Maoists, some of whom may now think better of the President or less of the Chairman—a net gain either way. A brisk trade with China might provide a justification no one ever thought of for the war in Vietnam, and over the decades might repay the costs of that enterprise. In a matter of years, it might put Boeing and Seattle back on their feet and soothe resentment over the fate of the SST. (The ban on strategic goods stands, but apparently it can be read in such a way as to permit the sale of jet aircraft, which China is said to want.) China is an importer of aspirin. In such a happy country, there are probably fewer headaches than in an imperialist state, but among seven hundred and fifty million people there must be some sufferers, if only among those who have yet to master Maothink, and in such a hardworking country there must be billions of nagging backaches a year. Trade with China should lead to trade with its friend Albania, which at first would not amount to much, since—as Dr. Robert F. Byrnes, of Indiana University, recently explained in testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on National Security and International Operations—more money goes over the counter in a single day at R. H. Macy & Co. than is spent in a year by all the Albanians in Albania. Some people here have expressed anxiety that improved Sino-American relations will have an adverse effect on Soviet-American relations, the theory being that the paranoids in the Kremlin will think that Washington and Peking are teaming up to "encircle" the Soviet Union. The anxiety seems groundless. There would be an easy answer to that problem should it arise: Moscow could cultivate better relations with Peking, Washington, or both.

Government analysts are cautioning restraint of judgment, probably because they know little of China except that it is an island off the coast of Asia. Analysts from countries that enjoy "normal" relations with the People's Republic are not much better off, but this may be because the Chinese have felt, reasonably enough, that if British or French, or even Rumanian, scholars turned up anything interesting, they might blab it to the Americans. It is assumed that the changes in Peking's attitude reflect a greater concern over Moscow than over Washington. The Chinese used to call us a paper tiger, and perhaps believed it. Nikita Khrushchev, who respected our prowess in corn growing and heavy-yield explosives, told Chou En-lai, who had probably guessed it anyway, that this was nonsense and that we were in fact mad imperialist dogs, ready and quite able to strike. Lately, however, the Chinese may have reached the conclusion that Khrushchev misled them and that, at least as far as they are concerned, we are fangless creatures of whatever species—less than a match for the North Vietnamese, unable even to cut them off at the pass in Laos. A partial misreading, of course—the Seventh Fleet still protects Chiang Kai-shek, and if a certain button were pushed in Colorado, Peking would be no more. The Chinese, however, surely know more about us than we know about them, and must have observed how greatly we fear our own weaponry. It thus makes some sense to assume that their apparent readiness to modify their hostility toward us is somehow a consequence of their difficulties with the Soviet Union. It was, as Marxists say, "no accident" that the invitations to the ping-pong matches were extended while a big Party Congress was in progress in Moscow. Someone has studied Western-style headline stealing.

A new policy toward us may have commended itself to the Chinese on grounds other than security or ideology. Hunger for the fruits of imperialist technology may have overcome doctrinal purity; this has been known to happen in the past to sworn enemies of Our Way of Life. Peking may also have had Tokyo somewhat on its mind and thought it prudent to shop for some low-premium insurance against Japanese economic domination and rearmament. Then again, it may have wanted to



BARBEQUE TIME IS HERE

TRY THE REMARKABLE KALAHARI GRILL
Imported From Africa by Hunting World

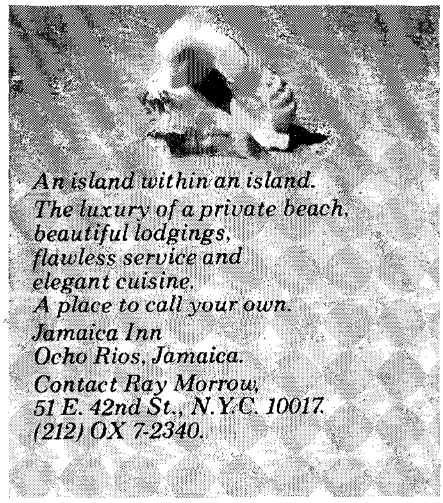
Our Grill, a match, and four sheets of newspaper . . . is all it takes to broil 4 steaks or 6 hamburgers to charcoaled perfection . . . in only 6 minutes! Folds flat into handy case 22" x 14" x 1⅝". Chromed grid & 2 ejector barbecue forks included. Endorsed by James Beard, Andre Soltner of Lutece, other famous chefs, gourmets the world over.

$14 add $2.00 on mail orders

KALAHARI COOKERY—Bob Lee's 24-page recipe booklet included.

©1971 H.W. INC.

SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG
Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N.Y. 10022



An island within an island.
The luxury of a private beach,
beautiful lodgings,
flawless service and
elegant cuisine.
A place to call your own.
Jamaica Inn
Ocho Rios, Jamaica.
Contact Ray Morrow,
51 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10017.
(212) OX 7-2340.

Barrie Ltd.®
Classic Golf Shoes

7½ to 13
$29.95 ppd.

Supple calf leather golf shoes in plain toe saddle with attached shawl. Leather-lined and cushioned insole for comfort. Leather soles with tungsten carbide tip spikes. In all white ☐, white with black saddle ☐, or all brown ☐. $29.95. Order by Mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N-New Haven.

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 York Street, New Haven, Conn.
22 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Conn.
1573 Boston Post Rd., Milford, Conn.
152 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio
914 15th Street NW, Washington, D.C.

charm us into easing its way to membership in the United Nations. This, though, could be only a minor consideration, since China will be voted into the U.N., probably this year, over any objections we could raise but probably won't. In any case, the common assumption here is that Peking sees a thaw as somehow advantageous to it in the Communist world and that Moscow sees it in the same light. Only a few weeks ago, this city was swept by rumors that Fidel Castro, a baseball nut, had decided to mend his hemisphere fences and would shortly invite to his country a Little League team from Cuba, New Mexico. No denials came from Havana, Cuba, until after Chou En-lai smiled. Now Castro has spoken, and said that he wants nothing to do with us. Local Kremlinologists say this is a sure sign that Moscow told Castro he could dump his sugar elsewhere if he went ahead with his game plan.

Anyway, all this gives Washington a kind of diplomatic leverage it has not enjoyed in years. It can seize the moment to wrest concessions from the two great Communist powers and from many capitalist ones. If China wants our aspirin and our airplanes badly enough, it may use its influence to persuade North Vietnam to do what Dean Rusk always wanted it to do—"leave South Vietnam alone." If it fails to accommodate us, we could call this to Moscow's attention and agree to do no more business with China if Moscow will stop supplying Hanoi. Rebuffed by both Mao and Brezhnev, the Administration could still plausibly declare that there exists a new situation in the world: that Asia—assisted by us, naturally—has achieved stability, and that we will withdraw our armed forces and start immediate shipments of miracle rice and contraceptives, accompanied by technical advisers. The experts could come from the C.I.A. or elsewhere, but the C.I.A. would be the ideal source, since it has plenty of qualified men already on the payroll, and three of them speak Vietnamese. The cost would thus be negligible. The opportunities for both savings and profits are nothing short of staggering in number. If we encourage Japanese as well as American industrialists to trade more extensively with China, the matter of textile quotas, currently a source of annoyance here and in Tokyo and of friction between the President and Wilbur Mills, could easily be disposed of. The Japanese could turn their boatloads of Orlon and Dacron around and send them into Canton—one thinks of the savings in oil alone—and quickly make up for what they stand to lose in the American market. Then our own textile-makers would have no competition. The cost of clothing might go up a bit, but that would be more than compensated for by reduced unemployment-insurance payments in South Carolina alone. In other parts of the world, there could be advantages no less desirable. If we were peacefully coexisting with China and the Soviet Union, we wouldn't have to spend a nickel on foreign aid for the poor nations; news about Chinese railroad-building in Tanzania would be welcome rather than distressing, and we could put the three billion dollars that the President now seeks for foreign aid into building desperately needed roads in this country. Relations with our allies in Western Europe would be bettered, too, since we would no longer have to nag them about shipping more money to continents they aren't much interested in. The "third-world" problem could disappear overnight if China and the Soviet Union were no longer seen as menaces to American security. What of it if Chile goes Communist? Some of our best friends are Bolsheviks, and if they want to build railroads in Africa or South America, that's their business and more money for our people.

Less than a month ago, the President seemed a sure loser in 1972. There was even speculation that he would withdraw. No talk of that kind is now being heard. If this thing works out, 1972 will be no contest. The people who have been making such a commotion around the White House this past week will move rapidly from disorder and dissent to serenity and fervent assent; the President may have made his last forced march to Camp David. We will move from an era of confrontation into one of embrace. The young will let the Army join them any time it wants. The nattering nabobs of negativism on the national networks will no longer natter negatively anent Nixon; there will be ping-pong everywhere and paeans of praise for Padre Peale's power of positive pthinking. To use one of the President's favorite phrases, he and Mao will have "pulled out the rug" from under the feet of Muskie, McGovern, and that whole tiresome crew, including Senator Jackson, who likes the war but loves Boeing. They would all go on carping—the nature of the beast—but who would listen to anyone but Nixon? George Wallace might still carry a couple of Southern states, but not the textile-producing ones; after all, losing Maine and Vermont didn't cramp Franklin Roosevelt's style. The betting here is that the Democratic candidate next year will be an Oriental, possibly Congresswoman Patsy Mink, of Hawaii, where the National Convention will be held, but it can't work, even if she gets powerful support from Women's Lib. Nixon's the one. He'll sweep the country, including every Chinatown from here to San Francisco.

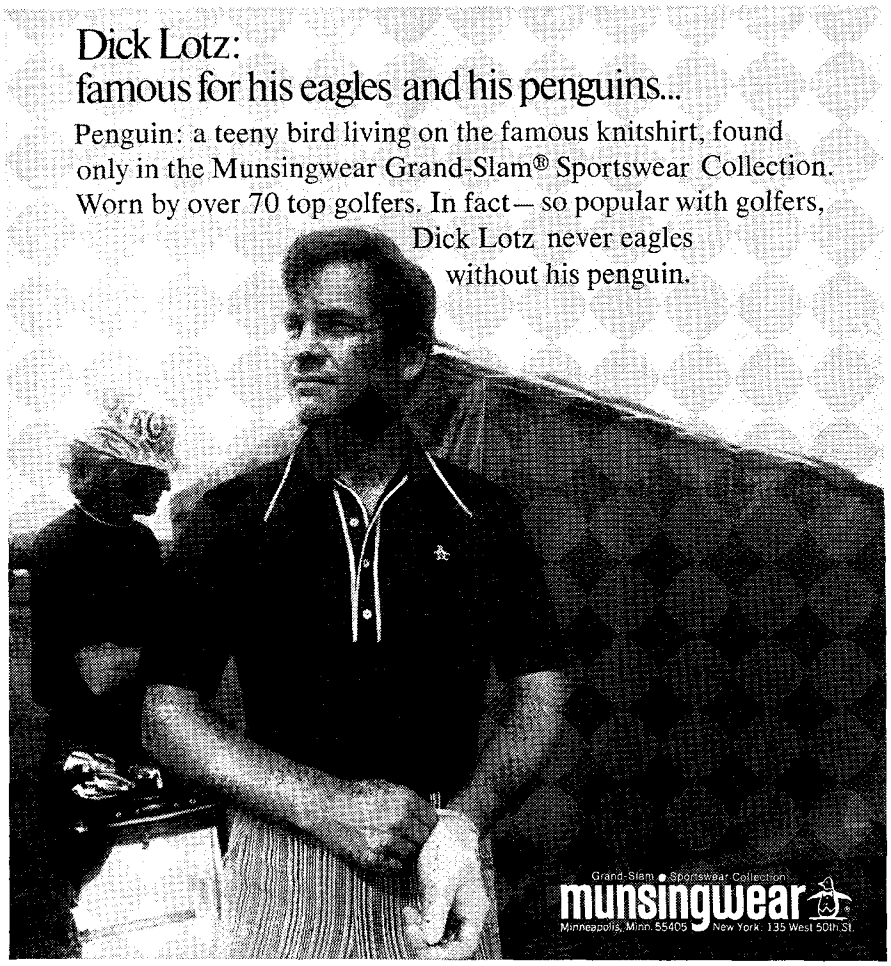
Racism isn't going to go away just because of a diplomatic coup in Asia. But surely a nation that has at last stopped being beastly to yellow people will be moved to do better by black, brown, and red people. Martha Mitchell and her husband have been grumping and snarling that all this will do nothing for law and order and may even make things worse. It's not so. There is practically no crime in China, and if we are nice to the Chinese, they may declassify their secrets crimewise. But this is not all. Mitchell's own F.B.I. has a remarkable plan. When the Nixon Administration took office, this country planned its defense needs on the basis of simultaneously fighting "two and a half" wars. Soon thereafter, Secretary Laird announced that we could get by with only one and a half wars. He had apparently noticed that things in Europe were fairly well under control, so that left only a full war in Asia, with China as the putative enemy, and a half war in Vietnam, or possibly in Venezuela. As yet, the Laird Doctrine hasn't shown much in the way of gains—though we have scaled down our plans by one big war, we still, two years later, unaccountably have the same old three and a half million men under arms. The F.B.I. thinks this is due partly to oversight, partly to the slowness with which a bureaucracy moves. At any rate, the F.B.I. experts, noting that we can now eliminate another war, leaving us with only a half one still to fight, would have us keep up our strength but give the troops a new mission—policing not the world but the United States. Again, no extra costs. Again, in fact, great savings, and about two million more cops, which ought to be enough to put us in China's league.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

To disturb these placid waters, a girl arrives. Supposedly the bereaved daughter of one of Mister's seagoing chums, she looks so harmless and inviting, asloop on the couch, that he asks her to stay.
—*Theatre review in the Times.*

Stay and help with the anchor?


Dick Lotz:
famous for his eagles and his penguins...

Penguin: a teeny bird living on the famous knitshirt, found only in the Munsingwear Grand-Slam® Sportswear Collection. Worn by over 70 top golfers. In fact—so popular with golfers, Dick Lotz never eagles without his penguin.

Grand-Slam • Sportswear Collection
munsingwear
Minneapolis, Minn. 55405
New York, 135 West 50th St.

The Ritz concedes a point or two.

Point 1. Ladies in miniskirts are acceptable.
Point 2. Ladies in pants suits are acceptable.
Point 3. We will continue to ask gentlemen to wear a jacket and tie.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston

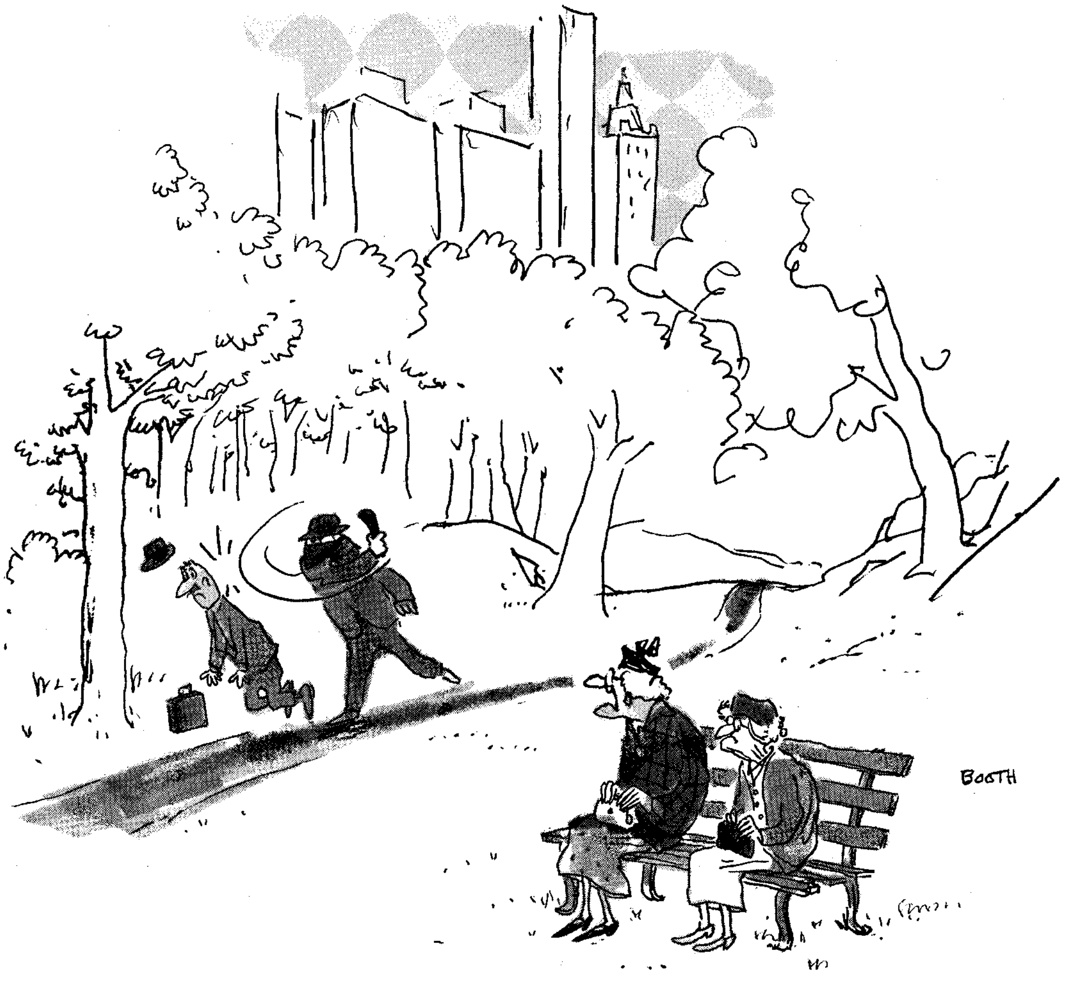
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THERE has been a growing (and long overdue) interest in the works of the masters of photography as objects of acquisition, and within the last few years a number of galleries have opened where distinguished prints may be bought for sums that, as art prices go, are fairly modest. At the Witkin Gallery, 237 East 60th Street, prints by Edward Steichen, Ansel Adams, André Kertész, Edward Weston, Margaret Bourke-White, W. Eugene Smith, Berenice Abbott, Imogen Cunningham, and Diane Arbus, among others, are for sale for between $75 and $500, and works by younger, less well-known photographers are for sale for between $25 and $60. On entering the first of the three small rooms the gallery occupies on the second floor of a brownstone, one finds walls crammed with framed photographs, a tall bookcase filled with books, a desk cluttered with papers and periodicals, and the kind of old world atmosphere one associates with long-established galleries or bookshops run by elderly Europeans. Lee Witkin, however, is a thirty-five-year-old New Yorker, and his mild manner, uninflected speech, and unhurried movements are as contemporary in their flavor as the gallery is anachronistic in its. Two years ago, feeling that he was "getting old," Mr. Witkin quit his job as a photographer and editor on an engineering magazine and started his present business, with no capital to speak of and not many photographers to represent. In two years' time, he has grossed a hundred and thirty thousand dollars and is turning photographers away for lack of space to show their work. Although most of his sales have been to museums, universities, and rich collectors, Mr. Witkin welcomes browsers. He believes that photography buffs are nicer and more honest than other people. "In all the time I've been here, nothing has ever been stolen," he told me. This (as you may be aware) is an extraordinary assertion for a New York shopkeeper to make today.

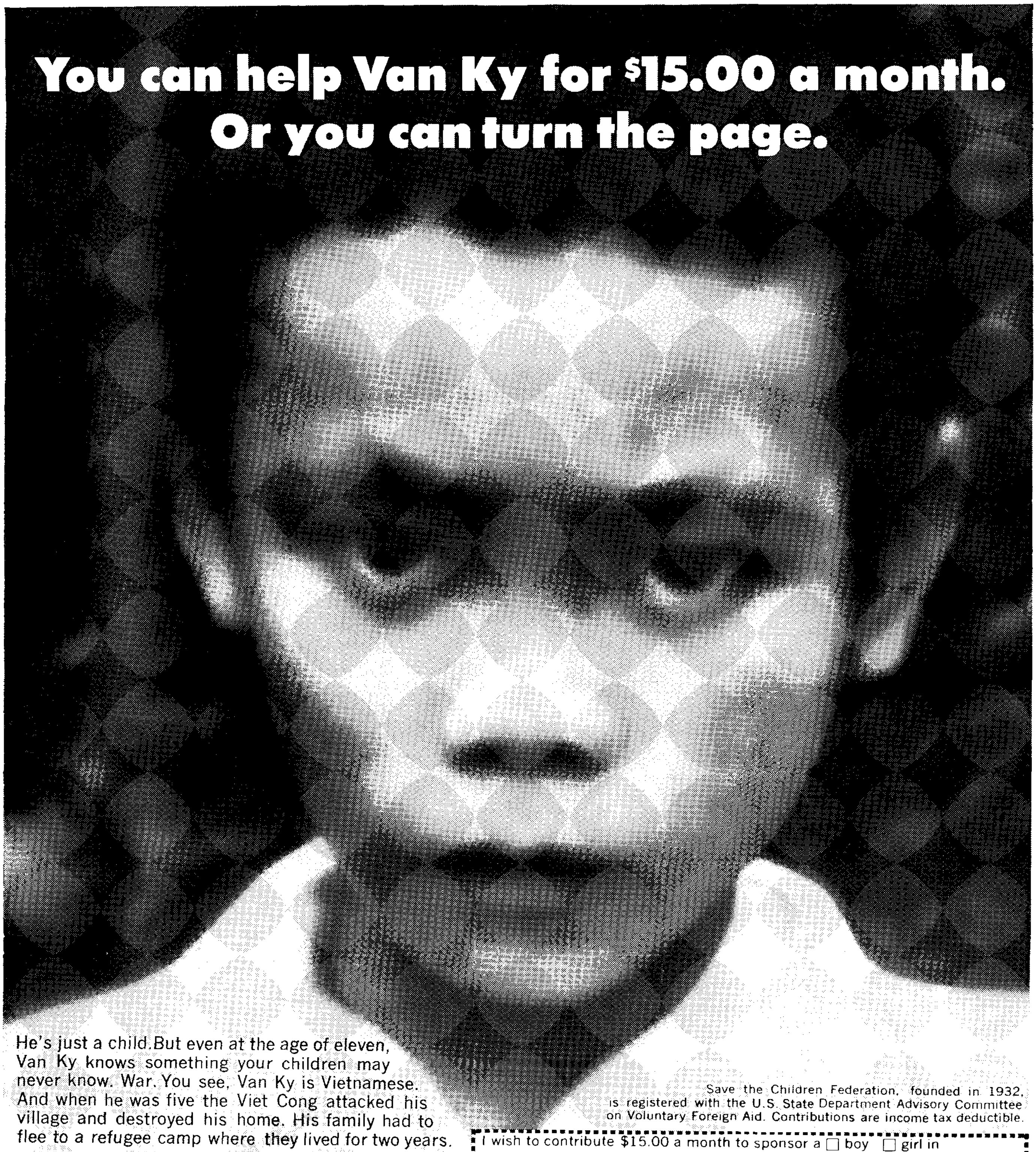
Mr. Witkin recently acquired a collection of around a hundred platinum prints by Frederick H. Evans, which, because of their rarity and historical interest, are priced at between $200 and $450. Evans made his reputation in the eighties and nineties as a photographer of architectural interiors—English cathedrals, chiefly—and was a vigorous exponent of the doctrine of "pure photography." This was an unusual position to hold in that day, when the majority of the serious photographers were members of the "pictorial" school. The pictorial photographers (such as Alfred Stieglitz, Robert Demachy, Clarence White, and Steichen) believed that photography could achieve the status of art only if its mechanical nature was overcome by means of elaborate manipulations of negative and print. They strove for painterly effects, in the manner of Whistler, Corot, and Millet. Evans maintained, on the contrary, that the photographer's real work was done when the shutter was snapped, and that whatever art a photograph had resided in the unretouched negative. He wrote, "Plain prints from plain negatives is, I take it, pure photography, and as I am not an artist in the sense of being able to use pencil or brushes, however badly, I have been content with this." According to a monograph on Evans by Beaumont Newhall, Evans was furious when a critic contemptuously compared pure photography to the music of a Pianola, since, as Newhall says, "he was as much a champion of the Pianola as of photography. He played the Pianola every day, when not travelling, from one to two hours. . . . Evans compared his Pianola to a camera; both, he felt, liberalized the boundaries of art by putting means of personal expression within the reach of everyone." Evans would give Pianola recitals at the openings of exhibitions of his photographs, and on one of these singular occasions George Bernard Shaw appeared to introduce his friend and fellow-eccentric. In an essay on Evans published in 1903 in *Camera Work*, Shaw wrote:

> He has been known to go up to the Dean of an English cathedral—a dignitary compared to



"*Kaboom!*"

You can help Van Ky for $15.00 a month. Or you can turn the page.



He's just a child. But even at the age of eleven, Van Ky knows something your children may never know. War. You see, Van Ky is Vietnamese. And when he was five the Viet Cong attacked his village and destroyed his home. His family had to flee to a refugee camp where they lived for two years.

But they're home now. Van Ky's father is repairing their hut and farming his one fourth acre of land and working as a day laborer too. Why? To keep his son in school. A three-room school Van Ky shares with 180 other children. But even with all the hard work, Van Ky's education may come to an end. Tomorrow.

That's where you and Save the Children Federation come in. For $15.00 a month you can sponsor a child like Van Ky. It's not a hand out. Van Ky and his family don't want charity. They do need help. An interest-free loan. To buy a water pump. To irrigate the land. Increase rice production. Feed the family. Make more money. To keep Van Ky in school.

That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work. Please. Clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

☐ Africa
☐ Europe
☐ Korea
☐ Latin America
☐ Vietnam
☐ Southern U.S.
☐ India
☐ American Indian
☐ Where the need is greatest
☐ Middle East
☐ Appalachia

Enclosed is my first payment

☐ $15.00 monthly
☐ $45.00 quarterly
☐ $90.00 semi-annually
☐ $180.00 annually

☐ I can't sponsor a child. Enclosed is my contribution of $________

☐ Please send me more information.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________ Zip______

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852
NY 5/1/1

PURRFECT CAT

Artist Guy Coheleach has spent years of research on the big cats and predators of the world. This is his latest painting, reproduced perfectly in a Frame House Gallery limited edition.

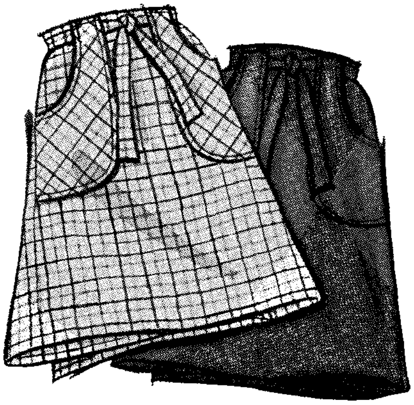
"Siberian Tiger", 20½" x 25", in full color, signed by the artist, $30.00.

Mail $1.00 for an illustrated catalog of the Frame House Gallery collection, including the works of Guy Coheleach, Anne Ophelia Dowden, Don R. Eckelberry, Ray Harm and Charles Harper.

Frame House Gallery, Inc.
Dept. N-511
110 East Market Street
Louisville, Kentucky 40202
Phone: (502) 587-7424

FRAME HOUSE GALLERY DEALERSHIPS STILL AVAILABLE IN SOME MARKETS

Johnny Appleseed's Back-Wraps



Just wind it around and tie in front . . . easy wearing and casually good looking. Crisp, wrinkle-free Fortrel Polyester-Cotton behaves impeccably. (Size Medium is 21" in length).
Red/white/blue Tattersall, S, M, L. $16.00 ppd.
Bermuda Blue, Sizes S, M, L. $12.50 ppd.

Johnny Appleseed's
50 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915
Zip Code Required!

Puzzle No. 1. Giant Card-Table Size (almost 2'x3')! Answers included . . . conveniently folded! Contains over 4,000 squares plus thousands of words and definitions. Words range from "Cat" to "Honorificabilitudinitatibus." UNIQUE GIFT! Order a few . . . ONLY $1.00 EACH

WORLD'S LARGEST
BRAINY'S ORIGINAL
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

BRAINY, Box 213, Dept. 3
CHATSWORTH, CALIFORNIA 91311

whom the president of the United States is the merest worm, and who is not approached by ordinary men save in their Sunday-clothes—Evans, I say, in an outlandish silk collar, blue tie, and crushed soft hat, with a tripod under his arm, has accosted a Dean in his own cathedral and said, pointing to the multitude of chairs that hid the venerable flagged floor of the fane, "I should like all those cleared away."

The Evans prints on view at the Witkin Gallery are of a breathtaking delicacy and concision. Many are small pictures (about three inches wide by four inches high) mounted on large white sheets, and surrounded by double or triple pencil-line borders, done by Evans himself, whose signature also appears on each print. Platinum paper brings out the middle tones of a photograph, and gives it a quality that is probably impossible to achieve with any other printing medium. Today's large, grainy, contrasty prints seem gross in comparison to these gossamer little pictures. Some of the architectural photographs, for all their exquisite technical qualities, are hardly works of art, or even very interesting pictures. Others—landscapes, forest scenes, a lovely study of some foxgloves as well as the cathedral interiors—are as "artistic" as the works of the pictorial school, and are truly great photographs. The Evans prints show up to advantage in plain box frames of Plexiglas, which are also available at the Witkin Gallery, for from $24 to $45.

INGE BONDI'S PHOTOGRAPHY HOUSE, 853 Seventh Avenue (54th), is a very different place from the Witkin Gallery. Mrs. Bondi represents only four photographers—Kertész, Steichen, Ernst Haas, and Laszlo Moholy-Nagy—and she takes a darker view of human nature than Mr. Witkin does. She admits people to the gallery by appointment only (the telephone number is 663-0530), and worries about careless handling of prints as much as about theft. "You look clean," Mrs. Bondi said dubiously when I asked if I might handle the pile of photographs she had been placing before me at a pace that wasn't quite the one I would have chosen. Mrs. Bondi is a handsome, vivacious woman who was born in Germany, arrived in this country in 1948, and was associated for many years with the Magnum photographic agency. To peruse Mrs. Bondi's large collection of photographs by Kertész—a collection that spans fifty years and includes pictures taken during the First World War, pictures taken in Budapest between 1912 and 1925, pictures taken

DIRECTOIRE MASTERPIECE

RARE OLD TIME SKILL and know-how, was used in re-creating our elegant DIRECTOIRE DESK. Mellow, antiqued French Mahogany (acajou) in a warm brown color. Pullout slides at each end. Brass mouldings around all drawers, top and sides, like its famous original. Black tooled leather top. Back finished with brass, same as front. Length 48", Depth 24", Height 30". only $545
F.O.B., N.Y.C., crating $25 beyond delivery area.

There's no other shop like Lloyds in New York. For here, is one of the few places that you take your own sweet time to browse through a wonderful collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and estate pieces. Here, your own sense of good taste and value can lead you to the pieces that you'd like to live with.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 E. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 • PL 9-7313

For OVERNIGHT or a FORTNIGHT
MITTERSILL
ALPINE INN

Old-world Alpine Inn in an authentic Tyrolean village on Cannon Mt. in White Mt. National Forest. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Trout fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open July-mid Oct., mid Dec.-April 1. Rooms from $22 up, double, per day, European Plan.

Stephen D. Glenn, Innkeeper
Tel. 603-823-5511
A Treadway Resort
FRANCONIA
N. H. 03580

HOTEL Meurice

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations.
Singles from $20.00.
Doubles from $28.00.
Suites from $29.00.

145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
Color TV
212-247-7440

delightful Frenchy's wonderful food
1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

in Paris in the twenties and thirties, and recent work done in this country—is a momentous experience. Kertész was born in 1894 and is acknowledged to be one of the great pioneers of modern photography. He was one of the prime movers in the revolution that transformed photography from a static, painting-oriented medium into a form that addresses itself to the flux of life, to the passing moment, to the adventitious and discrepant elements of experience. Kertész would not have asked the Dean to move the multitude of chairs that disturbed Evans; he would have photographed them. His restless eye searches out the incongruous and inexplicable. On a Paris waterfront, it alights on some large objects swathed in white sheets, and they, rather than the fisherman that the ordinary eye would focus on, become the subject of a mysterious, memorable photograph. A workman on the street is photographed at the moment of lighting a cigarette; standing at his feet, with the matter-of-factness of impossible things seen in dreams, are thirty-eight silver candlesticks. A woman in a long dress and a kerchief and a man wearing a straw boater stand at a high wooden fence with their backs to the photographer, looking through a narrow space between the boards. One wonders what they are looking at, and one will never know. Mrs. Bondi's collection includes a number of portraits taken in the twenties and thirties of famous writers and artists, including Chagall, Calder, Mondrian, Léger, Vlaminck, and Tristan Tzara. (The portraits of Mondrian and Léger are of portions of their studios rather than of their corporeal selves.) I was especially taken with the portrait of Chagall and his wife, which looks like a Chagall, in an undefinable way. Each of the Kertész prints measures eight by ten inches and, with a few exceptions, costs $200. One of the exceptions is a still-life entitled "Melancholic Tulip" and dating from 1939, which Mrs. Bondi has published in a limited edition of a hundred and fifty and is offering for $250 a print. The negative has been "retired permanently," Mrs. Bondi says, and when this edition is sold, no more prints will be available. The photograph shows a tall beaker of water in which a single tulip sits and droops so that the flower almost touches the surface on which the beaker stands. It is a strange, lovely picture.

The walls of the anteroom of Photography House are hung with dye-transfer color photographs by Ernst Haas (the gallery occupies part of his

$10½*

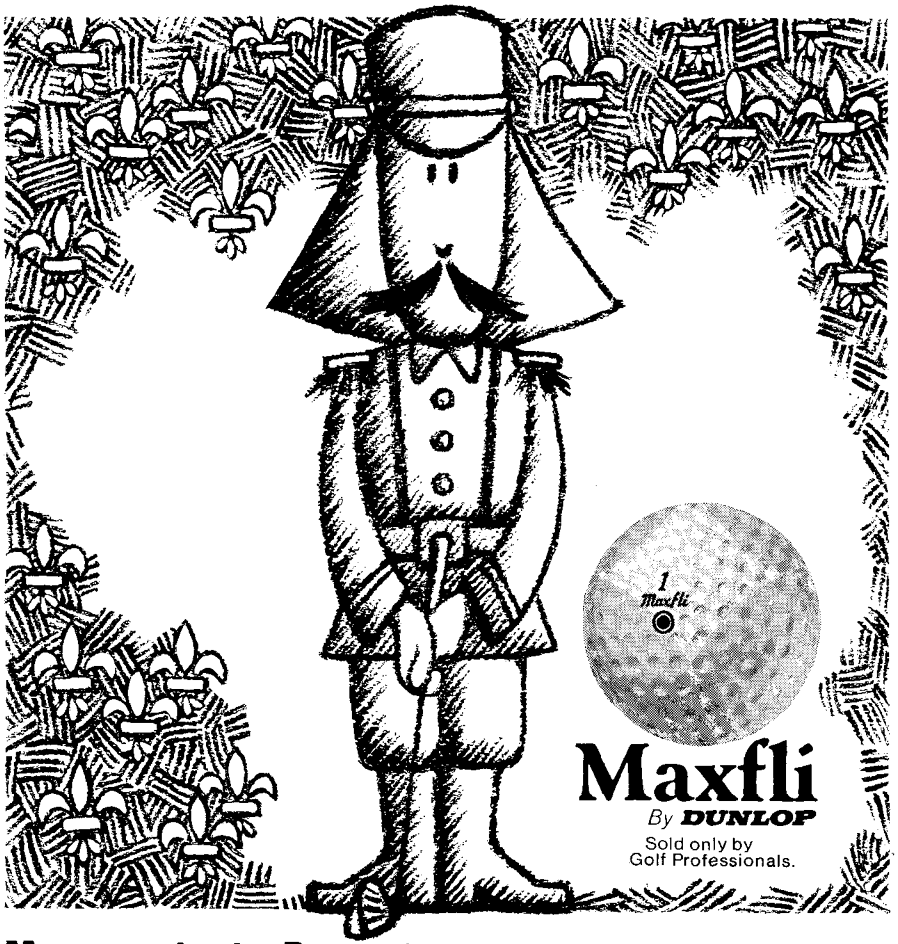
12
YEARS OLD
BUCHANAN'S
FINEST BLENDED
Scotch Whisky

Buchanan's.
The Outrageous Scotch.

$10.50 is a serious price to pay for any Scotch Whisky.
Even ours. Buchanan's "12."
But consider this. Not a drop of the many whiskies that give Buchanan's "12" its uncanny lightness and smoothness are under 12 years old. Only the rarest of the rare are used. Consequently, when blended together they produce the finest light premium whisky ever made. Buchanan's "12."

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 12 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS, FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. ©1971

*Variances will occur depending on state and local taxes.



More people play Dunlop than any other ball in the world.
Dunlop/Buffalo, N.Y., Toronto, Ont. Drive carefully. Use Dunlop balls, clubs and tires.

TERRY KILTIE Great Father's Day gift. Tailored shave towel has touch-and-lock Velcro closing—fits any waist. Authentic Macbeth tartan combines blue, yellow, black, red, green, white. One size fits all. $5.95
Add 50¢ each for shipping. *Send for color catalog.*
THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

17 40 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities
IN THE HEART OF B'WAY AND THEATRE DISTRICT
200 W. 44 ST. • 524-4707
• IMPERIAL, 935 LEX. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
• GOURMET, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
• EAST, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
FLUSHING • SUNNYSIDE
QUEENS (ELMHURST)

studio), which at a distance are indistinguishable from paintings. Some look like Impressionist works, while others resemble paintings by Abstract Expressionists. As I regarded the Haas photographs, which start at $250, I thought of last year's "Twenty Realists" show at the Whitney, where a number of pictures looked like hideous Kodacolor snapshots until you came up close and saw that they were actually paintings. My initial reaction of amusement in the one case and admiration in the other quickly gave way to a feeling almost of irritation—akin, perhaps, to what Evans felt about the pictorial photographs of his day. When a medium is used—whether for "artistic" or anti-art reasons—in a way that obscures its own nature, what is produced is invariably unsatisfying.

Mrs. Bondi's black-and-white photographs by Moholy-Nagy, a small collection, resemble the late Bauhaus master's meticulous, intelligent, unexciting abstract paintings; prices begin at $250. The Steichen photographs available through Mrs. Bondi are all priced at $500, and raise the question of quality of print. Mrs. Bondi has access to Steichen's negatives and is empowered by the photographer to have new prints made of any photographs that clients should want to order. The examples of the new Steichen prints on hand at Photography House (which include the famous black-and-white portrait of J.P. Morgan and the lovely early color photograph entitled "Houseboat on the Thames") lack the incisiveness and richness by which perfectly printed photographs are distinguishable from reproductions, and, indeed, differ so little from the reproductions in Steichen's "A Life in Photography" that one would do as well to cut a picture out of the book as to buy one of these unremarkable prints, which have inexplicably gained Steichen's "approval."

MAGNUM PHOTOS, INC., at 15 West 46th Street, is the distinguished photographers' coöperative founded in 1947 by Henri Cartier-Bresson, David Seymour, Robert Capa, and George Rodger for the purpose of placing independent photojournalists' work in magazines and newspapers, and it has recently reversed its policy in regard to the sale of prints. Previously, the agency discouraged people from coming in and ordering prints, but now the work of all the Magnum photographers, who include Werner Bischof, Cornell Capa, Bruce Davidson, Elliott Erwitt, Charles Harbutt, Inge Morath, Dennis Stock, and Burk Uzzle, is available to the collecting public, and in most cases the price is $100 for an eleven-by-fourteen-inch print. In the exceptional case of Cartier-Bresson, the prints start at $200.

Of all photographers, Cartier-Bresson is the one who seems most intensely to fulfill photography's purposes. He transcends the limits of the medium without violating its nature. The influence of Kertész is evident in Cartier-Bresson's work (and has been acknowledged by the younger photographer), but there are significant differences. The Freudian character of Kertész's quest for images—his sense of life as dream—imparts to his work a certain anonymity and coldness. Cartier-Bresson's photography is warmer and more personal. His best photographs are revelations and celebrations of those moments when people are neither picking their noses nor posing but are at their most human. The photographs show people working, resting, talking, people in states of shyness, happiness, rage, people defeated or favored by life, and such is Cartier-Bresson's grasp of human nature that he recognizes the precise moment out of a hundred possible ones when the observed emotion or activity is at its apex of communicability and universality. It is at this "decisive moment," as Cartier-Bresson has called it, that photojournalism leaves the field of sociology and enters the world of art.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "A Preface to Morals," by Walter Lippmann, 1929*]

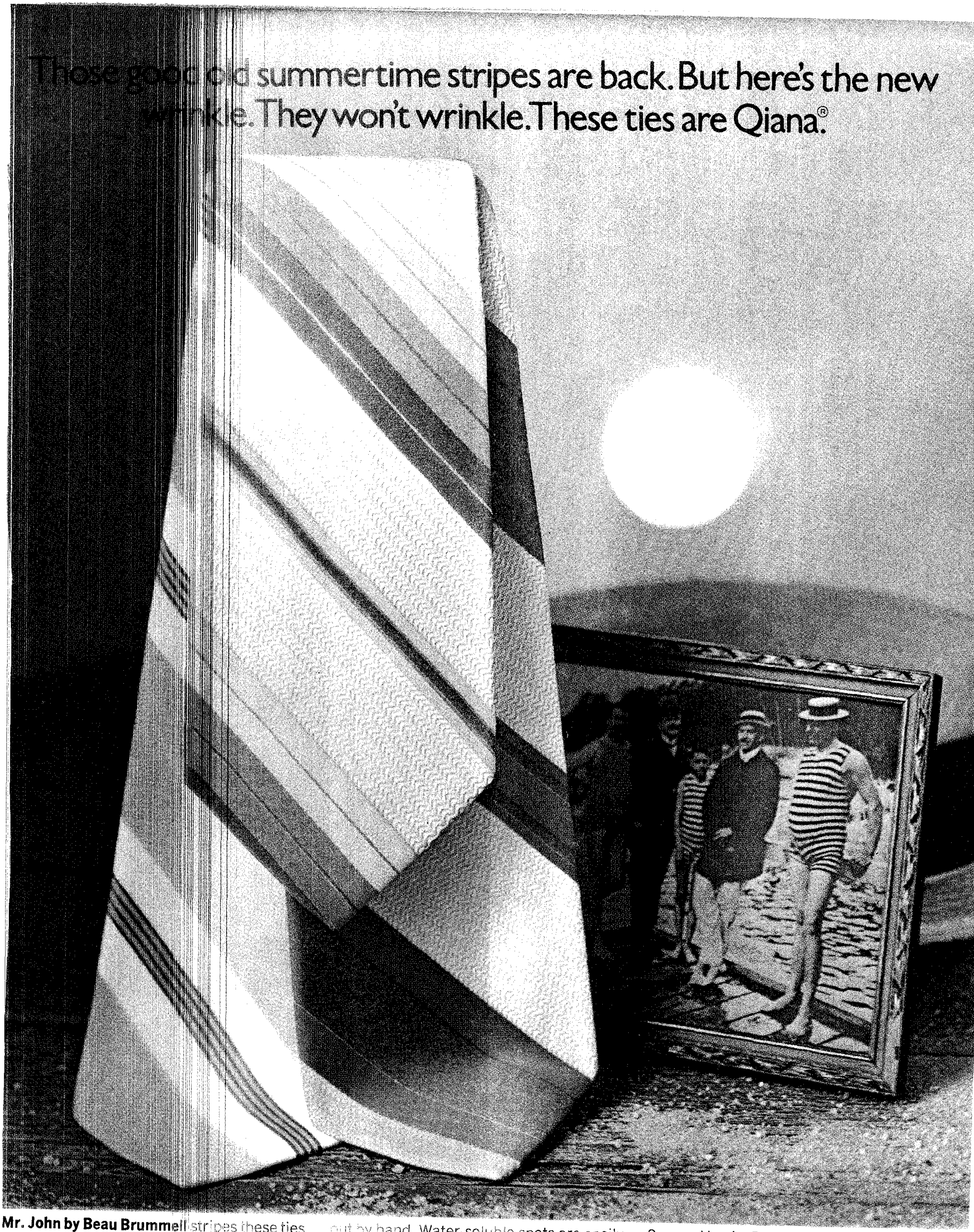
Yet it is now evident why modern civilization is so durable. Its strength lies in its sensitiveness. The effect of bad decisions is so quickly felt, the consequences are so inescapably serious, that corrective action is almost immediately set in motion. A simple society like Russia can let its railroads go gradually to wrack and ruin, but a complex society like London or New York is instantly disorganized if the railroads do not run on schedule. So many persons are at once affected in so many vitally important ways that remedies have to be found immediately.

•

Should the Federal government start a copulation control program?

This is the controversial question that will be argued today in the first debate between the University of California, Berkeley, and the University of Hawaii, Hilo, at the Berkeley campus.—*University of California (Berkeley) Daily Californian.*

It would provide plenty of people with jobs—that's one thing in its favor.


Those good old summertime stripes are back. But here's the new wrinkle. They won't wrinkle. These ties are Qiana.®

Mr. John by Beau Brummell stripes these ties the bright, bold way of yesteryear. But does them in the very today fabrics of Qiana* nylon. Which means wrinkles simply smooth out by hand. Water-soluble spots are easily sponged away. You'll find Beau Brummell luxury ties of "Qiana", $6.50 and $7.50, at these and other fine stores: Sanger Harris, Dallas; Weinstock, Lubin, Sacramento; May—D&F, Denver. Next tie you buy, look for the name "Qiana".

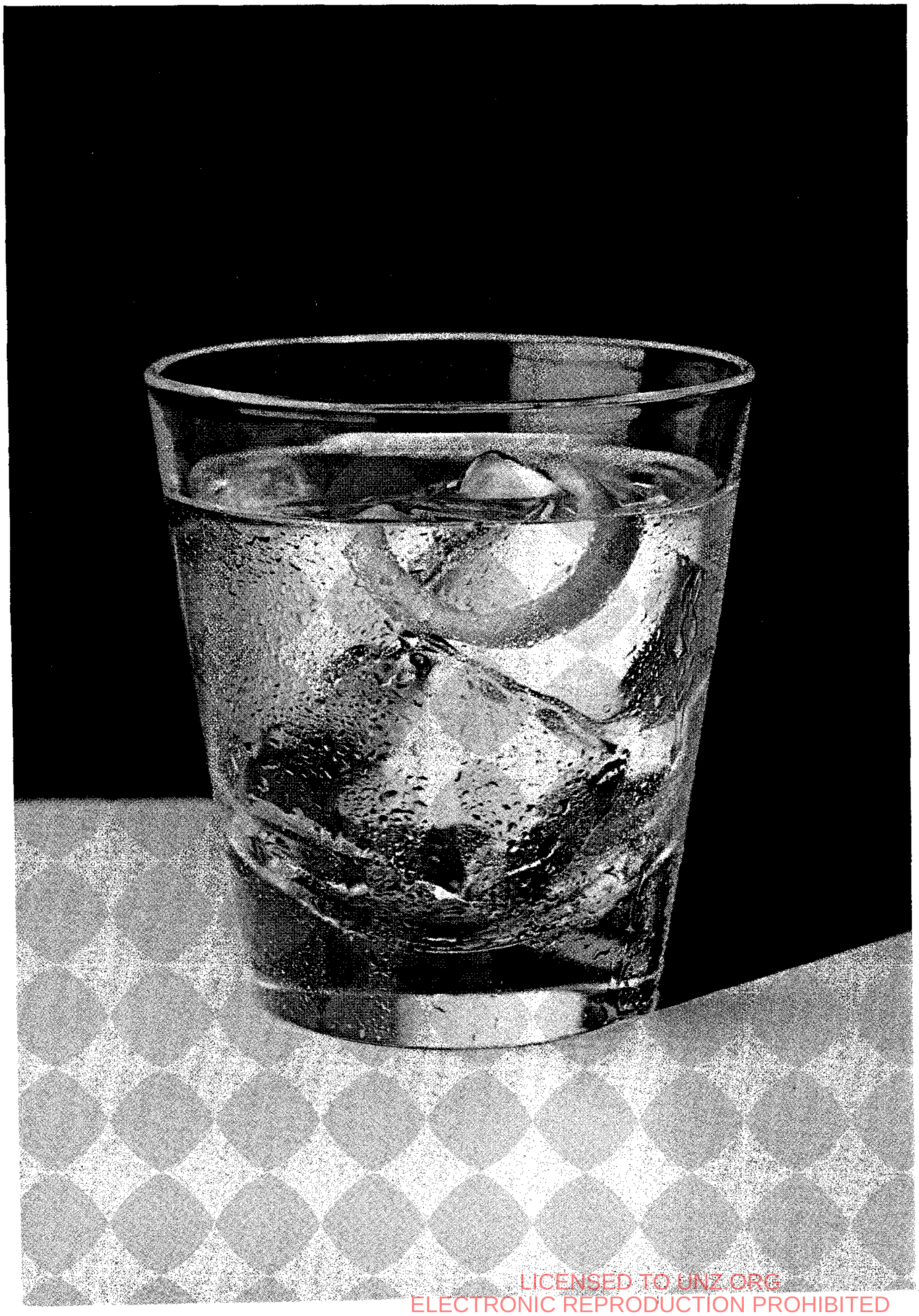
*Du Pont registered trademark.

Qiana®
nylon
So luxurious you'd never suspect it's practical.

DU PONT

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE FANCY RUM DRINKS WITHOUT THE COCONUT SHELL, STRIPED STRAWS, FRUIT JUICES, ORANGE SLICES, PLASTIC MONKEYS AND FLOWERS.

IT'S RUM-ON-THE-ROCKS. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



It may sound like the last thing you'd ever want to try. But that's only how it sounds. It's not how it tastes.

Of all straight alcoholic beverages, White Puerto Rican Rum is probably the easiest and smoothest to drink.

When you take away all the fruit juices and decorations, you discover why the fancy rum drinks taste good.

Rum tastes good.

At least, Puerto Rican Rum does.

Our rum is light and clear and dry with no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And aged. And filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

Try pouring straight gin, straight vodka and White Puerto Rican Rum over ice.

Then taste each one.

The smoothness of the rum is bound to surprise you.

If you never drink your drinks on the rocks, even our rum may not make a rum-on-the-rocks drinker out of you.

But it certainly will get rid of any false impressions you have about the taste of Puerto Rican Rum.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

A free recipe book is yours for the asking.
Write: Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

BOOKS

The Governance of Geoffrey Household

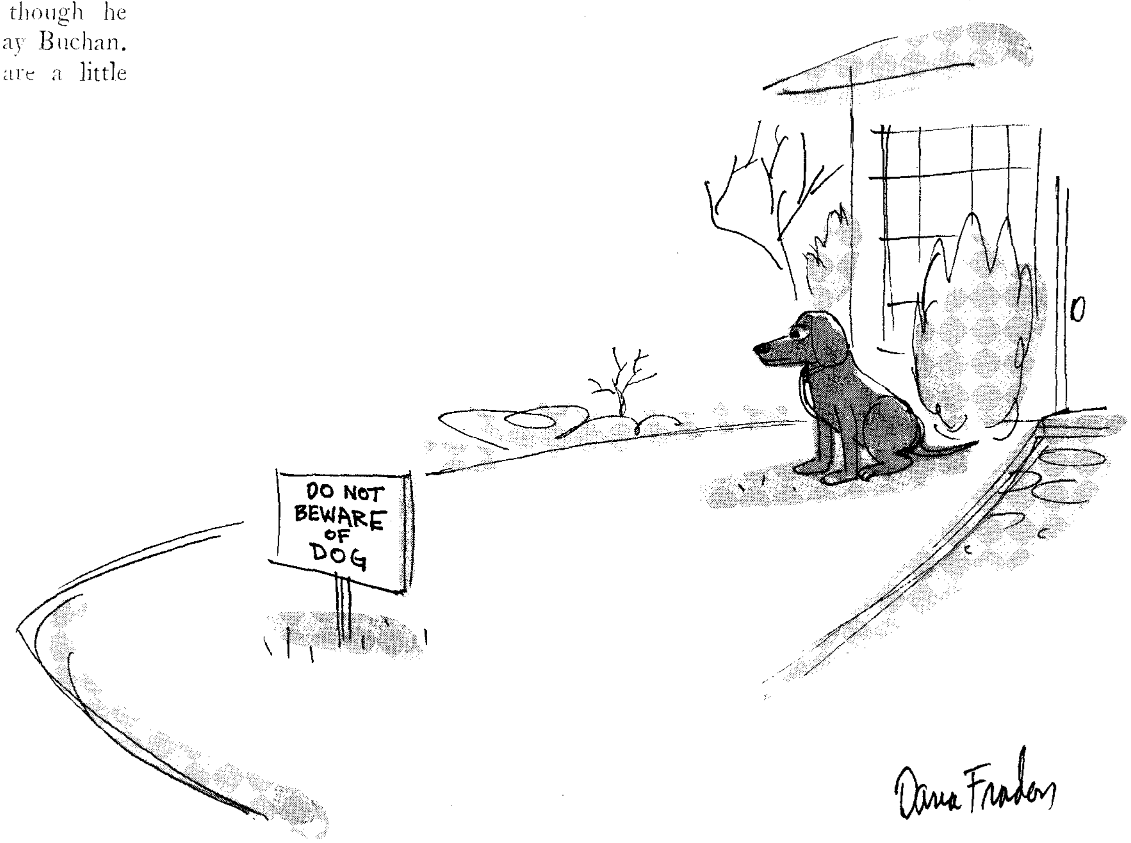
THE pure storyteller has retreated, for reasons of fashion, from the mainstream of letters; he is now to be found, if at all, up such tributaries as the detective story, the novel of suspense, and science fiction. In an age of intermedia experiments and midget-submarine journeys through the mind (and yes I said yes, the body), the linear writer is as landlocked, as cut off from the main, where he could spawn, as any togue, or namaycush. It is legendary among anglers, though, that there are always a few old lunkers—wise fish of unusual age and size and cunning—left behind in those drying freshwater ponds, and perhaps the analogy can be stretched to fit the case I'm making here.

Geoffrey Household, whose famous 1939 suspense story, "Rogue Male," has just been reissued side by side with his newest book, "Doom's Caravan" (Atlantic-Little, Brown), is a storyteller in direct line of descent from Daniel Defoe and Robert Louis Stevenson. He combines Defoe's humanity and morality of the free-born Englishman with Stevenson's subtle sense of human psychology; he shares both writers' love of adventure and of the exotic locale. He is not, though he might have been, a latter-day Buchan. His interests and abilities are a little too broad and generous for him to have become merely a talented novelist of suspense, and while we read Household for his tension, we enjoy perhaps more his elaborations and observations by the way. He shares a number of talents and affinities with his more celebrated contemporaries. He has a good deal of Orwell's irritable, forgiving love for the English people, of his unqualified love for the English countryside, and especially of his prickly, and peculiarly English, personal morality. He has some of Graham Greene's sense of escapade and farce, and some of Evelyn Waugh's gift for social comedy, though Household's is less cruel and sunnier. He has, above all, an oak-root and inviolable sense of the value of the individual, which he shares with all these writers; it makes his work at once refreshingly old-fashioned and bracingly prophetic.

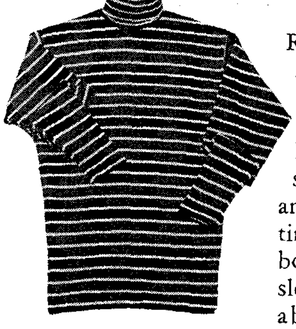
There is one other important thing. Household is, in the best sense, a careful writer. Nobody but a classically educated Englishman can render unto Saxon what is Saxon's and unto Latin what is Latin's, and Household does both almost unerringly. He builds sentences and paragraphs with the relish of a craftsman, and it is as satisfying to read them as it is to watch a master carpenter at work. There is little lyricism or ornament in his work, but his plain, precise, foursquare passages of exposition have an almost Shaker beauty and symmetry. The word I would use for him is "governance," in two of its obsolete—ironical, since this kind of governance in writing is itself almost obsolete—senses: "the state of being governed," and "manner of life, good conduct, self-control." Household is, on behalf of his writing and his readers, a *disciplined* writer.

For all that, he is an uneven novelist, which may in part explain his relative obscurity—that and the fact that typecast thriller writers are traditionally well below the intellectual salt at the high table of letters. In his almost comically secretive and unrevealing autobiography, "Against the Wind" (1958), Household is at pains to depreciate and disclaim such pure thrillers as "A Rough Shoot," which he regards as rather dishonorable potboilers, yet these are not his poorest books. His first novel, "The Third Hour" (1938), is overlong and overcomplicated—clearly apprentice work. His two early Middle Eastern novels, "Arabesque" (1948) and "The High Place" (1950), suffer in the first instance from labyrinthine plotting and archness, and in the second from a surplus of romantic vaporings. "Olura" (1965) is too slight and frivolous, "The Courtesy of Death" (1967) too diabolically fantastical to be believed in. Scattered among these relative failures on the long list of his books, though, are four in particular whose pertinence and literary merit transcend their classification as novels of adventure or suspense: "Rogue Male" (1939), "Fellow Passenger" (1955), "Watcher in the Shadows" (1960), and "Thing to Love" (1963).

"Rogue Male," which, as I've said, has just been reissued, will probably be remembered by anybody who was around and reading in 1939 as one of the publishing sensations of that year. The idea was sensational, all right: In


DO NOT BEWARE OF DOG
Dana Fradon

Bean's Turtleneck Sailor Shirts
For Men and Women



Rugged cotton rib-knit shirts styled after the French Navy's. Handsomely striped and loose fitting. Hip length body and long sleeves. Washable. Color: Navy with Breton Red Stripes.
Ladies' sizes: Sm., Med., Lg.
Men's sizes: Sm., Med., Lg., Ex. Lg.
☐ Send Free Catalog
Ship ___ Ladies' Sailor Shirts @ $9.50 postpaid
Size ___
Ship ___ Men's Sailor Shirts @ $10.50 postpaid
Size ___
Name ___
Address ___
___
Zip ___
L. L. Bean, Inc.
350 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Fishing, Camping and Hunting Specialties

NOW — Save $10 or $15
If you are willing to spend a (pleasant!) hour or so putting together one of the carts shown above, from kit form, you can save $10 or $15 depending on model you choose — have yourself one of these famous big wheel Vermont carts at a bargain price — and enjoy much satisfaction doing so. Easy-to-follow instructions. Assembled carts also available, of course. Several models. Great gift idea. Ask for FREE CART CATALOG. Write now to Garden Way Research, Dept. 5015, Charlotte, Vermont 05445.

ON THE WONDERFUL BEACHES OF BEAUTIFUL GRAPETREE BAY
Grapetree Bay Hotel
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
Write direct, see your travel agent or call Hetland & Stevens, Inc.

the summer of 1938, an unnamed English aristocrat who is also a noted sportsman and big-game hunter stalks and draws a bead on the dictator of an unnamed Central European power, but is at the last second prevented by a watchful guard from pulling the trigger. The aristocrat's escape to England after being tortured and left for dead by the dictator's secret police, his evasion of foreign agents in London, his entrapment by one of them in a Dorsetshire lane, and his eventual elusion of his pursuers to begin a second stalk of the dictator form the fabric of one of the best thrillers ever written. But the novel is much more than that. It is, among other things, a symbolic confrontation between the man of the *ancien régime*, the English aristocrat, and his pursuer and tormentor, the man of the new Fascist state. In an interrogation that is curiously parallel to the interrogation of Rubashov, the old Bolshevik in "Darkness at Noon," the morally corrupt Fascist causes the morally righteous aristocrat to realize that his motive in stalking the dictator is not the challenge of one of the world's most difficult hunts but a subconscious desire to avenge by assassination a personal wrong—the loss of a lover who was a native of the dictator's country, and who, when she returned to that country, was shot by the secret police. In its careful evocation of the character of the aristocrat by, so to speak, his own hand—the book is in the form of a journal he keeps during the pursuit—the stage is set for his self-realization and his conversion from a withdrawn and unoffending sportsman into a killer and a man of war.

No book could be much more single-minded or purposeful in the tension and compression of its storytelling, but "Rogue Male" manages to tell us a great deal as well about the nature of the two antagonist nations on the verge of the Second World War. The climate of subtle suppression and fear among the residents of (presumably) the Rhineland in that last prewar summer is played off vividly against the careless, insular independence of English holidaymakers along the South Coast. The writing embodies the genius of place, as in a passage—as close to a lyrical flight as Household ever permits himself to come—that contrives to echo Spenser, Shakespeare, the "Water Music," and Eliot in tracing the aristocrat's return to England, concealed in a disused water tank of a coastwise steamer:

> The boom and thump of the Diesels, resonant and regular as distant tribal

"ADOPT"
a pupil
two
mornings
a week
SERVE WITHOUT PAY TO ENRICH A CHILD'S LIFE
■ We need concerned men and women of all ages to tutor pupils in the City schools in reading and English. Volunteers must serve without pay two mornings or two afternoons each week during the school year. For details call
School Volunteer Program
563-5620

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER • CLOSED SUNDAY
AFTER THEATRE SUPPER TO 11 PM
Le Restaurant Par Excellence QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8 0590

RESTAURANT L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER AFTER THEATRE SUPPER TO 11 PM
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55th, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
After Theatre Supper to 11 P.M.
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

DINER A LA FRANCAISE
Nightly exc. MON.
6:00 to 10:30 PM
SUNDAY from 5:30
LUNCHEON 12/3
A BIT OF BRITTANY IN NEW YORK
L'Armorique
2ND AVE. corner of 54TH ST. • PL 3-3787

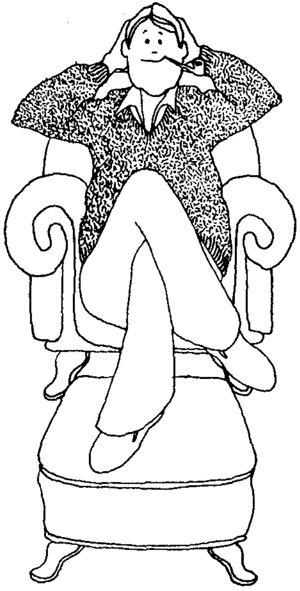
ON THE WONDERFUL BEACHES OF BEAUTIFUL GRAPETREE BAY
BEACH HOTEL
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
Write direct, see your travel agent or call Kermit & Morrow, Inc.

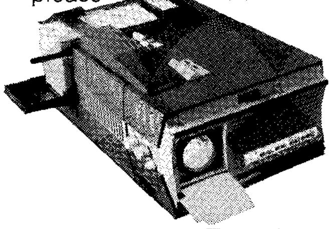
drums, signaled to me our progress up the Thames. They slowed to pick up the pilot; they were fussed and flurried by the engine-room telegraph in the crowded waters of Gravesend Reach; they handed over to the whir of electric capstans when we tied up, as I guess, somewhere below bridges (for she rode too high to pass upriver on the top of the flood); they beat slowly seven hours later, while I imagined them carrying us up through the Pool and the City, through Westminster and Chelsea, until the telegraph belled them into incoherent rhythms and Finished with the Engines.

"Fellow Passenger," a totally different kind of book, is Household's Feydeau farce, his *opéra bouffe*, his counterpart of Greene's "Our Man in Havana," a superb comic thriller, with which it ranks. But while Greene's marvellously named Mr. Wormold is a hostage to fortune—a loser as much at the mercy of huge and threatening fates as Karl Shapiro's Fly; a winner who snatches temporary victory by chance from the jaws of infinities of defeat—Household's Claudio Howard-Wolferstan is a soldier of fortune, a born winner who exists to tweak the noses of any and all establishments and run away with any prize he cares to steal. You will have to read the book—if you can find a copy—to appreciate its complex and improbable plot (a précis of which I won't attempt to render here), but I think you will appreciate still more Household's spirited yet offhand send-ups of such broad-bottomed targets as the British scientific community, the Trollopean quirks and crotchets of the Church of England, the knee-jerk loyalties of U.K. and U.S.S.R. Communists, and the aesthetic politics of modern art. Besides this assortment of good-humored lampoons and a galloping farce chase, "Fellow Passenger" offers one vignette that especially endears it to me: a sequence in which Howard-Wolferstan, on the run and masquerading as an Indian mahout, must quickly plumb the devious and feminine motivations of two female circus elephants, one brilliant and one dumb.

"Watcher in the Shadows," which, as a thriller, has received almost the acclaim of "Rogue Male," is a curious companion piece to that book. *Two* aristocrats of the *ancien régime*—one Austrian and one French—engage in a long stalk and a duel to the death, on horseback and on foot, across the Cotswolds. The Austrian, who has settled, under a new character, in England, served as a double agent in German uniform during the war; the Frenchman, who believes him to be a real Nazi war criminal, is determined upon

Show off all your movies without stopping to rewind. For people who don't like interruptions, Bolex has perfected the world's only super 8 projector with automatic cartridge changer. The Bolex Multimatic holds up to six cartridges. But you can load in more while the show is in progress because it automatically rewinds one cartridge as it shows another. Since you never have to stop to rewind, your movies run continuously. There's slow motion, single frame and reverse projection too. For more information about this and other Bolex super 8 projectors and cameras, please write us.

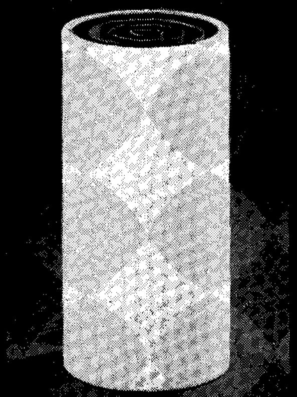




BOLEX
Paillard Incorporated
1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J. 07036.
Other products: Hasselblad cameras and accessories, Hermes typewriters and figuring machines.

THE INVISIBLE LAMP WITH THE VISIBLE LIGHT.

This little white metal can is all of 12" tall and 6" in diameter. It's not what you call small, it's what you call almost non-existent. But this invisible lamp takes a powerful 150 watt reflector flood. So tuck it into the corner of a room and though the lamp will all but disappear, it won't be for a lack of light. The price is almost invisible, too: $22.50. Which means for a little money you get a little lamp and a lot of light.



SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.
On mail orders add $1.50 for postage.
GEORGE KOVACS
Dept. N-159, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N.Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, Open 10-6, Mon.-Sat.

ADVENTURE in CREATIVITY
". . . the summer experience was a total success."
—Rod Serling
Art • Music
Writing
Theater
Dance • Film
Summer residential program. Coed. Ages 14-19. June 28-Aug. 8
H. Y. Motley, Jr., CRANBROOK, Box 801, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

Le Périgord
Cuisine Francaise
405 E. 52nd St.
Res. PL 5-6244
on Park at 63rd St.
Res. 752-0050
ONLY 3 STAR FRENCH RESTAURANT
WITH PRIVATE DINING ROOM. PARTIES TO 80

revenge. While the story is slighter than "Rogue Male," there is nothing slight about the descriptions of the countryside, the details of the stalk, or the bloody chess game of the final confrontation. It is, again, a very superior novel of suspense and a late evocation of the sense of honor of a character—or two characters—like, say, De Boeldieu in Jean Renoir's "The Grand Illusion."

A change of pace in an entirely fresh direction is provided, three years later, by "Thing to Love," an absorbing piece of imaginary personal and military history set in a Latin-American republic. Milo Kucera, a former Czech Army officer who now commands the most powerful division in the army of Guayanas, is beset by a crisis of conscience: in a forthcoming rebellion, should he and his forces support the incumbent dictator, to whom he has sworn his loyalty, or a rebel leader whose enlightened politics he prefers? Kucera is again the old-fashioned European man of honor, but this time he is also a master of the technology of modern war; once he has decided to stand by his sworn loyalties, the book becomes a completely convincing working-out of the strategy and tactics by which one well-commanded armored division seeks to stand off a far larger but less resourceful army. Though the battle scenes are brilliant, they do not overshadow the personal predicament of Kucera or the likelihood of his eventual defeat and death at the hands of the rebels; he is a man but not a superman. In the breadth of its range and the depth of its characters, "Thing to Love" could be considered Household's best book; certainly it will repay your reading—again, if you can find a copy.

Finally, "Doom's Caravan," the third in his series of Middle Eastern thrillers. It is not one of his best; it suffers from an overcomplex plot and, like the others, from an odd diffuseness, as if the mysteries of the Orient had defied the acute observation Household brings to other locales—England, the Continent, and South America. Nevertheless, it is a book worth reading for its picture of British Field Security—an intelligence unit to which Household himself was attached for most of the Second World War—in the psychological battleground of Syria, Palestine, and Lebanon during 1942 and 1943; for its gallery of English, French, and Arab characters; and for its humanizing asides and comments, like this one, occasioned when the protagonist meets Valerie, a British girl

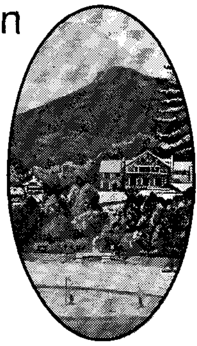
The future President of his country is open to suggestions.

Your $6.00 contribution to Freedom House/Books USA places a packet of ten books into the hands — and mind — of a young leader-to-be in one of the developing nations. He chooses the books himself, from a list of 120 major American works in history, science, biography, and literature. And he knows and appreciates that they're a person-to-person gift from an individual American.

Help us inspire young leaders to develop their nations in freedom. Make a $6.00 *investment in peace.*

Make checks payable to FREEDOM HOUSE/BOOKS USA, 20 W. 40th St., New York 10018. Contributions are tax deductible.

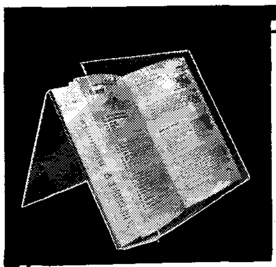
Freedom House Books USA



High Hampton
Not everyone will like it.

The look hasn't changed in years. Mountain vistas are spectacular. 2300 acres at 3600 ft. Inn & cottages. Rustic. Private 18-hole, par 71 golf course. 5 fast-drying tennis courts. 3 lakes. Fishing. Boating. Swimming. Other sports. Children's pgm. Good food. Attractive people. Early May to late Oct. Write for brochure and rates.

**High Hampton Inn & Country Club
Cashiers, N.C. 28717. Dept. N**



the cook-book stand
pat. pending

sturdy, washable plexiglass
a
corinne mc grady design
$12. postpaid
plastique
94 prospect rd.,
centerport, n.y. 11721

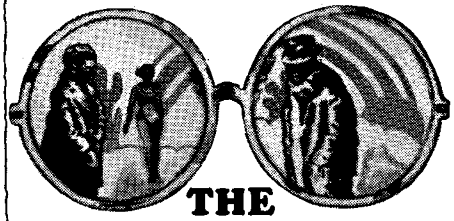
SELECTED BY INDUSTRIAL DESIGN FOR THE 1969 DESIGN REVIEW

Recording for the Blind, Inc.
GOES TO
GREAT LENGTHS
TO HELP
BLIND STUDENTS
LEARN BY LISTENING

*
by furnishing their recorded educational books *free of charge* anywhere in the United States

Won't you give to:
RECORDING FOR THE BLIND, INC.
215 East 58th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

**My name is Joanna.
My name is Joanna.
My name is Joanna . . .
and I'm a Russian spy.**



THE FALSE JOANNA
an espionage novel of chills by John Fredman
$4.95
BM BOBBS-MERRILL

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

The Testing-Tree

Poems by Stanley Kunitz.
"Kunitz gave 10 years to working out 'The Testing-Tree,' his awesome offering of labor and self-knowledge."
—*Robert Lowell, N.Y. Times Book Review*
$4.95; $1.95 in paper
ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

improbably stranded in a remote Middle Eastern settlement:

> A pretty name it seemed to me thirty years ago. My opinion has been widely shared. Is there any suburb without a beauty parlor called Valerie's? And it does not matter what stale, fat perfumes drift through the door. At the sight of the name I cross the road out of range and still smell the hillside herbs of Lebanon.

I am told that Geoffrey Household, who turned seventy this winter, is at work on another book. Perhaps it will return to earlier themes; perhaps it will break new ground. In any case, I look forward to it impatiently. Consummate storytellers are hard to find, and I wish more power to Mr. Household's well-governed arm.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

LETTERS OF THOMAS MANN: 1889-1955, selected, and translated from the German, by Richard and Clara Winston (Knopf). Mr. Winston explains that these letters—five hundred and forty in all—are fewer than half of those in the full German edition, which, in turn, is far from complete, since an enormous number of Mann's letters have vanished; his letters to his wife dating from their courtship, for example, were naturally left at home when the Manns went to Holland on a lecture tour in 1933, since they had no idea they would not return to Germany. Even though Mann had seen the Nazis' ruthlessness and had publicly attacked it during the first years of his exile, he found it hard to imagine that Hitler would last. To Mann, the dictator seemed contemptible, foolish, and un-German. The unforeseen exile did endure, however, and more and more men and women left the lands that the Nazis conquered; many of Mann's letters are devoted to efforts to help refugees or would-be refugees, particularly those who were less famous or well off than he. Though Mann wrote many people on many subjects, the keynote of this selection is his truly admirable sense of responsibility. His deepest concerns were never political or social but aesthetic, and yet when duty demanded he turned himself into a welfare worker and political spokesman, toiling all the while at his personal statements—the fiction that is his monument. Mann was, as a rule, polite—occasionally iron-

Get into the world of Adventure.

NY5-1

Jim Thorne's **Winchester Family Adventures.**™

Is the modern family an endangered species?

Jim Thorne cares enough about this question to create one new way for families to come together. Winchester Family Adventures.

Because Jim Thorne believes that every person deserves a measure of adventure. Especially today.

Jim Thorne believes that adventure can help your family discover itself. While exploring legendary ruins. In underwater diving adventures in the Bahamas or Caribbean. Or on river runs or pack trips throughout the North American Wilderness.

For complete information about Winchester Family Adventures, see your travel agent; or clip this advertisement and send with your name and address to Jim Thorne, Winchester World-Wide Adventures, 150 East 58 Street, New York, New York 10022.

Winchester. On the frontiers of adventure since 1866.

WINCHESTER WORLD-WIDE ADVENTURES

(212) 752-3880

All you need to know about the outdoor world.

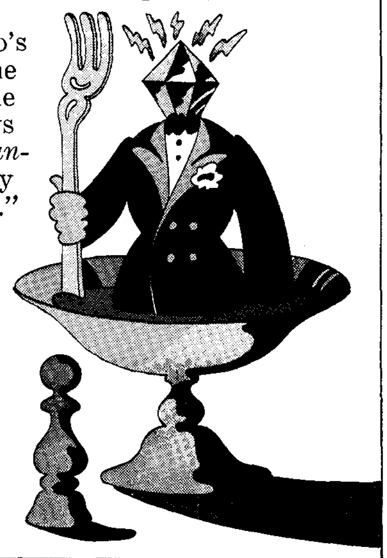
T.M. Trademark Olin Corporation

Finally there's a novel about one of society's drop-ins

Fed up with corporate life, Webster Daniels decides to drop in after dark, uninvited. Abetted by society drop-out Laura Deveraux, pursued by a jaded insurance investigator, and bedeviled by a perforated ulcer, he burglarizes his way through Chicago's North Shore – and through one of the most rollicking suspense novels of the year. "Exciting and fast-paced," says *Library Journal,* and the *Chicago Sun-Times* agrees: "A rousing and bawdy crime novel . . . highly recommended."

THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER
by Terrence Lore Smith

at all booksellers
DOUBLEDAY



ic—but he could be terrifyingly blunt. His letters inspire a respect bordering on awe; then, every once in a while, joy or a joke makes one realize that the idol was also an affectionate man. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

ERASMUS, by George Faludy (Stein & Day). A readable, exceptionally useful biography of a great historical figure whom various historical parties and periods have misunderstood. Professor Faludy writes affectingly of the poor orphan whose passion for learning eventually made him a world-famous writer. He insists that Erasmus was not, as the eighteenth century liked to think, an atheist or a deist but a genuine, simple Christian. Nor was he, as many of Erasmus's Lutheran and Catholic contemporaries thought, a coward; he was a Christian pacifist who tried to reconcile the two camps because he believed pacifism was more important in Christianity than any issues that were disputed by the Reformation. Indeed, if Erasmus has a message for the present, Mr. Faludy thinks, it is the example of his steadfast refusal to choose a lesser evil—his willingness to stand alone and bear the scorn of both sides when he could approve of neither. Mr. Faludy, by the bye, calls attention to a curious weakness of Erasmus: the man had a genius for language, both as a writer and as a translator, but absolutely no eye for, or concern with, visual beauty. He was an indefatigable letter writer, but though, on his travels all over Europe, he saw the glories of Western art when they were brand-new or still a-making—we know, for example, that in Rome he was taken on a tour of Raphael's workshop—he never thought any of them worth a line. Ten dollars.

RUSSIAN WRITERS: NOTES AND ESSAYS, by Helen Muchnic (Random House). A collection of pieces, most of them short and most of them book reviews, that first appeared in general publications (the *New York Review of Books*) and scholarly ones (*Comparative Literature Studies* and the *Russian Review*). No matter which audience Professor Muchnic addresses, she writes in the same marvellous way: learned but never pedantic, crisp and sure in making—or getting—points. The book ranges over nearly the whole of Russian literature, so that, apart from the pure pleasure it offers, it is a practical guide that di-

No man ever really needs a shoe this good.

Banister.

SHOWN: BANISTER BACCARAT. TWO-TONE KIDSKIN, DARK BROWN WITH LIGHT BURNISHED BROWN; ALSO BLACK WITH BURNISHED BROWN. $48. OTHER STYLES $40 TO $100. BANISTER SHOE COMPANY. A DIVISION OF THE U.S. SHOE CORP., BELOIT, WISC. 58511. AVAILABLE AT THESE FINE STORES: WALLACHS, NEW YORK; BRUCE HUNT, WASHINGTON, D.C.; BERRY-BURK & CO., RICHMOND.

Stories by Sylvia Townsend Warner

THE INNOCENT AND THE GUILTY

A new collection of superb stories on timeless and timely themes by one of the most accomplished fiction writers of our century.

"Each is a gem, beautifully styled and polished."
—BARBARA A. BANNON, *Publishers' Weekly*

Most of these stories appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

THE VIKING PRESS
$5.95

Country Inns & Back Roads

"The Only Book of its Kind"

Dewy mornings, country breakfasts, woodland rambles, undiscovered byways, hearty dinners, good conversation, snug beds, shunpiking, history, nature . . . all of these are yours, vicariously or in reality, with this happy, personal narrative that visits 70 operating country inns from the escarpments of New England to California's shores. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

2.95 ppd.

Tarry In Our Book Stall

The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
BOX 612

Shepherds carry transistor radios, the young are torn between tradition and secularism, and women seek a freedom for which they are not prepared. A skilled and perceptive traveler blends history and politics, the natural world and sophisticated social life in an exhilarating exploration of a country that has one foot in the Middle Ages and the other in today.

Faith Mellen Willcox
IN MOROCCO

16 pages of illustrations, map $12.50

HBJ HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

rects the reader to specific Russian works and to the best editions or translations. Ten dollars.

THE FEAR OF CONSPIRACY: IMAGES OF UN-AMERICAN SUBVERSION FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE PRESENT, edited, with commentary, by David Brion Davis (Cornell). An anthology of pieces written between 1773 and 1967 by some Americans to alert other Americans to the cabals and conspiracies of—among others—the Illuminati, the Mormons, the Masons, the Catholics, the Jews, the Anarchists, the Socialists, the Communists, and the bankers. The editor, who is a professor of history at Yale, places each selection in its historical background and displays a sense of proportion about these disproportionate responses to problems of varying degrees of urgency or reality. The parade of so much nuttiness and lack of charity may be instructive, but it is also unsettling: the reader quite literally does not know whether to laugh or cry. Ten dollars.

EASTER ISLAND: ISLAND OF ENIGMAS, by John Dos Passos (Doubleday). This book is mainly a compilation of travellers' reports, from those of a Dutch captain in 1721 and of Captain Cook in 1774 to those of Pierre Loti in 1872 and of a young American in 1886. These are followed by an account of Dos Passos' own visit of a week in 1969—one of the last exploits of his incorrigibly adventurous life. (Thor Heyerdahl's account of his discoveries—which, though doubted by some anthropologists, are more or less credited by Dos Passos—is not reprinted here but is to be found in his own book, "Aku-Aku.") One of the most striking features of this book is the collection of photographs, which show the natives, the undecipherable "Rongo-Rongo Tablets," and the mysterious monstrous stone heads that have been a unique and spectacular feature of the island.

TIME WAS, by Richard Berczeller (Viking). The author recalls his medical studies in Vienna in the nineteen-twenties and his first years of practice in and around a small Austrian town in the nineteen-thirties. His easy narrative style, gossipy and affectionate, makes everything fresh as paint. He reminisces about the giants who taught him medicine, about the girls who broke his heart, and about Maria Jeritza as Tosca; he remembers his hardy peasant patients, the village priest, the town

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $12.00

☐ Two Years (104 issues) $20.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00;
Other Foreign $4.00 per year

Your Name ____________
Street ____________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ____________
Street ____________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________
Gift card to read: "From ____________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____________
Street ____________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________
Gift card to read: "From ____________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____________
Street ____________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________
Gift card to read: "From ____________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $________to cover________subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

"America's No. 1 travel guide."
—*Time*

Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe 1971 Edition

The most up-to-date, popularly acclaimed, and widely used travel guide in the world. Bound in durable Fieldingflex. $8.95

Also available:
FIELDING'S SELECTIVE SHOPPING GUIDE TO EUROPE: 1971 $2.95
FIELDING'S GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN: 1971 Edition by Jeanne and Harry E. Harman, III, Area Editors $7.95
FIELDING'S QUICK CURRENCY GUIDE FOR EUROPE (Including Israel) Boxed $3.95
FIELDING'S QUICK CURRENCY GUIDE FOR THE FAR, NEAR, AND MIDDLE EAST (Including *Russia*) *Boxed* $4.95

It's *smart* to go Fielding!

Fielding Publications
William Morrow

A VIEW OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE — 1862

19th Century Town Views.

We have recently published a distinctive collection of over 60 different American town views.
Partial List:

Atlanta
Charleston
Cincinnati
Dubuque
Indianapolis
Milwaukee
New Orleans
Philadelphia
St. Louis
San Francisco
Baltimore
Chattanooga
Denver
Galveston
Kansas City
Minneapolis
New York
Racine
St. Paul
Savannah
Boston
Chicago
Detroit
Hartford
Louisville
Montgomery
Norfolk
St. Augustine
Salt Lake City
Washington

Prints Ltd.

Division of The Munson Gallery, Inc.

These prints are hand-colored and of limited edition. Ideal as gifts. Priced from $20 to $100. Send for illustrated brochure. Include 25¢ for postage and handling.

275 Orange Street New Haven, Conn. 06511

"OGDEN NASH'S newest book of verse
BED RIDDANCE

'A Posy for the Indisposed' should strike a mortal blow at the Get Well Card."
—*B. A. Bergman, Philadelphia Bulletin*

Drawings by Milton Glaser. $4.95 **LITTLE, BROWN**

Most of these poems first appeared in *The New Yorker*

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. NY-71B.

BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.

rabbi, the mad colonel, the gamekeeper, the winegrower. He recalls city buildings and country scenery, his development as a doctor, and his wife's evolution in the demanding role of a doctor's wife. Austria has never seemed lovelier, Austrians more charming, or a country medical practice a more appealing way of life. Then, in the last chapter, young Nazi thugs appear, and everyone tells the Doctor (who is a Jew) that nothing will come of it. Alas, nothing, in every sense, is what did come of it, for most of what Berczeller remembers was wrecked by the Nazis and the war.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

INSPECTOR'S HOLIDAY, by Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). Inspector Merton Heimrich, of the New York State Police, and his beguiling wife, Susan, are en route to the Mediterranean aboard the swanky liner S.S. Italia when one of the nicest of their newfound friends disappears in the middle of the night. What on earth has happened to tall, courtly Sir Ronald Grimes, who is on his way home to London and the honors and comforts that attend the completion of a successful career in the diplomatic service, especially when one has a big private fortune? After an excited but careful search of all the bars, restaurants, lounges, and so on, it is accepted that Sir Ronald has gone overboard, perhaps against his will. Heimrich is enraged at the thought of having to go to work on his holiday, but when a strangled corpse turns up (*not* Sir Ronald's) he leaves Susan to her extra-dry Martinis in the Veranda Belvedere (their favorite oceangoing bar) and sets grimly forth to gather clues. Mr. Lockridge's star alters only to grow brighter.

RAT RACE, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row). Matt Shore is a hard-luck pilot, a first cousin to all those hard-luck jockeys whose troubles Mr. Francis has been entertaining us with down the years. His wife has left him, and he has sunk from a first officer's chair at B.O.A.C. to taxiing racegoers from one meeting to another. Then a bomb is planted in his plane, a girl he fancies seems to have eyes for a scruffy hippie, his miserable job is threatened, and, finally, he blunders into a high-priced murder plot. All this would seem to be well up to standard, and yet it isn't—not quite. The fault is probably the setting. A plane is only a plane to Mr. Francis, but a horse is pure excitement.

GIDEON'S SPORT, by J. J. Marric (Harper & Row). The Irresistible One is back, battling the familiar London crime wave through the worst of an unfamiliar London heat wave. "George Gideon, Commander of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Metropolitan Police in London, pushed back the chair in his office overlooking the River Thames, wiped his neck and dabbed his forehead with a big handkerchief, and stepped to the window." The Commander, who conceals his brilliance under an air of good, sound competence, knows that the London he surveys so benevolently from his Scotland Yard window is not as serene or as noble or as happy as it looks. A tennis-tournament scandal brewing at Wimbledon—a very nasty business. And who took the trouble to murder poor little Charlie Blake? And why? What about that female Fagin and her growing band of pickpockets? And Gideon has troubles at home. In spite of his long experience, none of this is child's play to Gideon, and we watch with interest while he maneuvers himself and London through the season's storms. The troubles at home get settled, too. This is a *good* Gideon.

THE CERBERUS MURDERS, by Rodney Quest (McCall). In this slinky London murder story, anybody who is an archeologist or who is related to an archeologist or who does work directly connected with archeology is in danger of being found without his or her head. Found dead, of course. It is a grisly business, but the plot is ingenious and the going is good-humored, thanks to the constant presence of Solicitor/Detective Peter Quentin and his sardonic brother-in-law Detective Chief Superintendent Warren Hastings, of Scotland Yard.

•

Question

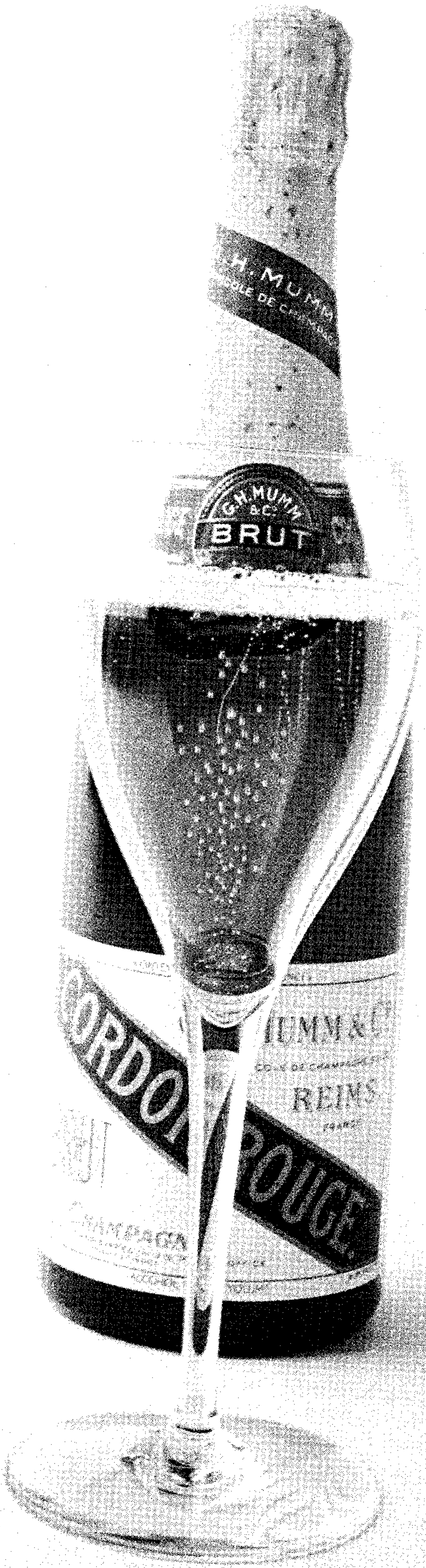
I am comparatively young man, recently converted to Christ. I have a burning desire to help people, but I am unable to go to the seminary and get formal training. The churches don't seem to want an untrained man for a leader. What can I do? M.N.

POWDERED SUGAR

You can make your own powdered sugar by putting granulated sugar into your blender, covering the top, then turning the blender on high.—*Billy Graham's column in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Next question.

Say no more. Mumm's the word.


G.H. MUMM
G.H. MUMM & C°
BRUT
CORDON ROUGE
MUMM & C°
REIMS
CHAMPAGNE

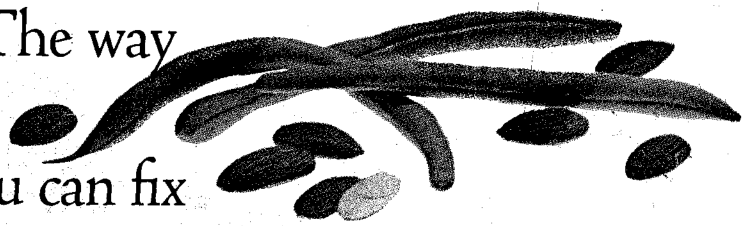
Cordon Rouge Brut, Vintage, Mumm's Extra Dry.

Imported by General Wine and Spirits Company,
Browne-Vintners Division, N.Y.C.

How to cook for a man

BIRDS EYE
French
Green Beans
with
Toasted
Almonds

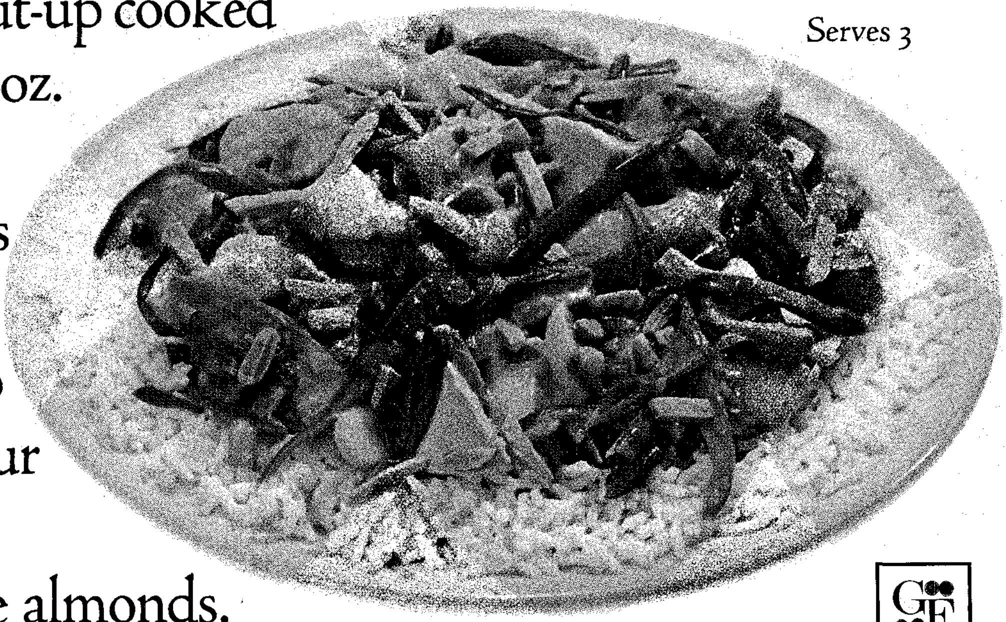
A ruffly blouse and a powdered nose won't quite do it. A man likes to come home to a real meal. The way Birds Eye® can do it. Like this recipe. It's one that you can fix and still have time to fix up, too.



Cream of
Celery
SOUP

Gobbler's Delight. Cook 1 package of Birds Eye French Green Beans with Toasted Almonds. (It's one of 18 Birds Eye Prepared Vegetables. Perfect by itself. Just as perfect like this.) Mix in a 10-oz. can of condensed cream of celery soup and ¼ cup of water. Add 1½ cups cut-up cooked turkey and a 5-oz. can of water chestnuts drained and sliced. Bring to a boil. And pour over rice. Then sprinkle on the almonds.

Serves 3



That's all there is to it. A man's dish that's easy.

GF
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS